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MEMOIRS, LETTERS,

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VOL. I.

James Smith

MEMOIRS, LETTERS,

AND

COMIC MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

OF THE LATE

JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF

"THE REJECTED ADDRESSES."

EDITED BY HIS BROTHER,

HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

BY HIS BROTHER,

HORACE SMITH.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

To those anonymous writers who have formed, during a course of many years, the delight and ornament of our periodical literature, evincing the talents without achieving the renown of recognised and successful authorship, it is no more than a bare act of justice to collect, after their decease, the scattered products of their fancy, and to consolidate them, in each case, into a monument which may record the name, appropriate the writings, and prolong the memory of him to whom it is dedicated.

It would be difficult to select an individual better entitled to this posthumous honour than the late James Smith, whose prolific muse cared not upon what shrine she deposited her offerings, and whose good-humour prompted him to such a ready compliance with the constant applications for occasional contributions of every description, that it has become almost impossible

to recover the whole of these truly fugitive pieces, or even to ascertain the full extent of the literary paternity to which he may lay claim. His published productions are more easily to be found than those "strays and waifs" still floating about the world in manuscript; but some will doubtless have escaped research, for they spread over a series of years, were committed to various periodicals, and were not always identified by any distinguishing signature. Hastily written, and carelessly dispersed, it may be doubted whether the author himself, singularly tenacious as his memory was, could at any time have furnished an accurate list of his own "disjecta membra." A few of his recognised papers and poems, which appeared to possess only a local or temporary interest, I have ventured to omit; as well as a portion of the published letters entitled "Endymion the Exile," and "Grimm's Ghost;" being more anxious to present such a selection as may enable the reader to form a fair estimate of the author's versatile powers, than to increase the bulk of the volumes by filling them with effusions which, however interesting on their first appearance, might now be deemed frivolous or obsolete.

Even in those that are retained, allusions will be found to the passing events, topics, and cha-

racters of the day, which may not be always clearly intelligible, unless the reader refers to the date of their production, and bears in mind that they were not only written on the impulse of the moment, but for the prevalent feeling of the moment.

As the writer's name is now, for the first time, appended to his productions, the reader will naturally expect to receive some account of the author to whom he is about to be introduced.

A short but most able biographical memoir, written by a gentleman of distinguished literary attainments, with whose friendship the deceased was honoured, has already appeared in the Law Magazine, No. 47; but as the circulation of that periodical is chiefly restricted to the members of the profession, I shall not hesitate to make occasional use of its materials, contenting myself with this general acknowledgment of my obligations to the writer.

The subject of the following memoir was the eldest son of Robert Smith, an eminent legal practitioner, of London, who held for many years the office of Solicitor to the Ordnance, and was also engaged in an extensive private practice: distinguishing himself in both, by great legal knowledge and acuteness, by an unblemished integrity, and by the zealous discharge, during a

protracted life, of every professional and social duty. A member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, to both of which he contributed several valuable papers; possessing an extensive knowledge of mankind, arising from a natural sagacity and penetration, aided by his frequent travels; gifted with a singularly handsome face and figure, and not less prepossessing from his colloquial cheerfulness and wit; his society was eagerly courted and highly appreciated by an extensive circle of acquaintance, whose partiality, however, was never suffered to interfere with the diligent discharge of his professional avocations.

Although he gave some of his own idler moments to an occasional dalliance with the muse, well knowing that she would never betray him into any neglect of his graver pursuits, yet a lurking apprehension that his sons might not prove equally discreet in this respect, and a natural solicitude for their welfare, quickened, perhaps, by a sense of the ridicule attached to the moon-struck youth

> "Who pens a stanza when he should engross,"

prompted him to discourage rather than foster their early literary predilections. In later years, when he had survived this misgiving, he was gratified by the unexpected success of their

humble efforts, and sometimes amused himself by recommending subjects, and supplying materials, to the writer of this memoir, for his historical novels; suggestions and aids for which he was well qualified, by his extensive reading as well as his profound knowledge of English history.

His eldest son, James, thus named after his maternal grandfather, James Bogle French, an eminent and wealthy merchant of London, was born in that city on the 10th of February, 1775, and was indebted for the greater portion of his education to the Reverend Mr. Burford, who presided over a long-established school at Chigwell, in Essex, and who was so much pleased by the early display of talent which invariably placed his young pupil at the head of his class, that he not only overlooked many of the scrapes into which he was hurried by a somewhat prank-some disposition, but favoured him with several little indulgences, of which he ever retained a most grateful recollection.

The seat appropriated to the master, at one end of the large old-fashioned school-room, was surmounted by a sounding board, projecting from the wall, upon which the more mischievous boys would occasionally throw the books of their play-fellows, in order to subject them to the penalty imposed for their recovery; an object only to be

attained by an application to one of the servants, and the assistance of a ladder. To redeem a missing Virgil, and at the same time to avoid punishment should it be reported "absent without leave," James contrived, at no little personal risk, to climb up to the sounding-board, where he not only recovered his own volume, but in searching among the dust and rubbish which had been collecting for many years, stumbled upon an old torn copy of Hoole's Ariosto.

This treasure-trove was a source of great delight to him; he would sit up in a tree, on the half-holidays, or wander in the fields, devouring its contents, long after the curiosity of a first reading had been satiated. He preserved the tattered volume for many years; several passages of the Orlando Furioso remained indelibly impressed upon his memory; and in one of the latest poems that he composed he makes allusion to this favourite recreation of his boyhood.

For the village of Chigwell and its pleasant neighbourhood, James Smith cherished, in after life, a marked and unvaried predilection—rarely suffering a long interval to elapse without paying it a visit, and wandering over the scenes that recalled the truant excursions of himself and chosen playmates, or the solitary rambles and musings of his

youth. The whole of the surrounding scenery, every picturesque view, "each alley green, and bosky bourne," nay, every individual field and tree, remained so firmly pictured upon his mind, that he could immediately detect the smallest alteration since his first arrival at the school. Not even the many and growing infirmities of his later years were suffered to interfere with these visits. To the spots whither a carriage or a horse could not carry him he hobbled upon crutches, and thus contrived to reach the secluded nook, or the sequestered stream, where he had read or bathed upwards of fifty years before.

The changes that had occurred in this long period, together with the reminiscences associated with the locality, have been recorded in two poems, entitled, "Chigwell," and "Chigwell Revisited,"—written not very long before his death, and which, from their subject, as well as their soberer and more reflective tone, have, perhaps, a better chance of exciting a durable interest than the generality of their competitors, however pleasant and sparkling.

As these poems may be looked upon as characteristic fragments of autobiography, they will not perhaps be deemed out of place if we insert them here.

CHIGWELL;

OR, "PRÆTERITOS ANNOS."

School that, in Burford's honour'd time,
Rear'd me to youth's elastic prime
From childhood's airy slumbers—
School at whose antique shrine I bow,
Sexagenarian pilgrim now,
Accept a poet's numbers.

Those yew-trees never seem to grow:
The village stands in *statu quo*,
Without a single new house.
But, heav'ns, how shrunk! how very small!
'Tis a mere step from Urmstone's wall,
"Up town," to Morgan's brewhouse.

There, in yon rough-cast mansion, dwelt
Sage Denham, Galen's son, who dealt
In squills and cream of tartar;
Fronting the room where now I dine,
Beneath thy undulating sign,
Peak-bearded Charles the Martyr!

Pent in by beams of mouldering wood
The parish stocks stand where they stood—
Did ever drunkard rue 'em?
I dive not in parochial law,
Yet this I know—I never saw
Two legs protruded through 'em.

Here, to the right, rose hissing proofs
Of skill to solder horses' hoofs,
  Form'd in the forge of Radley;
And there, the almshouses beyond,
Half-way before you gain the Pond,
  Lived wry-mouthed Martin Hadley.

Does Philby still exist? Where now
Are Willis, Wilcox, Green, and Howe?
  Ann Wright, the smart and handy?
Hillman alone a respite steals
From Fate; and—*vice* Hadley—deals
  In tea and sugar-candy.

Can I my school-friend Belson track?
Where hides him Chamberlaine? where Black,
  Intended for the altar?
Does life-blood circulate in Bates?
Where are Jack Cumberlege and Yates?
  The Burrells, Charles and Walter.

There, at your ink-bespatter'd shrine,
Cornelius Nepos first was mine;
  Here fagg'd I hard at Plutarch:
Found Ovid's mighty pleasant ways,
While Plato's metaphysic maze
  Appear'd like *Pluto*—too dark.

Here usher Ireland sat—and there
Stood Bolton, Cowel, Parker, Ware,
  Medley, the pert and witty,
And here—crack station, near the fire—
Sat Roberts, whose Haymarket sire
  Sold oil and spermaceti.

Yon pew, the gallery below,
Held Nancy, pride of Chigwell Row,
Who set all hearts a dancing:
In bonnet white, divine brunette,
O'er Burnet's field I see thee yet,
To Sunday church advancing.

Seek we the churchyard; there the yew
Shades many a swain whom once I knew,
Now nameless and forgotten;
Here towers Sir Edward's marble bier,
Here lies stern Vickery, and here,
My father's friend, Tom Cotton.

The common herd serenely sleep,
Turf-bound, "in many a mouldering heap"
Pent in by bands of ozier;
While at the altar's feet is laid
The founder of the school, array'd
In mitre and in crosier.

'Tis nature's law: wave urges wave:
The coffin'd grandsire seeks the grave,
The babe that feeds by suction,
Finds with his ancestor repose:
Life ebbs, and dissolution sows
The seeds of reproduction.

World, in thy ever busy mart,
I ve acted no unnoticed part—
Would I resume it? oh no!
Four acts are done, the jest grows stale;
The waning lamps burn dim and pale,
And reason asks—*Cui bono?*

I've met with no "affliction sore;"
But hold! methinks, "long time I bore;"
Here ends my lucubration—
Content, with David's son, to know,
That all is vanity below,
Tho' not quite all vexation.

CHIGWELL REVISITED.

Deputed by the tuneful Nine,
A pilgrim to an Eastern shrine,
I once again out-sally;
Again to Chigwell wander back,
And, more excursive, aim to track
Each neighbouring hill and valley.

Strange that a village should survive,
For ten years multiplied by five,
The same in size and figure.
Knowing nor plenty nor distress—
If foiled by fortune, why no less?
If favoured, why no bigger?

Say, why has population got
Speed-bound upon this level spot,
Undamaged by profusion?
A tyro, I the question ask—
Be thine, Miss Martineau, the task
To tender the solution.

I pass the Vicar's white abode,
And, pondering, gain the upward road,
  By busy thoughts o'erladen,
To where "The pride of Chigwell Row"
Still lives—a handsome widow now,
  As erst a lovely maiden.

Here hills and dales and distant Thame,
And forest glens, green proof proclaim
  Of Nature's lavish bounty,
And dub thee, lofty region, still
Surrey's tall foe, the Richmond Hill
  Of this our eastern county.

Diverging from the road, the sod
I tread that once a boy I trod,
  With pace not quite so nimble—
But where's the May-pole next the lane?
Who dared to banish from the plain
  That wreathed-encircled symbol?

Abridge, her tank, and waterfall.
The path beneath Sir Eliab's wall,
  I once again am stepping;
Beyond that round we rarely stirr'd,
Loughton we saw, but only heard
  Of Ongar and of Epping.

Seek we "the river's" grassy verge,
Where all were destined to immerge,
  Or willing or abhorrent;
I view the well-known "Mill-hole" still—
But time has dwindled to a rill
  What seem'd, of yore, a torrent.

Here, fell destroyer, many a wound
The woodman's axe has dealt around:
  Lee Grove in death reposes.
Yet while her Dryads seek their tombs,
The miller's moated garden blooms
  With all its wonted roses.

There, in yon copse, near Palmer's Gate,
Reclined, I mourn'd thy hapless fate,
  Zerbino amoroso,
Glad to elope from both the schools,
"The world shut out," intent on Hoole's
  "Orlando Furioso."

Twilight steals on: I wander back;
The listless ploughman's homeward track
  Again in thought I follow;
Or sit the antique porch within,
Awed by the belfry's deafening din,
  And watch the wheeling swallow.

Chigwell, I cease thy charms to sing—
Time bears me elsewhere on his wing;
  Perhaps, ere long, the poet,
Who now, in mental vigour bold,
Parades, erect, thy churchyard mould,
  May sleep, supine, below it.*

So let it be: Time, take thy course;
Let dotards with tenacious force
  Cling to this waning planet—

* The writer never expressed any subsequent wish that this suggestion of the moment should be realized.—Ed.

I'd rather soar to death's abode
On eagle wings, than "live a toad"
Pent in a block of granite.

Grant me the happier lot of him,
Elate in hope, alert in limb,
Who hurls Bellona's jav'lin;
Fame's laurel ardent to entwine,
Dares death above the countermine,
And meets him on the rav'lin.

I fear not, Fate, thy pendent shears,—
There are who pray for length of years;
To them, not me, allot 'em:
Life's cup is nectar at the brink,
Midway a palatable drink,
And wormwood at the bottom.

After the completion of his education, James Smith was articled to his father, was taken into partnership in due time, and eventually succeeded to the business, as well as to the appointment of Solicitor to the Ordnance. At no period, however, did his professional engagements alienate him altogether from literary pursuits.

His natural tendency to banter and cajolery was evinced while he was yet a youngster, by a pleasant hoax upon the editor of an old estab-

lished magazine, to whom he transmitted several letters containing a grave account of some remarkable antiquarian discoveries and entomological facts, the startling nature of which attested the inventive powers of the writer, without exciting the suspicions of his victim. What added to the zest of this juvenile pleasantry was the circumstance that his father and several of his antiquarian friends, who were regular readers of the magazine in question, repeatedly commented upon these fictitious statements, without ever dreaming that the waggish author was sitting by their sides, and laughing in his sleeve at their various conjectures. At a more mature age he would not perhaps have considered a deception, even of this playful nature, to be quite justifiable.

In the early part of the year 1801, Colonel Henry Greville, assisted by M. Texier, gave a theatrical fête, with a pic-nic supper, to a select circle of his acquaintance; a mode of amusement which afforded such high gratification, that it was proposed to renew it the following winter, on the plan of a regular establishment, limited to a certain number of fashionable subscribers, combining the amusements of acting-music, and dancing, and to conclude with a supper, and catches and glees.

Two hundred and thirty persons of the first rank and distinction were presently enrolled; a little theatre was erected at the old Concert Rooms in Tottenham Street, and the orchestra was filled with amateur performers. The actresses were all professional; cards and dice were strictly prohibited; and any surplus that might remain at the conclusion of the season was to be presented to the fund for decayed actors.

Rational and harmless as was this mode of recreation, and unimpeachable as were the characters of the distinguished ladies patronesses, the Pic-Nic Society, and its whole scheme of entertainment, were vehemently assailed by the public press; no calumny or misrepresentation being spared that might defeat its object, by intimidating its members.

These false and ungenerous attacks succeeded. To escape from such a torrent of scurrility, seventy of the subscribers withdrew their names; the performances were dropped after eight nights; and though attempts were subsequently made to establish something of a similar nature at the Argyll Rooms, the Society had soon no other representative than the Pic-Nic Newspaper, which Colonel Greville had started in 1802, for the combined purpose of justifying his

own motives, of refuting the slanders with which the association had been so unsparingly assailed, and of checking the scandalous personalities with which some of the newspapers were incessantly bespattering the whole body of the aristocracy.

In seeking gratuitous coadjutors for his weekly paper, Colonel Greville applied to James Smith and his brother Horace, who found themselves honourably associated with Mr. Cumberland, Sir James Bland Burgess, Mr. Croker, Mr. J. C. Herries, and one or two more: Mr. Combe, the voluminous and well-known writer, being the editor, and the only one who received any remuneration for his contributions and assistance. To accommodate the latter gentleman, who had resided for many years in the rules of the King's Bench, the weekly meetings at Hatchard's did not commence until it was night, an arrangement which afforded the indispensable protection of darkness to the worthy editor.*

* A faithful biography of this singular character might justly be entitled a Romance of Real Life, so strange were the adventures and the freaks of Fortune of which he had been a participator and a victim. After wasting a handsome patrimony in fashionable dissipation, he enlisted as a common soldier, and was indebted for the subscription that purchased his discharge to the circumstance of his being discovered by one of the officers reading a Greek Æschylus in the guard-room. A ready writer of all-

A paper which was a Pic-Nic by nature, as well as by name, was not calculated for longevity, each contributor pouring in supplies, or withholding them altogether, according to the whim of the moment; all thinking themselves qualified to give an opinion as to its direction; the nominal manager having no authority to control his little troop of volunteers; and the proprietor no capital to carry on the newspaper war. As the name itself had become obnoxious, it merged into that of "The Cabinet," which maintained a struggling and unprofitable existence until July 1803, when it finally disappeared. A

work for the booksellers, he passed all the latter portion of his life within the Rules, to which suburban retreat the present writer was occasionally invited, and never left him without admiring his various acquirements, and the philosophical equanimity with which he endured his reverses. Besides the numerous works known to be his, Mr. Combe was the author of "Lord Lyttelton's Letters," and of the Letters attributed to Sterne. The Life of Ann Sheldon, afterwards Mrs. Archer, published in 4 vols. 12mo., containing a store of anecdotes in which many persons of the first rank and fashion were introduced, although purporting to have been composed by herself, Bowes asserts to have been written by Combe, during his residence in the King's Bench. If a column or two of the newspaper remained unsupplied at the last moment, an occurrence by no means unusual, Mr. Combe would sit down in the publisher's back room, and extemporize a letter from Sterne at Coxwould, a forgery so well executed that it never excited suspicion.

selection from the Pic-Nic Papers, in two small volumes, was published in 1803.

Of the contributions made by James Smith to these two papers, I have given specimens, omitting others which were solely calculated for the topics and feelings of the day. His passion for the drama prompted him to compose theatrical colloquies, in imitation of Dryden's Dialogues, the interlocutors assuming ancient classical names, while discussing the merits of modern plays; a pedantic incongruity, which it was hardly worth while to renew. Under the title of "Endymion the Exile," he composed a series of light papers, bearing so close a resemblance to those which at a later period purported to emanate from "Grimm's Ghost," that I have only inserted a few, as a sample of their general style.

In perusing the writings of these years, it will be seen that they are strongly imbued with the Buonaparte-phobia of the period, and that they betray the author's early tendency to parody,—most of the poems being imitations of popular pieces by our favourite bards. "The Mammoth," admirably translated into French by M. Peltier, a well-known political writer of that day, was inserted in several of the continental journals,

and excited some notice beyond the immediate sphere in which it first appeared.

In the year 1809, James Smith, at the solicitation of his friend Mr. Cumberland, consented to become a contributor to the London Review, conducted on the new principle of affixing the writer's name to his critique; and as the solitary paper which he gave to this work is on the pleasant and ever interesting subject of cookery, it is inserted in the following collection. It was his first attempt in this species of writing, for which, indeed, his kindliness and good-humour but little qualified him.

The London Review, as might have been anticipated, proved a complete failure. If concealment affords a strong and often an irresistible temptation to the gratification of malice, and the splenetic effusions of envy, an avowal of the critic's name must inevitably blunt or misdirect the sword of justice; thus seducing him into an opposite extreme, and affording a fresh proof that the reverse of wrong is not always right. Absolute impartiality is hardly attainable; for almost every man, even without being conscious of the fact, has his little prejudices and prepossessions; but the fearlessness and independence possessed by an anonymous writer are calculated

to make a much nearer approach to fair criticism than the fettering responsibility imposed by the reviewer's signature. Not only is there an appearance of arrogance in substituting the name of an individual for that of the solemn and mysterious "We;" but the man who is hampered and disarmed by publicity will only exercise a portion of the critic's functions; avoiding all notice of those whom he is afraid to attack, however manifest may be their demerits; overlauding the objects of his favour, and attempting to neutralize the conscious excess of these encomiums by an undue severity towards the humbler aspirants whom he thinks he may victimize with impunity.

Not possessing a sufficient list of contributors or weight of talent to counteract these many and glaring disadvantages, the London Review was soon discontinued.

At the instance of its projector, James and his brother Horace wrote several of the prefaces to a new edition of "Bell's British Theatre," which was published about this time, under the sanction of Mr. Cumberland's name. That distinguished writer, who honoured both parties with his friendship, was pleased in having them for his coadjutors; and they were naturally flattered in

being thought worthy of such a preference by such a man.

From the year 1807 to 1810, James Smith was a constant contributor to the "Monthly Mirror," then the property of Thomas Hill, Esq., at whose ever hospitable board, at Sydenham, himself and his brother were frequent guests; generally encountering some of the popular wits, literati, and artists, and never quitting his cottage without the pleasant recollection of a cordial welcome, and much convivial enjoyment, among companions equally distinguished for their solid attainments, and their social vivacity.

Most gratifying is it to the present writer, on his occasional visits to the metropolis, to find his former host of Sydenham looking as fresh, as happy, and as young, as in the merry meetings of their first acquaintance;—such is the age-repelling influence of a kindly disposition, united to a cheerful, life-enjoying temperament. Long may their possessor be spared, that he may teach contemporaries the happy art of deriving useful experience from the progress of time, without exhibiting any of the corporeal marks of decay that are the usual concomitants of advancing years.

In the "Monthly Mirror" originally appeared

the poetical imitations entitled "Horace in London," which were subsequently published in a single volume by Mr. Miller, who purchased half the copyright of the "Rejected Addresses." Both brothers contributed to these parodies of the Roman bard; but the larger and better portion, distinguished by the letter J., was from the pen of James. Possessing but a fugitive interest, though sometimes the Latin text was ingeniously adapted to the characters and occurrences of the passing hour, these papers, in their collected form, had but a limited sale.

As the present writer, in his preface to the eighteenth edition, has already furnished most of the particulars connected with the first appearance of the "Rejected Addresses," he can make but few and trifling additions to that statement. The little volume in question, one of the luckiest hits in literature, appeared on the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre, in October, 1812, the idea having been casually started by the late Mr. Ward, secretary to the theatre, exactly six weeks before the first night of performance. Eagerly adopting the suggestion, James and his brother lost not a moment in carrying it into execution. It was arranged what authors they should respectively imitate: Horace left London on a visit to Cheltenham, executed his portion of the task,

and returned to town a few days before the opening, when each submitted his papers to the other, for any omissions or improvements that might appear requisite. These, however, (for haste was urgently necessary, and neither of the parties disposed to be very critical,) seldom exceeded verbal alterations, or the addition of a few lines. The articles written by James were the following:—

No. 2. The Baby's Début. By W. W. (Wordsworth.)

No. 5. Hampshire Farmer's Address. By W. C. (Cobbett.)

No. 7. The Re-building. By W. S. (Southey.)

No. 13. Playhouse Musings. By S. T. C. (Coleridge.)

No. 14. Drury Lane Hustings. A New Halfpenny Ballad. By a Pic-Nic Poet. (A quiz on what are called humorous songs.)

No. 16. Theatrical Alarum Bell. By the Editor of the M. P. (Morning Post.)

No. 17. The Theatre. By the Rev. G. C. (Crabbe.)

Nos. 18, 19, 20. Macbeth, George Barnwell, and The Stranger: Travesties.

He supplied also the first stanza to No. 4, Cui Bono? By Lord B. (Byron.) For all the rest of the original work the writer of this memoir is responsible. Of the eighteenth edition

(Murray's) James wrote the notes, and his brother the preface. The copyright, which had been originally offered to Mr. Murray for twenty pounds, was purchased by that gentleman, in 1819, after the sixteenth edition, for £131. He has since published three editions, and sold nearly four thousand copies. While penning this memoir, the writer has received, through the polite attention of Mr. William Ticknor, of Boston, a new reprint, (from the nineteenth London edition,) rendered necessary, as the publisher states in his preface, by the undiminished interest of the work, and the great demand for it in America.

Notwithstanding this wide-spread diffusion of his reputation, James would humorously illustrate the limited and ephemeral nature of fame, by an incident that happened to himself in a Brighton coach. An old lady, struck with his extraordinary familiarity with things and people, at length burst forth—"And, pray, sir,—you, who seem to know everybody—pray, may I ask who *you* are?" "James Smith, ma'am." This, evidently, conveying nothing to her mind, a fellow passenger added, "One of the authors of 'Rejected Addresses.'" The old lady stared at them by turns, and then quietly said, "I never heard of the gentleman or the book before."

Although a moderate share of success generally invites an author to fresh endeavours, a great and sudden popularity will sometimes arrest, rather than stimulate, the progress of his pen; for the public is exorbitant in its demands, and, far from being satisfied, even should a writer transcend all other competitors, will insist upon his surpassing himself also. Aware of this unreasonable expectation, James inflexibly adhered to his favourite position, that when once a man has made a good hit, he should rest upon it, and leave off a winner,—a maxim which he was wont to strengthen by Bishop Warburton's authority. When Anstey, the author of the "Bath Guide," was presented to the veteran, he said, "Young man, I will give you a piece of advice: you have written a highly successful work; — never put pen to paper again."

The relater of the anecdote did not literally obey the injunction, but he seemed more apprehensive of diminishing, than desirous of increasing, the fame he had already achieved, and would not compromise himself by any literary undertaking beyond short and anonymous pieces. Like Fear, in Collins's Ode, he had once loudly struck the lyre,—

> "And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
> Ev'n at the sound himself had made."

Had he not, however, been prevented by this misgiving, it may be doubted whether he would have undertaken any work requiring research or continuous application; for he was fond of his ease, seldom wrote except as an amusement and relief from graver occupations, and was unsolicitous of further celebrity than such as might be acquired by those fugitive effusions and *vers de société* in which he so eminently excelled, and which he could produce with so little effort.

There is much acuteness in the remark made by Lady Blessington, that if James Smith had not been a man of wit, he would have achieved a much higher reputation. Having won the prize which appeared to him the only worthy object of contention—a welcome reception wherever he went, and a distinguished position in society—he wanted all motive for further and more serious exertion. Perhaps, also, his wonderful memory, a gift seldom favourable to originality, contributed to the same result: for, he who can recall the thoughts and opinions of the great intellects of the world, upon all the leading subjects wherein the world is interested, will deem it an unnecessary trouble, if he be an indolent man, and presumptuous if he be a modest one, to obtrude his own reflections on the public. It is much easier to repeat than to compose; and though the Muses,

we are told, are the daughters of Memory, Necessity is the mother of Invention.

Although larger in bulk, and more important in character, James Smith's contributions to Mr. Mathews's Entertainments hardly form an exception to the remarks we have just made; for they were so congenial to the general character of his mind, and tone of his conversation, as to be thrown off with a marvellous facility. An olio of songs, jokes, puns, and laughterstirring merriment, occasionally rising into wit, but more frequently assuming the character of farce and extravaganza,—was mere pastime to a mind like his, which was an inexhaustible storehouse of such materials; and there can be little doubt that the writer found quite as much pleasure in composing, as the spectator in witnessing, these merry mockeries, in which the author and the actor were equally "at home."

"Smith is the only man," Mathews used to say, "who can write clever nonsense,"—and of all living humorists, Mathews was the refined intellectual wag, and dramatic imitator, best calculated to give full and irresistible effect to "clever nonsense;" though his powers, when the occasion required it, could take a much higher range. Both might well deem themselves fortunate in their alliance, when, in 1820, the "Coun-

try Cousins" made their first appearance at the English Opera, and for many succeeding nights convulsed the town with laughter.

Their brilliant success stimulating the author to achieve further triumphs of the same nature, he produced, in the two succeeding years, and with the same prosperous result, the "Trip to France," and the "Trip to America." Sheridan once said of Dundas, that he trusted to his imagination for his facts, and to his memory for his jokes; an observation that might be applied literally, and not in an invidious sense, to these hasty productions, the writer of which first imagined a slight story or framework, and then filled it up with jests, which were as often recollected as extemporized.

Neither wild fancies and merry conceits, however, (whether old or new,) nor the face, voice, and manner of the actor, constituted the chief merit of these motley compositions; for they exhibited touches of true comedy, as well as various and faithful traits of life and character, which none but a man of wit, in the higher acceptation of that term, and a close observer of society, could have produced.

Mr. Mathews, who was a most liberal and generous man, although he had occasionally received gratuitous assistance from his ally, paid

him a thousand pounds for these latter works—a sum to which the receiver seldom made allusion without shrugging up his shoulders, and ejaculating, "A thousand pounds for nonsense!" At other times he would contrast this large amount with the miserable fifteen pounds given to Milton for his Paradise Lost; reconciling himself, however, to the disproportion by quoting from the well-known couplet, that the real value of a thing "is as much money as 'twill bring;"—and adding, that his scrimble-scramble stuff always filled the theatre, and replenished the treasury.

At a later period he was still better paid for a more trifling exertion of his muse; for having met at a dinner-party the late Mr. Strahan, the King's printer, then suffering from gout and old age, though his intellectual faculties remained unimpaired, he sent him next morning the following *jeu d'esprit*:—

"Your lower limbs seem'd far from stout,
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out,
When you began to talk.

"The power that props the body's length
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head."

This compliment proved so highly acceptable to the old gentleman, that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of three hundred pounds! Since the days of Sannazarius it may be questioned whether any bard has been more liberally remunerated for an equal number of lines. Mr. Strahan, however, had other motives for his generosity, for he respected and loved the man, quite as much as he admired the poet. In ancient times, as we know from some of the classical letters, the rich frequently left handsome legacies to favourite authors with whom they were personally unacquainted—a fact to which the present writer has great pleasure in referring, in the hope that so laudable a custom may be revived!

Among the earliest occurrences impressed on the mind of James Smith, he would relate that he had once been patted on the head by Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, as he stopped for a minute to converse with the narrator's father in Highgate churchyard. The imposition of this legal hand, however vividly retained in his memory, did not inspire him with any very ardent love, or indoctrinate him with the profounder lore of the profession for which he was destined. If he became a steady follower of the law, he did

duty rather as a militiaman who has drawn the lot of service, than as a volunteer. From the first developement of his faculties and tastes, it became manifest that they received their directing inspiration rather from Thalia than Themis. The passion which mastered and survived all others, retaining an undiminished attraction so long as his health allowed him to indulge it, was a fervent devotion to the drama. For many years he was never absent from either of the principal theatres on the first performance of a new piece; and during the greater portion of his life he was generally to be found, when not otherwise engaged, in the boxes or the green-room, where, above all places, his elegant appearance, fascinating manners, and inexhaustible wit, secured him an eager and most flattering reception.

Nor was James Smith solely welcomed upon these recommendations; for the actors and dramatic writers frequently applied to him for a comic song, a hit at the follies of the day, a jocose epilogue, or other assistance of the kind, which was always readily afforded, and scarcely ever failed to prove highly successful.

With most of the distinguished performers and dramatists he lived in habits of intimacy: many of them, knowing his excellent judgment, came

to him for advice in their own art; and so infallibly accurate was his memory in all the records of the theatre, that they would occasionally apply to him to fix the date of half-forgotten pieces, in which they themselves had figured.

Uniting a keen sense of the ridiculous with a quick perception of character, and a ready command of sparkling if not witty dialogue, he might have written admirable comedies, instead of hastily sketching disconnected scenes. In Mr. Mathews's entertainments he proved his skill as a caricaturist, and he would unquestionably have attained high station as a moral portrait painter, had he devoted his great powers to genuine comedy,—an attempt from which he could only have been deterred by his indolent disinclination to any sustained work, by a timid apprehension of failure in the most precarious of all literary undertakings, or by a foreboding that even his success as a dramatist might prove injurious to his professional prospects.

The reader who comes to the perusal of the following papers without making allowances for the temporary and superficial character required in periodical literature, will, perhaps, be hardly prepared for the occasional slenderness of their materials, and the predominant lightness of their tone. Not affecting any very deep reflection,

when such sagacity would be only misapplied, they are fraught, nevertheless, with some practical wisdom; for there is a moral in their playful satire upon men and manners, and a benefit in their diffusion of harmless merriment. To be fairly estimated, they should be measured by their adaptation to a particular end, in conjunction with their intrinsic merits. Aiming to "shoot folly as it flies," their writer selected a light shaft, well plumed with feathers, as the most likely to reach its object. His motto seems to have been "*Vive la bagatelle*," and he seldom loses sight of it. But well-directed trifles are sometimes very efficient weapons. Many a battle has been won by the light troops, where their heavier brethren would have fought in vain; nor have the skirmishers and sharpshooters of literature done less signal service to the cause in which they have been engaged.

The most austere censor, and "the gravest aunt telling the saddest tale," must equally admit the merit and utility of those playful effusions which, while they may afford amusement to thousands, cannot injure the moral feelings of a single individual.

Such is the character of the following papers. A cheerful, pleasant, effervescing spirit animates them all; and as we have already stated that

they were composed for mere recreation, they could hardly be expected to exhibit the marks of study and deep reflection.

A mind of such great general powers as that of our subject, could doubtless have mastered any style with which it chose to grapple; but neither his taste nor his feelings prompted him to exhibit his intellectual vigour in the deep waters of literature. Pouring themselves forth like a bright but shallow stream, his thoughts sparkled among the coloured pebbles they encountered, receiving and imparting a thousand evanescent hues as they pursued their glittering and sportive course. They who would dive into them for valuable pearls may be disappointed; but such will not be the feeling of those who are content to admire the brilliant bubbles, or to snatch the many and the vari-coloured flowers that float upon their surface.

In the first of the letters entitled "Grimm's Ghost," James Smith proposed to imitate his celebrated original, and gave an outline of the plan upon which he intended to conduct his future papers;—but this pledge was never fully redeemed. He whose delight was in *un*bending, was little likely to intended in bending the stubborn bow of Ulysses. These papers are not,

therefore, to be criticized as professed imitations. His own jest upon Mademoiselle MARS, that such was not her real appellation, but only a *nom de guerre*, may be applied to his ghostly assumption of the Baron's patronymic honours.

His poetry, in which the sportive sallies of his fancy and the coruscations of his wit seem to find a more congenial element for their display, is ever terse, buoyant, racy, and delightful. Modulated by a fine, almost a fastidious ear, you seldom meet an inharmonious line, a forced inversion, or an inaccurate rhyme; a merit the more difficult of attainment, because his proneness to antithesis, brevity, and epigram, led him to sharpen almost every stanza into a point.

In double rhymes, the paucity of which in our language presents an almost insurmountable barrier to their extensive use, he took such especial delight, that it may be questioned whether any writer can compete with him in the frequency and the happiness of their introduction. His facility, however, did not betray him into slovenliness; his "easy writing" was never "hard reading;" and if—because his works are not more bulky—he is finally to be enrolled among the "mob of gentlemen," who gleam

"Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er,"

he will undoubtedly shine with no inferior or unconspicious light in that poetical galaxy.

When advancing years, long-continued attacks of gout, and compulsory seclusions from society, had somewhat tempered the playfulness of James Smith's fancy and the exuberance of his spirits, a deeper tone of sentiment and reflection becomes manifest in his writings. Not very long before his death he amused himself with making imitations of Shakspeare's Sonnets, of which two only are inserted as a specimen, the others not appearing to have been finally revised.

In the extracts from his letters, all written in the years immediately preceding his decease, will be found an extent of reading, an acuteness of observation, a depth of judgment, a combination, in short, of sprightliness, sound sense, and philosophy, hardly to have been anticipated by those who might have formed their opinion of his powers from the light vagaries of his youthful muse.

The reader will doubtless unite with the present writer in returning thanks to the parties who, by kindly permitting these extracts to be given to the world, have at once gratified the public, and thrown a new and most becoming light upon the subject of our memoir.

Not, however, to his literary claims alone,

highly as they might be appreciated, was James Smith indebted for the great and unvaried favour in which he had been ever held by an extensive circle of acquaintance, including many of his contemporaries the most distinguished for virtues, talents, and rank. "It was difficult," writes one who was intimately acquainted with him in his latter years, "to pass an evening in his company without feeling in better humour with the world; such was the influence of his inexhaustible fund of amusement and information, his lightness, liveliness, and good sense. No man ever excelled him in starting a pleasant topic of conversation, and sustaining it; nor was it well possible for a party of moderate dimensions, when he was of it, to be dull. The droll anecdote, the apt illustration, the shrewd remark, a trait of humour from Fielding, a scrap of a song from the Beggar's Opera, a knock-down retort of Johnson's, a couplet from Pope or Dryden,—all seemed to come as they were wanted; and as he was always just as ready to listen as to talk, they acted, each in turn, as a sort of challenge to the company to bring forth their budgets, and contribute towards the feast. As he disliked argument, and never lost his temper, or willingly gave offence, it would have been no easy matter for others to lose theirs, or to offend him."

In all the requisites for social eminence he was, indeed, transcendent. To a dignified and manly figure, cast in a mould of perfect symmetry, he united, in his prime of life, much beauty and animation of countenance, singularly fascinating manners, the charm of a comic vocalist, an all-retaining memory, an ever-flowing stream of entertaining talk that sparkled and cheered as if it were colloquial champagne, and a merry laugh that would extort a sympathizing echo from the most phlegmatic hearer.

His was not the sly, sneering, sarcastic humour that finds most pleasure in the *bon-mot* that gives the greatest pain to others; nor was it of that dry, quiet character which gives zest to a joke by the apparent unconsciousness of its author. His good sayings were heightened by his cordial good-nature; by the beaming smile, the twinkling eye, and the frank hearty cachinnation that showed his own enjoyment of them.

Adhering to the dictum that we should always pay attention to our dress—in youth that we may please, in age that we may not displease—he was ever most scrupulous in this respect; not neglecting any aid, at any period, that might set off his great personal recommendations to the best advantage.

As an additional proof that he deserved the

highest character to which a man can aspire—that of a thorough gentleman—let it be recorded that in his earlier days, when grossness of language was by no means uncommon, even in the best convivial society, he never availed himself of his privilege as a merry wag, or as a comic singer, to pander to the vicious taste either of the great or little vulgar. The writings of his whole life, difficult as others have found it to be always jocose without occasionally lapsing into indelicacy, being equally free from taint or reproach. In fact he left not one single line "which dying he would wish to blot."

A confirmed metropolitan in all his tastes and habits, he would often quaintly observe that London was the best place in summer, and the only place in winter; or quote Dr. Johnson's dogma—"Sir, the man that is tired of London is tired of existence." At other times he would express his perfect concurrence with Dr. Moseley's assertion, that in the country one is always maddened with the noise of nothing; or laughingly quote the Duke of Queensberry's rejoinder on being told, one sultry day in September, that London was exceedingly empty—"Yes, but it's fuller than the country."

He would not, perhaps, have gone quite so far as his old friend Jekyll, who used to say, that "if

compelled to live in the country, he would have the approach to his house paved like the streets of London, and hire a hackney-coach to drive up and down all day long;" but he would relate with great glee a story showing the general conviction of his dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library, at a country-house, when a gentleman, informing him that the family were all out, proposed a quiet stroll into the pleasure grounds. "Stroll! why, don't you see my gouty shoe?"—"Yes, but what then? You don't really mean to say that you have got the gout. I thought you had only put on that shoe to avoid being shown over the improvements."

Notwithstanding his rooted objection to "grinding the gravel," as he termed an excursion into the country, he could overcome this repugnance where there were sufficient talents and attractions to repay him for the exertion. For many consecutive summers he even travelled so far as Yorkshire, to make long visits to the late Earl of Mulgrave, who honoured him with his especial friendship, and whose high intellectual and social powers were duly appreciated by his visitant. It was upon one of these excursions that he purchased his favourite gray mare, which carried him, without a stumble, until both were worn out together, when he gave unwilling orders, shortly

before his death, that she should be shot. At the Deepdene also, at Mr. Croker's, at Moulsey, at Lord Abinger's, at Abinger Hall, and other country abodes, where he was sure of meeting enlightened and congenial society, he was glad to become an occasional guest, in spite of his devotion to London.

In his latest years, when gout had rendered him a confirmed cripple, and condemned him to increasing hours of solitude; when, being disabled from amusing gay circles of comparative strangers, he had learned the inappreciable value of a real friendship; he was so fortunate as to form the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Torre Holme and his wife, an acquaintance which quickly ripened into the closest intimacy.

The lady's name will be familiar to the reader, as one of the most admired contributors to our periodicals; a congeniality of tastes and pursuits which rendered her society peculiarly delightful to the subject of this memoir.

To Shere, near Guilford, the abode of these accomplished and cherished associates, he now became a frequent visitant, gratifying himself, while he won the admiration of his kind hosts; and when his accumulating infirmities pressed so grievously upon him as to confine him to his own room in London, he beguiled his lonely sufferings by enditing

the letters from which we have given extracts, and which afford such an interesting insight into the writer's mind and feelings, as he was gradually sinking under his malady.

How highly he was estimated by other and not less enlightened associates whom he encountered at Shere, will be manifested by the following admirable letter, of which the writer, the Rev. George J. Handford, has kindly permitted the publication :—

"Shere, May 29th, 1840.

"DEAR SIR,

"Mrs. Holme expressed a wish, some time ago, that I would put down on paper what little I remembered of your late lamented brother's *table-talk*. I had the good fortune to be much in his company during his latter visits to Shere, and received many marks of kindness and friendship from him. I felt, therefore, a real though melancholy pleasure in undertaking to rescue from oblivion some few of those brilliant conceits which 'were wont to set the table in a roar,' and the still more valuable observations of his calmer and sadder moments.

"Lady Blessington has well remarked, 'If James Smith had not been a *witty man*, he must have been a *great man*.' When I knew him, acute suffering had begun to cast a softening

shade over his character; and the judicious advice, the enlightened criticism, the comprehensive philosophy, which then formed the staple of his discourse, won from all the homage which some would have denied to his wit, and preserved the dignity of the educated gentleman from merging in the professional gaiety of the jester. 'Res est sacra, miser;' and we used to look almost with veneration on the poet, sinking under a disease which left him scarcely a moment free from pain, and yet firmly repressing the slightest indication of what he suffered; sitting for hours under his favourite birch tree on the sunny lawn, and dwelling with delight on the calm loveliness of a landscape, not often equalled even in this country, or, as he himself was used to express it, not only umbrageous itself, 'but casting all other places into the shade.' Here he used to sit, the centre of a chosen circle—a living commentary on the literature of his country—recalling the past from the treasures of what I must be permitted to call a *gigantic memory*, and illustrating the present with the happiest union of taste, judgment, and good-humour. Shakspeare and his contemporaries, Cowley and his analytical school, Waller and the courtier-poets of Charles's reign; 'Spectators,' 'Tatlers,' 'Guardians,' 'Ramblers;'—all who did anything for posterity in the time of

Anne and the Georges—passed in procession before our eyes, as if summoned by the wand of Gulliver's potent friend, each paying the tribute of some happy quotation, and confirming, *by the authority of consecutive pages* when necessary, the argument or criticism of the hour. Last then came the sparkling jest, when least expected. We had forgotten, perhaps, 'the author of Rejected Addresses,' in the poet and philosopher before us; but he never permitted this dissonance to his supremacy as 'joker general.' He was justly proud of showing that 'motley was not his *only* wear;' but his bauble was always within reach, and the suddenness with which he assumed it—sometimes in the midst of the gravest argument—however we might regret the interruption, compelled us to admire his versatility.

"Some of these bright sayings I had *readily* promised to record. We laughed at the time, and I thought, of course, that others might laugh too; but I had forgotten how much depends on the manner and the occasion. On taxing my memory for a reproduction of these scenes, I am vexed to find how little I can recall, and, of that little, how much less is calculated to make on others the impression it made on me. The brilliancy of your brother's conversation was something to *see*, as well as to *hear*. We want now

the laughing eye, the happy voice, the mouth that seemed the very dwelling-place of eloquent smiles; we want, too, the admiring circle, determined to be pleased, and exciting to fresh efforts by the kind approval of the present. The occasion, too, which called forth many of his jokes, is not always worth detailing; and yet, without a full, and, perhaps, tedious preamble, the wit is not apparent. To those who knew James Smith, his conversation was a rich and glorious stream, now flowing through clear depths, now sparkling with a graceful ripple. But even they, alas! could not arrest the current: it has reached the dark ocean 'where thoughts perish,' and has no reflux in this world. How can we hope, then, to recall its beauty to the eye of the stranger? The attempt would be vain, at least in my hands.

> 'Like the bubble on the fountain,
> It is gone, and for ever.'

"The moderation of his character was, perhaps, most apparent on the usually exciting subject of politics. He professed, I believe, moderately conservative opinions, but on no occasion could we betray him into anything like a positive declaration in company. 'My political opinions,' he once said, 'are those of the lady who sits next to me, and as the fair sex are generally 'per-

plexed, like monarchs, with the fear of change,' I constantly find myself conservative.'

" ' Mr. Smith, you *look* like a conservative,' said a young man across the table, thinking to pay him a compliment. ' Certainly, sir,' was the prompt reply; ' my *crutches* remind me that I am no member of *the movement party.*'

" But he was really liberal in the best sense of the word. In politics, religion, and literature, his great object was concord; and he used to say of the parties which agitate society, as the political footman in the Vicar of Wakefield said of the rival newspapers,—' They may hate each other, but I love them all.' *

* * * *

" If the above imperfect reminiscences are of any value to you for the purpose of interweaving with the forthcoming memoirs, I shall be much gratified, and shall then have only to regret that they are not more numerous and more ably chronicled.

" I am, dear Sir,
" Very faithfully yours,
" GEORGE J. HANDFORD."

In the wide circle of his London acquaintance,

* Several of his bon-mots are here omitted, as they occur elsewhere.—(ED.)

one of the houses at which he most delighted to visit was that of Lady Blessington, whose conversational powers he highly admired, and to whose Book of Beauty he became a contributor. To this lady he was in the habit of sending occasional epigrams, and complimentary or punning notes. At Lord Harrington's also he was a frequent guest, ever gratified by a cordiality of reception and refinement of manners, which constitute the highest charm of social intercourse.

He liked to mingle with persons of celebrity, and at these houses his wish was seldom ungratified. Among his personal friends, he had the highest regard for Count d'Orsay, not only adducing him as a specimen of a perfect gentleman, but often declaring that in the delightful union of gaiety and good sense he was absolutely unrivalled.

When not otherwise engaged, he would take his plain dinner at the Athenæum, the Union, or the Garrick Club, always restricting himself to a half-pint of sherry, from the fear of his old enemy the gout. The late Sir William Aylett, a grumbling member of the Union, and a two-bottle man, observing him to be thus frugally furnished, eyed his cruet with contempt, and exclaimed, "So, I see *you* have got one of these cursed life-preservers."

After this description of his general mode of life, it will be hardly necessary to state that he was a bachelor; and to those who knew him, it will be equally needless to add, that his celibacy proceeded rather from too discursive than too limited an admiration of the sex. To the latest hour of his life he exhibited a marked predilection for their society, giving a natural preference to the young, the intelligent, and the musical; and never concealing his dislike of a dinner party composed exclusively of males. It will be seen that even in the many hours of solitude and sickness that threw a shade over the closing scenes of his life, he does not appear ever to have regretted his bachelorship.

Although few persons had been more constantly exposed to the temptation of convivial parties, James Smith, at every period, was a strictly temperate man; an abstemiousness which could not, however, ward off the attacks of gout. These began to assail him in middle life, increasing in their frequency and severity, until, gradually losing the use and the very form of his limbs, he sank at times into a state of utter and helpless decrepitude, which he bore with an undeviating and unexampled patience. To him, nevertheless, it must have been peculiarly trying, for he held it a humiliation to be ill; and al-

hough he did not go quite so far as Charles Lamb, who frankly confessed that he hated sick people, he had always recoiled from those who talked of their ailments or sorrows; and he scorned to solicit the sympathy which he had never bestowed. His was not the one-sided equanimity which, while it bears the sorrows and the pangs of others with perfect philosophy, is discomposed at the smallest trials of self. No; if he displayed but little tenderness in the former case, he was equally stoical in the latter. Never complaining, never making the most distant allusion to his own sufferings, however acute, and invariably checking all reference to the subject in his visitants,—he refused to see company altogether, when he found their presence insupportable, or resolutely conquered his malady, and threw off the invalid, if they were admitted. So fine and uniform was his temper, proceeding, perhaps, in some degree, from the absence of any very keen sensibility, that it is hardly known to have been ever seriously ruffled.

In the spring of 1839, a violent attack of influenza, aggravated by a severe access of gout, completely deranged his whole system, prostrated his spirits for the first time, and condemned him to a five months' confinement. Recovering from this alarming state by the skill and attention of

his friend Dr. Paris, he accepted an invitation from the writer to pass some time with him at Tonbridge Wells. Here, although he was still a lamentable cripple, he made an extraordinary rally, regaining an almost youthful buoyancy of mind, referring with glee to the merry meetings of former times, indulging in his pleasant modes of jest and anecdote, or singing with his nieces almost from morning to night.

We had flattered ourselves, on his leaving us, that he was restored to his usual state, and that we might look forward to future interviews not less delightful to all parties; but, alas! these fond hopes were destined never to be realized! Towards the close of the year he experienced a relapse, under which he sank so rapidly that his recovery was hardly to be expected even by the most sanguine.

His nearest relations pressed to be admitted into the house, that they might nurse and solace him, so far as his state would allow; but he adhered inflexibly to the rule he had laid down, and declined all assistance, except from the faithful housekeeper who had been upwards of twenty-five years in his service.

His last illness was not of long continuance nor was it attended with suffering, either mental or corporeal. To death itself he had ever ex-

pressed a perfect indifference, though he was anxious to be spared a painful or protracted exit; a wish in which he was fortunately gratified. He died in his house in Craven Street, with all the calmness of a philosopher, on the 24th December, 1839, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and was buried under the vaults of St. Martin's church.

LINES

ON THE

DEATH OF JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

BY A LADY.

The tomb has closed o'er him who once was the light
Of each circle where talent and temper are loved;
Whose varied acquirements as solid as bright
More fondly we love, when for ever removed.

His memory's wide speaking compass could span,
Like the rainbow's bright arch, the horizon of mind.
O'er the billows of Time reminiscent it ran,
And the stores of the past to his grasp were resigned.

The coldness of form and the shadows of gloom
Were chased by the beams of his fancy's light play;
His voice sent the spirit of mirth round the room,
And his laugh drove the demon of dulness away.

How oft, when his presence our meetings have cheered,
Have the young and ingenuous thronged round his seat,
To share in the converse his kindness endeared,
(Sure test of *His* worth whom such suffrages greet.)

No maxim has guided—no learning directs,
The Bee on her task among summer's gay bowers;
From instinct alone she unerring selects
The sweetest and best for her bouquet of flowers :

So, by nature's mysterious alchemy led,
The young, yet unsnared in the mazes of art,
Can detect the pure ore wheresoe'er it lies hid,
And a smile gives them light to decipher the heart!

Content to be loved where he might have been feared,
The darts of his satire were playfully thrown,
No smoke-wreath of malice or rancour appeared,
O'er the flame of a wit that so lambently shone.

Distrust and suspicion, the bitterest fruit
Of the dark tree of knowledge, to him were unknown;
His friends shared his joys—but his sorrows were mute,
And his wrongs were resented by silence alone.

His temper's mild sunshine no suffering could cloud,
The dark days of sickness—the night-watch of pain,
And how often those hours were his lot, the gay crowd
Little knew, when they basked in his presence again.

But, alas! he is gone—and the echoes of mirth
Are silent where most he was valued and known;
The halls of the noble lament him—the hearth
Domestic—retains but his memory alone.

By the sorrows of friends—by the general voice
Regretted and loved, O let this be our pride,
While many will mourn him, not one will rejoice,
In charity living—in peace he has died.

C. D.

LETTERS.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

TO

MRS. TORRE HOLME.

"Saturday, 26th August.

My Dear Mrs. Holme,

The interest that I take in the welfare of you and yours, has caused me to receive the communication in your last letter with sincere pleasure.* The philosophical book on the mind by Combe I have sent to Lady ——, but will bring it you on Friday se'nnight, the 6th of September. Turn minutes to seconds, as some lyric poet requests of Time, that the period may sooner arrive. I dined yesterday at —— House, where the Countess Guiccioli is on a visit; she is much improved in her English. When we rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, coffee was introduced, and several little tottering daddy-long-legs tables were set out, whereon to deposit our cups. I and Madam

* Of her son having passed a good examination.

G. had a table between us. I then ventured to touch upon Lord Byron. The subject evidently interested her. I repeated several passages from his "Childe Harold," with which she seemed quite familiar. She then asked me to give her some of my imitations of him from the "Rejected Addresses." These she did not seem quite so well to comprehend. I told her all I knew of him before he went abroad, to which, like Desdemona, "she did seriously incline." Bysshe Shelley she denominates a good man. Leigh Hunt's name she pronounced *Leg Honte*. With tears in her eyes, she then descanted upon the merits and failings of the departed. When any sudden pause took place in the conversation at the other tables, she, evidently not wishing to be overheard, said, "Bai an bai," (by-and-bye,) and when the general buzz recommenced, she resumed the thread of her narration. Shelley "disliked his Don Juan," said I, "and begged him to leave it off, calling it a Grub Street poem." "A what?—what you mean by Grub Street?" I then explained to her the locality of that venerable haunt of the Muses, in the days of Pope and Swift, by a quotation from myself:—

"A spot near Cripplegate extends,
Grub street 'tis called, the modern Pindus,
Where (but that bards are never friends)
Bards might shake hands from adverse windows."

"When he dined with me," the Countess continued, "he ate no meat. Still haunted by a dread of growing fat, he very much injured his own health; yet his figure, notwithstanding, grew larger. Oh! he was very handsome! Beautiful eyes and eyelashes!—and such a spiritual expression of countenance! I had occasion to go to Ravenna upon some family business. We settled that he should not accompany me. At that time several people were plaguing him to go to Greece. Ah, he said, in his sportive manner, 'Let fourteen captains come and ask me to go, and go I will.' Well, fourteen captains came to him, and said, 'Here we are, will you now go?' He was ashamed to say he had only been joking, (you know how fond he was of saying things in that light, joking sort of a way,) so it ended in his undertaking to go. He said to me, 'While you are at Ravenna, I will go to Greece, and we shall meet again when we both return.' God, however, he dispose of it otherwise. He was not well when he set out. In Greece they wanted to bleed him; he would not be bled, and so he die!" The Countess paused, evidently much affected. I said nothing for a minute or two, and then observed, that I had read and heard much upon the subject she had been discussing, but that I did not know how she and

Lord Byron first became acquainted. She looked at me a moment, as if wondering at my audacity, and then said, with a good-humoured smile, "Well, I will tell you. I was one day"—But here the drawing-room door opened, and some Frenchman with a foreign order was announced. The lady repeated her "Bai an bai" sotto voce, but, unfortunately, that bai an bai never arrived. The foreigner, unluckily, knew the Countess; he, therefore, planted himself in a chair behind her, and held her ever and anon in a commonplace kind of conversation during the remainder of the evening.

Count d'Orsay set me down in Craven Street. "What was all that Madame Guiccioli was saying to you just now?" he inquired. "She was telling me her apartments are in the Rue de Rivoli, and that if I visited the French capital, she hoped I would not forget her address." "What! it took her all that time to say that? Ah, Smeeth, you old humbug! that won't do."

Believe me to remain,

Sincerely yours,

James Smith.

27, Craven Street,
Saturday, 10th February.

MY DEAR MRS. HOLME,

* * * * *

I have for some time past felt a strange longing to visit Naples. "Vedi Napoli, e poi mori," is the passionate exclamation of the Italians. It must be such a delicious climate: not that I have the slightest chance of ever going thither; and yet the idea haunts me.

Charles Kean, they tell me at the Garrick, is a clever, but not a great actor; but you don't care about theatricals. The Opera Buffa, they tell me, is so-so; but you don't care about music. Well, then, as you do care about me, I have the satisfaction to tell you that I am convalescing apace. I move upon two crutch-canes like Asmodeus, but lacking a considerable portion of his agility. Neither, like him, can I unroof the houses to see what is passing within; neither would I if I could. Curiosity about other people's affairs is not one of my staple commodities.

Some of the wags last night at the Garrick were making charades—I puzzled them with the following:—"An old post, a swing, and a daub of a picture, make a bad sign." They all gave it up; whereupon I told them it was a truism—those materials *do* make a bad sign.

I dined yesterday at Murray's. Moore was

very pleasant, although not in good health. He said his forte was music, and that he was no poet apart from that sensation. He talked of the different manner in which George the Fourth was received in Edinburgh and in Dublin, contrasting the dignity of the former with the servility of the latter; and he said, "The contrast makes me blush for my countrymen." After all, the two modes of reception are merely constitutional. The Scotch are naturally sedate, and the Irish extravagant: Lockhart says the last are all mad, more or less.

You will see in the Examiner an extract from a speech delivered by my brother Horace at a meeting at Brighton, in favour of vote by ballot. He had better abstain from politics altogether; it is his business as an author to please all parties.

The gout still hangs about my left foot; notwithstanding which, I am to dine to-day with Dr. Paris, the head-quarters of Hygeia. Moore gave us an account of his meeting some few years ago the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria in a country-house, and singing duets and trios with them. The Queen, he says, had then a small thin voice, but was a very good musician, her mother an excellent one. Best remembrances to your husband.

Believe me to remain sincerely yours,

JAMES SMITH.

I heard it once debated in a company of ladies, whether any young lady whose affections were not pre-occupied, would refuse the hand of the Duke of Devonshire in marriage. They all agreed that no such woman existed. This surprised me; what is your opinion upon the subject? and what do you think of "The Art of being Happy?" There are some sensible things in the book, but it has rather too great a tendency to "*Quietism*." Remember Lord Lyttelton's epigram:—

"He never knew 'pleasure,' who never knew pain."

Kensington Gore,
Monday, 9th Dec.

My dear Mrs. Holme,

With respect to the invitation you mention, I will frankly avow that I do not wish to travel so many miles, merely to dine with any old lady. I happen to be greatly pleased with the society of Mr. and Mrs. Holme, and I am fond of their children. Two or three days visit in that quarter is at all times desirable, and I have no objection to devote one of them to a visit in their company; but as to a solo upon any old lady's salt-box, that is *toute autre chose*. Explain this

to Holme, and let him, illuminate the party in question.

27, Craven Street,
Sunday, 18th March.

My dear Mrs. Holme,

If you were a singer, you would remember (and as a poet you probably may) a song entitled "Sally in our Alley," the singer of which thus expresses himself:—

> "Of all the days that's in the week,
> I dearly love but one day;
> And that's the day that comes between
> The Saturday and Monday."

I am disposed to "say ditto to Mr. Burke." Not that I employ it, like the aforesaid vocalist, in "walking abroad with Sally." My limbs, unfortunately, are not so disposable. It is to me more literally a day of rest. Let me enlighten you as to my general disposal of it. I breakfast at nine. With a mind undisturbed by matters of business, I then write to you or to some editor, and then read till three o'clock. I then walk to the Union Club, read the journals, hear Lord John Russell deified or diabolized, (that word is not a bad coinage,) do the same with

Sir Robert Peel or the Duke of Wellington, and then join a knot of conversationists by the fire till six o'clock, consisting of merchants, lawyers, members of parliament, and gentlemen at large. We then and there discuss the three per cent. consols, (some of us preferring Dutch two and a half per cents.) and speculate upon the probable size, shape, and cost of the intended New Royal Exchange. If Lady Harrington happen to drive past our bow window, we compare her equipage to that of the Algerine ambassador; and when politics happen to be discussed, rally Whigs, Radicals, and Conservatives, alternately, but never seriously; such subjects having a tendency to create acrimony. At six o'clock the room begins to be deserted, wherefore I adjourn to the dining-room, and gravely looking over the bill of fare, exclaim to the waiter, "Haunch of mutton and apple-tart!" Those viands despatched with no accompanying liquid save water, I mount upward to the library; take a book and my seat in an arm-chair, and read till nine; then call for a cup of coffee and a biscuit, resume my book till eleven, afterwards return home to bed. If I have any book here which particularly excites my attention, I place my lamp upon a table by my bedside, and read in bed until twelve. No danger of ignition, my

lamp being quite safe, and my curtains moreen. "Thus ends this strange eventful history." Should Sir Andrew Agnew, or any other evangelical successor in St. Stephen's Chapel, (for he is no longer a senator,) succeed in passing a Sunday Bill to abolish public carriages, it would, you see from the above detail, not affect me. My only deviation from this even tenor is an occasional family dinner at my friend Heath's in Russell Square, or at Dr. Paris's in Dover Street.

27, Craven-street,
Sunday, 24th December.

My dear Mrs. Holme,

Great wits *jump* (not corporeally when subject to gout, but) mentally. Your husband's critique as to time of execution occurred to me on reading Jane Lomax. But there is another legal objection. Lomax was, if I recollect right, appointed executor under the will. He must in that capacity have possessed the *probate*, and could not want a copy. Again, I have my doubts whether Lomax's crime was capital. It did not consist in forging the testator's handwriting, but in putting before him a false or substituted will for his signature ; a fraud punishable, per-

haps, with transportation, but not a forgery. The interest at the close would have been much better worked up by a trial at law, or an indictment at the Old Bailey—Lomax in the dock, trembling as the proofs accumulated, and urged "to flare up" by his indignant helpmate. The will might have been set aside, and the man from abroad (I forget his name) might have married the virtuous daughter. The wind-up with two old maids I agree with you in considering an anti-climax. People who write works of fiction are not bound to know the law, but in forming their catastrophes they should apply to those who do. I could have helped my brother to as pretty a law scene as you shall see on a summer's day.

I dined yesterday with E. L. Bulwer, at his new residence, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, a splendidly and classically fitted-up mansion. One of the drawing-rooms is a fac-simile of a chamber which our host visited at Pompeii,—vases, candelabra, chairs, tables, to correspond. He lighted a perfumed pastille modelled from Mount Vesuvius. As soon as the cone of the mountain began to blaze, I fancied myself an inhabitant of the devoted city; and, as Pliny the Elder, thus addressed Bulwer, my supposed nephew:—"Our fate is accomplished, nephew. Hand me yonder volume;—I shall die as a

student in my vocation. Do you then hasten to take refuge on board the fleet at Misenum. Yonder cloud of hot ashes chides thy longer delay. Feel no alarm for me—I shall live in story. The author of Pelham will rescue my name from oblivion." Pliny the Younger made me a low bow.

I perceive by the newspapers that Madame Vestris is about to exhibit Puss in Boots at Christmas, and that all the other theatres adopt nursery tales as vehicles for their pantomimes. These things must be totally unintelligible to the present philosophical race of infants. I should suggest pieces like the following:—"Population, or Harlequin Martineau." "My Stars, or Harlequin Herschel." "Pons Asinorum, or Harlequin Triangle." Harlequin Tedious, or

Yours sincerely,
JAMES SMITH.

18th March.

MY DEAR MRS. HOLME,

Should the greatest of calamities befall you,—the loss of one of your children, (which Heaven avert,) I would, at the summons of you or your husband, visit you in your affliction; not to assuage your grief, (a vain effort,) but to alle-

viate by partaking of it. Such would have been my conduct, had I known you when deprived of Florence. I know that the hackneyed topics of consolation, viz. "Time only can alleviate,—impious to murmur,—gone to a better place," &c. only add fuel to the fire. My course would be the direct reverse. I should dwell with melancholy pleasure on the merits of the departed, and agree with you that the affair was altogether beyond consolation.

> "As skilful surgeons cut beyond the wound,
> To make the cure complete."

What wonders time achieves! There was a period when you would have received as an insult an intimation that you could ever, after that bereavement, feel a moment of happiness; and notwithstanding our experience of his emollient powers, we continue to think that if certain calamities should now befall us, we should never more taste of felicity. Charles Fox was said to be a man of expanded benevolence. His love, like gold beaten by the limner, covered a large number, and thus clothed no individual cordially. Which of the extremes is best?—that adopted by him, or the concentration of our affections upon one? I should say the latter, but it is a fearful experiment. He who acts thus, imitates the Richard in the play—

or rather like the hero of Scott's Waverley, (I forget his name,) of whose rebellion the author says, "he has played a fearful game—a coronet or a coffin—he has lost the throw, and cannot now unthrow the stake." I was going to remind you of Pope and Martha Blount; "he was too old to transfer his affections—he could only have shrunk into himself." But this I think I have quoted to you before.

> "And while papa said, 'Phoo, she may;'
> Mamma said, 'No, she sha'n't.'"

Several women, who were girls when the Rejected Addresses came out, have assured me that they considered the above two lines (exhibiting, ,as they do, a discord between parents,) as piquant. Excitement I take to be the solution of the feeling that makes young men tolerate executions, and servant maids tragedies. You and I prefer pleasant dinner-parties, and Vaudevilles at the Olympic. Not that I mean to put you, a young woman, upon a secular par with me, an elderly gentleman. But you, I think, are older in mind than in body, and I younger, —whereby we approach to a "Mezzo termini" of assimilation. We are enjoined, upon grave authority, to "put off the old man." I should be happy to do so if I could. At present I am flying in the face of Scripture, and putting it *on*.

"Get thee Medea's kettle, and be boiled anew," as Valentine says, in Congreve's "Love for Love." The enchantress so acted with old Æson, the father of Jason, who thereupon

"Shook forty winters from his wondering head,"

as I say in my translation from Ovid. Only fancy me so metamorphosed, and coming to visit you in the "bloom of youth!" You would say, "Ah! I knew your father! you are very like him; yonder hangs his portrait; I had a great regard for him. All his letters to me, and he wrote many, were subscribed,

My dear Mrs. Holme,
Yours with great esteem,
JAMES SMITH.

27, Craven-street,
Friday, 2nd June.

MY DEAR MRS. HOLME,

Somebody says, in Ovid's epistles,

"Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni."

And so I would, if I had nothing to consult but my own inclinations. I have, however, sent you my engraved substitute, together with my companion, L. E. L., taking it for granted that you will like to know something of my "birth,

parentage, and education." You are already apprised of my "life, character, and behaviour;" so (as you have already hung me up) here ends my last dying speech and confession.

The people of Bath surpass the Athenian sage. He merely chewed the pebbles, but, according to the *Morning Herald*, "At Bath the Victoria Column is in every body's mouth."

I have a slight attack of the lumbago, owing, I apprehend, to my venturing out yesterday in a pair of white trousers. The proverb says there is no putting old heads upon young shoulders. I ought to have considered that the adage is equally cogent in its reverse sense. I am now doing penance in double-milled kerseymere. How is ————'s asthma? Did I not see an account in the newspaper of the death of his brother at Bath? Well!

> We all in one pinnace are rowing,
> The haven we seek is the grave;
> The Stygian waters are flowing,
> Alike for the monarch and slave.

Three ladies (I give it on newspaper authority) appeared at court in dresses of *tulle illusion*. They must have been the three graces of Chantrey, whom you may have seen holding up a candelabrum. These things would not have been tolerated by good Queen Charlotte!

Yours very truly.

27, Craven Street,
Monday, 11th December.

MY DEAR MRS. HOLME,

At the Union Club last night, I read the *Examiner* of that day, in which I found such honourable mention of you, that I found it requisite and necessary, as well for your body as your soul, that you should be furnished with that paper. It accordingly proceeds to you by this evening's post. To have both of your poems extracted by the critics, the one in the *Literary Gazette*, and the other in the *Examiner*, is a tolerably good tart on the corso of Parnassus. This reminds me of your mode of pronouncing wound, (woond;) I still contend for a broader intonation. So in Windsor Forest,

"———— Feels the deadly wound,
Flutters in death, and trails along the ground."

So in Pope's Homer,

"Around he deals the deadly wound."

So in myself, in the next *New Monthly*,

"Here, fell destroyer, many a wound
The woodman's axe hath dealt around."

According to your reading, the only rhyme to it is swooned and tuned,—attributes more

adapted to a lady and her lute than to a warrior. Well! you are convinced? if so, let me know.

Do you remember sending me the first part of a poem, (I should rather say presenting it to me,) at our *déjeúner*, at Mrs. Gulston's at Clandon, in a triangle shape? I wish you would go on with it, and let me have the continuation. I have sent to the *New Monthly* my "Chigwell Revisited." It is my favourite metre, (that of your Hindoo girl.) I will give you a specimen of my forthcoming ditty:—

Grant me the happier lot of him,
Elate in hope, alert in limb,
Who hurls Bellona's jav'lin!
Fame's laurel ardent to entwine,
Dares death upon the counter mine,
And meets him on the rav'lin!

I cannot give up my "*Wormwood* at the bottom,"* notwithstanding the superior flavour of your cup. *You* are not yet arrived at the "midway a palatable drink." You have, it is true, passed the "nectar at the brink," but have contrived to carry that immortal liquid with you.

* Alluding to his Poem on Chigwell.

"Life's cup is nectar at the brink,
Midway a palatable drink,
And wormwood at the bottom."—*Ed.*

What think you of the following specimen of *ingenious bigotry?*

A Calvinistic lady, whose brother had turned Unitarian, was reminded that he notwithstanding was a good man. "That very circumstance," said the sister, "proves that he is a doomed man. The devil is so sure of him for his want of faith, that he does not take the trouble to corrupt his morals." I mean to introduce this anecdote into my intended extempore sermon.*

J. S.

The philosopher Gibbon (how I ramble!) does not go the length of my *Wormwood.* He expresses himself as follows:—"The present is a fleeting moment, the past is no more, and our prospect of futurity is dark and doubtful. I shall soon enter into the period which, as the most agreeable of his long life, was selected by the judgment and experience of the sage Fontenelle. I am far more inclined to embrace than to dis-

* Alluding to his having once said it was not difficult to preach extempore, upon which I gave him a text, and, wishing a difficult one, chose the injunction of Scripture to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. On this subject Mr. Smith spoke so well, with perfect gravity explaining the real meaning of the parable, that we considered it one of the greatest proofs of talent and facility of composition that he had ever given us.—*Note by Mrs. Holme.*

pute this comfortable doctrine. I will not suppose any premature decay of the mind or body: but I must reluctantly observe, that two causes, the abbreviation of time and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life." Adieu.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES SMITH.

27, Craven Street,
Tuesday, 5th December.

MY DEAR MRS. HOLME,

My notion of Hentlesham Hall is a large old red brick house with stone pilasters, and wings, with steps up to the central entrance. Are there any old family pictures? I love to look at things of that sort. A handsome young woman in blue velvet by Sir Peter Lely, with her right hand on the head of a favourite lap-dog. Then the object of love and admiration, and now—where?

Reflections upon this lead us to two opposite conclusions, according as our temper and habits operate. The grave join the monks of La Trappe, and the gay rush into the ball-rooms and taverns; so that the certainty of death proves nothing.

"O blindness to the future kindly given!"

I too (insignificant I) shall live upon canvass in the studio of Lonsdale the painter in Berners street, (No. 6.) On the death of the painter, his goods and chattels will come to the hammer,* and a century hence I may be seen in a broker's shop in Frith Street, Soho, peeping out amid a motley assemblage of old iron, ragged sofas, and damaged crockery ware! So much for human glory! Johnson says of Cowley, that he was, in his day, a poet of unrivalled celebrity. His epitaph in Westminster Abbey says the same:

"Aurea dum volitant late tua scripta per orbem."

"While round the world your golden writings fly."

But even a century ago Pope says, "Who now reads Cowley?" Fancy some lady, in the year 1937, taking up, in an antique library, "Poems by Mrs. Holme," and wondering who and what sort of a person she was.

When I depart this wicked world, this vale of tears, (for tears reverently read smiles,) I shall leave behind me,—1st, my book; 2nd, my portrait by Lonsdale; 3rd, the engraving thereof; 4th, the cameo. Come—this is no bad immortality as times go. You, above forty years hence, will be about embarking on the same Stygian

* This prediction was verified. He purchased the portrait, and presented it to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Holme.—*Ed.*

voyage, and will leave behind you,—1st, your poems; 2nd, your portrait. This alone will not do; we must have a likeness of you as you now are, done by some good English artist. Suppose we prefix you to your poems, as Murray has served my brother Horace and me.

27, Craven Street,
Monday, 30th Sept., 1839.

My dear Mrs. Holme,

I fear you and yours must have found me but a dull companion during my last visit. My left knee was painful, and when a man is in pain, (or a woman, witness your MS. play,) he is scarcely a responsible person. It was fortunate for you that I left you on Saturday. I was so much worse yesterday as not to be removable; so you would have had me to nurse—a pretty encumbrance! Added to this, I was labouring under a misunderstanding with one of your sex, for whom I entertain the highest esteem. All yesterday I was nursing my resentment to keep it warm. A letter received from that lady this morning has set all matters right.

In addition to gout, I labour under a languor and depression which produces frequent slumbers in

the day-time. All this confines me to my house, and my books and pen. . . . . .

I shall get the magazines in a day or two, and when I send them, will return the sonnets, and your dissertation on Coquetry, which does you great credit. The French coquette, as you depict her, is certainly not a coquette in the English acceptation of the term : her object being to make herself generally agreeable. An English coquette is not content with this, but lays herself out for particular conquest; she does not rest upon her laurels, but aims to dazzle some other individual, leaving her recent conquest engulphed in the mire, with nothing but an ignis fatuus to help him out of it. All this sport to her and death to others is quite consistent with virtue, but, according to my antiquated notions, rather at variance with honesty. Only reverse the case, and look at a man thus acting towards your sex; can anything be more odious? This reminds me of an imitation of Horace's Ode addressed to a lady of his acquaintance, one stanza of which I thus rendered :—

"In her accommodating creed
A Lord's will always supersede
A commoner's embraces;
His Lordship's love contents the fair,
Until enabled to ensnare
A nobler prize—his Grace's!

Unhappy are the youths that gaze," &c.

Your English coquette, who rushes headlong into error, is, I think, overcharged. We have lots of coquettes in the market who are too wise so to act. They are content to play off one man against the other; being in their own persons as marble as the Venus de Medicis—I was going to say, as ivory as Pygmalion's statue, but this was warmed into life. When George the Third was perplexed by any intrigue at Windsor Castle, he used to say, "Well, I'll go and ask Lady Harrington; she is sure to tell me the truth." So I say with regard to you. If I am annoyed by any crotchet of the brain, I say to myself, "I will ask Mrs. Holme; she is sure to tell me the truth." Preserve, I entreat you, this estimable quality; it will stand you in stead much more than talent or beauty, bountiful as nature has been to you in these particulars.

I am not able "to write in good spirits;" this languor and feverish heat keep me down. "Mathews' Life," two volumes in continuation by his widow, I am in daily expectation of receiving. When I do so, I will send you the four volumes, where I suspect you will see something about me, as I wrote some of his "At Home."

I have gone half through ———'s novel, and do not find it so very bad; quotations all incorrect, also too evangelical. Lugging in a special

providence by the head and shoulders upon every little occasion, is very questionable policy; it cuts two ways; if special providence is called upon to get us out of a scrape, was it not equally special providence that brought us into it?

Sleepy again! what can it mean? the pen nearly drops from my hand: I can barely write now. Sincerely I remain, yours ever, &c.

Frederick Lillies' two sonnets do him much credit.

27, Craven Street,
Wednesday, May 9th, 1838.

My dear Mrs. Holme,

I have at length paid a visit to Deville the phrenologist; the following is a literal copy of his certificate:—"Great kindness shown to children; warm in friendship; it is a point that requires care, as inconvenience may arise in serving others. Irritable at times, with some anger if offended, being liable to become irritable on trifles more than upon things of importance. Firm in the views and opinions, particularly upon important matters. Not over positive. Sensitive to approbation and distinction, it being a motive for most of the actions; but feeling con-

scious of your own power, and the respect you consider your due. Rather tenacious on the point of honour in seeking it, not stooping to servile means to obtain it. Much urbanity of manner shown in society, and much general knowledge and information developed. Property not coveted further than its purposes in life. A high respect for religion and its institutions. For occupation, the developement of the intellectual faculties is strong. You *should* possess much useful information, languages, classics, literature, history, science, and mathematics, well understood, and with facility applied to highly useful purposes, and various practical purposes. Some poetical feeling, if studied. Works of art pleasing, with power for drawing. Things out of parallel lines or upright quickly seen. Music should give pleasure, and if studied, a good ear and judgment of it. Fond of system and arrangement by those under the direction. A great dislike to gaudy or showy colours in dress or furniture. You have many schemes and contrivances, which may cause you expenditure in buildings or alterations. You should possess a good memory for things read or observed.

(Signed) "J. DEVILLE.

"May 7, 1838."

Deville evidently did not know me. He added further in conversation, that I took, or ought to take, a prominent lead in affairs literary or political; but that if on committees, a small number, say three, would please me most. Of the accuracy of his admeasurement, I, of course, am not a competent judge. He has clearly overrated me in some particulars: I fear I have not the high religious character he assigns to me; and that he has given me too much of science and mathematics. The expenditure in building or alterations is an odd coincidence, as I have lately had the lower apartments of my house under repair. If he means figuratively castles in the air, he is wonderfully accurate. I have always had a tendency to that sort of architecture; some of those places of ideal strength have recently

"Toppled on their warder's head,"

which had been previously turned, as if purposely to receive them. What do you think of the fidelity of the portrait in its general features? If true, it ought to be endorsed on my engraved portrait which hangs in your anteroom.

Deville's room was stuffed full of skulls. I suppose there might be two or three hundred arranged upon shelves. These, he told me, were from different nations, he having some theory

about national character. I could not help reflecting, (while he was feeling my head and pencilling down the result,) of the brains that had peopled those now empty tenements; the thoughts, schemes, pains, pleasures, and pursuits, that had once existed there. And now—but it is a strange world! Around the apartment were also arranged more pleasing objects, namely, busts of the celebrated dead and living; among the rest, Byron with his smooth Apollonian beauty, and Tom Moore with his chin in the air. When you next visit London, you *must* undergo a similar scrutiny. I asked him if baldness did not facilitate the matter. He answered, "No, not much, I am guided by the touch." So then, your fine head of hair will not impede the investigation.

I rode in the Park on Friday with Count d'Orsay, who said Lady B. had received a beautiful poem from Mrs. Torre Holme. His light blue trousers were the admiration of the learned and curious.

I dined on Saturday with——. The gorgeous furniture did not of course please me, who am above characterised as disliking gaudy and showy colours. The M.P. properly remarked that such furniture is all right in an old baronial hall, but to encounter it in a small house in a London street is too startling a transition. The inner drawing-room,

fitted up from a model at Pompeii, is in a more classical, and therefore a better taste. Here were busts of Hebe, Laura, Petrarch, Dante, and other worthies. Laura like our Queen, but more like your Emily.

I have written the two *last* stanzas of an ode to that interesting young lady. Do you ever compose poetry after the Hebrew fashion? The Queen's birth-day is, I see, to be celebrated on the 17th, the day previous to that of Emily. This gift of the precedence to her sovereign is dutiful and proper. Talking of a fine head of hair, please to notice the following; it is extracted from the Magazine of Domestic Economy:—"If young ladies will give orders to their laundresses not to put any starch in these articles of dress, (nightcaps,) they will be pleased with the result. Starch is a substance, and by the movement of the head during the night it becomes loosened from the muslin, and necessarily lodges in the hair, making it unsightly, and causing much unnecessary brushing."

An odd idea came into my skull while contemplating those of Deville. I fixed my eye upon a small one with good teeth, and could not divest myself of the notion that it appertained to Arabella Fermor, the Belinda of Pope's Rape of the Lock.

"When, after thousands slain, yourself shall die,
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all our pride be humbled in the dust,
This lock," &c.

Now, though Arabella's skull is even as one of these, yet, in spite of its teeth, if it were identified, it would give birth to very melancholy reflections. A tomb we must all have, but a mausoleum in one's own park is a little too personal. I am not partial to the phrase now so common, "She is a very nice person." Is it that the word woman is reckoned indelicate? I suppose Henry has given you my brother Horace's novels. Do you find them "*dolle?*"* If so, pray say so, and I will write you some better ones.

Mrs. Glover† reminded me on Tuesday, that on that day she had just been twenty-four years in my service. What a lapse of time! How different was I then from that which I am now! then a rattling, lively, fresh-coloured man of the town, running from dinner to rout, and from tavern to opera, and now quiet and contented, with all my social eggs in one basket. May the basket

* "*Dolle*," dull. This refers to an English letter from a French gentleman to a friend of Mrs. Holme's, in which he says, "Since you left Paris the *Rivoli Street* is very *dolle*, and *all my charms* are transported *to the Tamise River*.

† His housekeeper.—*Ed.*

never break! I dined to-day at the Union, upon lamb-chops: I never order anything else while they are in season. I observed that —— ordered a luxuriant repast, like Luke in the City Madam. How could you endure that man? I believe he used to call upon you in Paris. I am certain *he* has no soul, and if I meet him in paradise, I *shall* be very much surprised. According to your account, —— has a soul. I quite forgot to ask Deville whether I had one. How glad I am that, as the old man says in "As You Like it,"

> "In my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood."

The consequence is, that I now can dine upon mutton and drink water with an unabated appetite.

27, Craven Street,
Thursday, 5th October, 1837.

I dined yesterday with ——, at Ivy Cottage, Fulham, a beautiful retreat in the Swiss fashion, with staircase outside, &c. B—— and I went together. During our journey, he communicated to me the following strange story. A young, talented, and handsome married woman, whom

he would only designate as Camilla, called upon him relative to an engagement on the stage. She had every requisite. B—— strongly advised her against it, telling her that its various horrors would be insuperable to a gentlewoman. She had, it appeared, a brute of a husband, from whom she had separated herself. She one day called upon B——, and seeing on the mantelpiece a phial marked "poison," asked him if he could help her to some slow poison. She appeared learned upon that head, mentioning a slow poison known ages ago, as *Toffonia*, and alluding to Madame Brinvilliers, who had destroyed several persons by that mode. He of course said that he could not accommodate her. Being, upon reflection, prevailed upon to forego her design of going upon the stage, she was induced to return to her husband. Her last letter to B—— was written at the bedside of her husband, who, she said, was suffering under a *slow* and consuming illness. Not long ago, an elderly lady in black called upon B——, calling herself the mother of Camilla, and earnestly requesting to know whether he was acquainted with the place of her daughter's retreat; adding that her husband had died, and that Camilla had thereupon suddenly absconded! B—— assured her (with

truth) that he was quite ignorant upon the subject. Is not this a strange narrative? and does it not appear very probable that Camilla had administered *Toffana*, and, frightened at what she had done, had made a rapid retreat into obscurity? —— was of the party. We were six in number—not uproarious, and therefore pleasant. *I* said rather a good thing. It was mentioned that a certain confectioner thickened his isinglass with dissolved parchment, whereupon I observed that some fierce people made you eat your *words*, but that he ate his *deeds*. I have no room for other news.

Yours very truly.

27, Craven Street,
Saturday, 24th February, 1838.

My dear Mrs. Holme,

Does it not occasionally occur to you to feel what the musicians call "perfectly in tune?" mind and body equally alert and joyous. And if so, do you not in memory associate certain times and places with the occurrence of that delightful temperament? For myself, I call to mind one. You remember our visit at Ravens Court House.*

* The seat of George Scott, Esq.

I set out to join the party on a delightful morning, in a tilbury. The open air, the easy motion of the vehicle, the expectation of what was to ensue, and a perfectly healthy state of body, joined to produce feelings of perfect felicity, which, like angel visits, are few and far between. Perhaps it was wisely ordained that such sensations should not follow each other too closely, or they would become comparatively tasteless. The rich and the great are generally strangers to all this, because they do not husband their resources. I have sometimes observed a baked dinner carrying home to the proprietor, consisting of a piece of beef, potatoes, and a Yorkshire pudding, and I have said to myself, "the owner of that need not envy Lord Sefton. Hunger is better than a French cook."

This culinary image reminds me of an anecdote: Lord Hertford, Croker, and myself, were at an exhibition of pictures. One of them, a domestic scene, I think, by Mulready, represented a husband carving a boiled leg of mutton. The orifice displayed the meat red and raw, and the husband was looking at his wife with a countenance of anger and disappointment. "That fellow is a fool," observed Lord Hertford; "he does not see what an excellent broil he may have."

Doctor Paris has just been with me. Pulse languid. He has prescribed a tonic. He talked of the folly of patients prescribing for themselves, and quoted a fable of Camerarius. An ass laden with salt was crossing a brook. The water diluted the salt, and lightened the burden. He communicated his discovery to a brother donkey laden with wool. The latter tried the same experiment, and found his load double in weight.

27, Craven Street, Sunday Evening.

MY DEAR MRS. HOLME,

Captain Marryatt is a blunt downright man; I meet him occasionally at the Garrick Club. He appears in the present *New Monthly Magazine* under the title of "Confessions and Opinions of Ralph Restless." In that article he combats the assertion of the "Désennuyée," viz. that "some authors will not let out their new ideas, because they require them for their books." Marryatt says, "Where could you find such conversationists as Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Sir John Malcolm, and many others who are gone? And among those in existence I have but to mention Croker, Theodore Hook, Professor Wilson, Bul-

wer, Lockhart, the Smiths; and, in the other sex, Mesdames Somerville, Austin, and Jameson. Now those," continues the author, "are all first-rate authors in their various styles: and I can challenge any one to bring forward an equal number out of the whole mass who are so powerful or delightful in society." Thus far the Captain. By the Smiths he probably means James and his brother Horace. The first named of these twin bards, (the Castor and Pollux of literature,) I have been intimate with from my childhood; and yet, in spite of the Greek aphorism, I doubt whether I *know* him yet. You have seen him, I understand, at —— Lodge, and more recently under your own roof, and have therefore had a good opportunity of judging of his merits and demerits. You have also probably read his work, and can judge whether he disappoints you most as an author or as a companion. Which do you on the whole prefer,—his tongue or his pen? I told him lately that I was about to put this question to you. He has a very high opinion of your judgment and of your sincerity, and therefore awaits your decision with no ordinary anxiety. As you live in a retired manner, and do not amuse him with much company, you must have seen his mind and manners in their undress. "No man is a hero to his valet de chambre." I

will not here state what he thinks of you, as such an avowal might affect your verdict. Fancy yourself to be stationed in Madame de Genlis Palace of Truth, and "nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice." What a new quotation!

27, Craven Street,
Friday, 2nd March, 1837.

My long confinement from illness has given me a habit of passing the evenings at home. The clubs or dinner society are no longer necessary to my comfort. I think I shall be more sparing of these recreations in future. At all events, at the beginning of every month, as now, when the periodicals make their appearance, I shall dine and pass the evening at home. Theatres have long been out of the question. I, who used to live in them, now do not visit them more than three or four times in a season. The opera, serious and buffa, I still like. Madame Vestris, too, still tenders her attractions.

27, Craven Street,
Tuesday, 6th February, 1838.

My Dear Mrs. Holme,

Your husband favoured me with a visit on

Saturday, and has, no doubt, given you a favourable account of my convalescence. I had determined to trust to nature, and call in no physician; but nature, like others of her sex, bestows her favours chiefly on the young. I felt myself growing weaker and weaker, so I at last determined upon calling in Doctor Paris. He told me I was sinking, ordered me a vapour bath, and sent in the requisite medicines.

What you say about non-obligation to friends is perfectly reasonable and true. For instance, I send for newspapers, magazines, and reviews, to divert my mind during my confinement. If you were present, I should be gratified by reading them to you or with you. But you are thirty miles off. Well, the next best gratification is the idea that they will please you. Is there any merit in sending them to——, in preference to throwing them aside on some top shelf in my library? Massinger, in his "City Madam," represents Luke at a magnificent feast, and expressing his delight that he has it all to himself. What a monstrous fiction! No man would enjoy a feast by himself. I see members of the clubs, of known wealth, dining by themselves upon one, or, at most, two dishes. Depend upon it, we are creatures of sympathy.

My cat has just thrown down the crutch cane which poor General Phipps left me, having pur-

chased it at Venice. At his last birthday, aged, like your uncle, 77, I dined with him at his house in Mount Street.

My last letter to you was written in rather a peevish and desponding strain, the effect of sickness. In your answer, you rather lost sight of the maxim of king Solomon, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." My wrath, however, has evaporated of itself. How glad I am that I was educated in a country village! Westminster and the Charterhouse,—what abominations! Who can extract poetry from Dean's Yard or Aldersgate Street? whereas now I can "watch the wheeling swallow" in imagination, and your mind can revert to your youthful days in the neighbourhood of Marlow.

I have not yet been able to venture out. Perhaps by Thursday next I may get to one of the clubs, but not, like Le Sage's lame devil, on two crutches. People are so sympathizing; they seem to care so much, and they really care so little. Besides, according to my theory, sickness is humiliation. I hope you, however, do not go the length of Charles Lamb:—"People in general don't like sick persons; I frankly own I hate them."

What's the rule of visiting in your part of the country? I suppose you don't think, at

this season of the year, of dining out and returning at night. The idea is preposterous. Country and London visiting have their respective merits and demerits. Here we see people for a few hours, and know nothing about them. You see them more in their real state, whether for good or for evil. When you do alight upon pleasant people, yours is the preferable lot. Out of evil cometh good. Who would have imagined that out of my visit at —— Lodge, two years ago, could have sprung my present intimacy with you? It is possible that the tide of life might throw you in the way of somebody you would like better.—

> How sweet an Ovid Murray was our boast,
> How many Martials were in Pult'ney lost!

Not that I am at all desirous of your launching out upon this experiment. Leave well alone, is my maxim. I mean to get one or two of your poems by heart. My favourites at present are "Flattery" and "Death." Write to me when you have leisure, but not merely in answer. I always see your handwriting with pleasure; but, at all events, let your "answer" be "soft."

I don't fancy painters. General Phipps used to have them much at his table. He once asked me if I liked to meet them. I answered, "No; I

know nothing in their way, and they know nothing out of it." How the mind sinks to a level with the body! I used never to think of my dinner, and now, confined as I am, it is a matter of consideration. What are you reading? I am deep in the history of Europe in the year 1800. Bonaparte is just made first consul, and is about to renew the war with Austria, Lord Grenville having haughtily rejected his overtures of peace.

I read of the skaters, and recall the time when I used to sweep the Serpentine on the outside edge. "O the days when I was young!" Well, you never knew me otherwise than what I am. That is some consolation! When you write again, send me back Jane Lomax. You will find a prospectus of E. L. Bulwer's new magazine at the end of Tait's.

Better still this morning,—am thinking of dining at the club. Horrid dream last night, viz. that I was engaged to be married—some politic arrangement. Introduced to my bride, a simpering young woman with flaxen hair, in white gloves. Just going to declare off, (*coute qui coute,*) when, to my inexpressible relief, I awoke. Symptoms of a thaw. "For this relief much thanks."

J. S.

My Dear Mrs. Holme,

I dined, the day of my return to town, at the Garrick Club, and had two offers of tickets for the opera, which I declined, the opera being Otello. A white woman killed by a black man is not a pleasant subject for song; so I spent the evening in the library, reading the life of Sir Edward Coke. Lord Brougham, in the present number of the Edinburgh Review, is terribly angry with the daily press. I remember when he called it "the best possible public instructor" —but this was when it eulogized him.

Did I ever tell you of Lord Essex keeping a portrait of a lady in his bed-room, always covered by a curtain of green silk? On one of my visits to Cashiobury, when the family were at church, I stole into that apartment, and laid bare the mystery. Nothing equal to it in the mysteries of Udolpho!! I met, at a dinner-party yesterday, the intimate friend of the late Lady ——. That lady, a few days before her death, made my informant read to her all the love-letters written in the days of courtship by her subsequently alienated lord. What a mournful retrospect! I knew her a few years before their separation;— good-humoured, fat, elderly, and deaf. I remember their joint portrait in the exhibition —"Sic transit gloria *amoris*."

In a note in the Quarterly Review of Bowles's poems, the reviewer talks of Shakspeare's sonnets as obscure and mysterious, adding, "On the subject of their authenticity we entertain very grave doubts, which we propose, on an early occasion, opening fully to the reader." If he succeeds, you, like the character in his Tempest, "will cry to sleep again," and exclaim with Mandane, "Oh, let me be deceived!"*

27, Craven Street.

MY DEAR MRS. HOLME,

When young I used to have pleasant dreams, and awake to disappointment. I now have horrid ones, and awake to pleasure. Which has the better bargain? Suppose you turn this into an epigram.

Mrs. Mathews is correct in stating, (see vol. ii. page 53, 54,) that I received nothing for what I then wrote; but for my subsequent efforts, viz., Country Cousins, Trips to Paris, Air Ballooning, and Trip to America, I received from him altogether £1,000! A thousand pounds for tomfoolery! "You are the only man in London," said he to me, "who can write what I want, good nonsense." He was in all money matters a liberal, honest man,

* Mrs. Holme's strongly expressed admiration of Shakspeare's sonnets led Mr. Smith to write his imitations of them.

but a very troublesome one to write for. He was what Buonaparte denominated Murat, the spoiled child of victory. Captious and timid as to effects, his wife and I used to drill him in his songs.

You don't know ———. He married a widow, Sam Weller's warning not having then appeared in print. His wife is really a sensible, agreeable woman, but I espied in the drawing-room a bible and prayer-book of Patagonian dimensions. This, methought, looked suspicious. Whenever people are super-religious, it is sure to break out in quarto. Sunday dinners were in due course forbidden. ———'s friend, Colonel ———, gives Sunday dinners of unexceptionable quality. Hence arose domestic bickering. The spiritual dry rot had got into the house, and damped the timbers of their attachment. She has gone to reside in France, and her evangelical female friends abuse poor ——— beyond measure, calling him an atheist!

Craven Street, Monday, 10th July.

My dear Mrs. Holme,

In the year 1832, I happened to be strolling in the gardens of Hampton Court palace; Belinda, in Pope's Rape of the Lock, came into my mind, and I fancied the exact spot from which she

launched on the silver Thames. Impressed with this notion, and comparing the then state of the palace with its present unkingly aspect, I tried my hand at *Popery*, and produced what you may perhaps think smacks more of the *Pretender*:—

"Majestic Thames, 'tis thine, with sinuous pace,
To lave this terrace wall's embattled base,
Placid and pure as when in Anna's reign,
Serene Belinda, and her courtly train,
Launched the light bark amid Favonian gales,
And busy Ariel trimmed the silken sails.
But oh! how changed thy precincts, Silver Thame,
Thy *shore* how different, though thy *stream* the same!
The avenue that crowns this verdant slope,
No longer echoes to the Lyre of Pope;
No courtly dames in yon quadrangle bloom,—
Where shall we find the Baron or Sir Plume?
In what dark prison-house confined remain,
The amber snuff-box and the clouded cane?
Back to blue heaven the sylphs affrighted flee,
And leave these alleys to the Gnome Ennui;
Pert politics the tired attention tease,
Desponding nymphs prognosticate disease;
Gigantic cholera bestrides the storm,
And unfledged cornets lecture on reform."

I am sorry your uncle ——— dislikes poetry. My father entertained similar opinions, and never opened his lips in presence of his two sons, on the subject of the Rejected Addresses, when it might have been supposed our success would have justified our wandering from the path of prose.

"Quit, quit this barren trade, our father cried,
Even Homer left no riches when he died."—POPE.

I hope ——— will not accuse me of having seduced you into the primrose path of poetical dalliance, and of laughing when I heard you had poisoned yourself with the waters of Helicon.*

I like your village; it is not only umbrageous in itself, but possesses the singular property of casting all other places into shade. I write this letter on a half-sheet, to show I do not always fill four pages. Adieu!

Craven Street, 17th February.

MY DEAR MRS. HOLME,

Those perfect beauties of PARRIS, I agree with you in thinking, have a tendency to insipidity. Only suppose all women to be so;—it would be like Madame Toussaint's waxwork. Ever while you live, avoid being a perfect beauty. I mean to do so! I must get up, however, what good looks I have by the summer season, that Mrs. T. may know me from my portrait. At present she would be rather puzzled to do so.

I am not surprised at your Frenchman's definition of gratitude—the expectation of more favours. It is very characteristic, and forms a suitable *pendant* to the French definition of hap-

* Alluding to the anecdote I told you.

piness—a hard heart and a good digestion. I must confess, I don't like those Gauls. They have no moral sentiment, no poetry, bad music, and bad manners—that is to say, artificial ones, though there are, of course, many exceptions. In taking the road of demoralisation, they have egregiously mistaken the road to happiness. What says Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, when in love ?—

"I lean on my hand with a sigh,
My friends the soft sadness condemn,
Yet methinks, though I cannot tell why,
I should hate to be merry like them."

A lady wrote me a letter yesterday, telling me that she would soon be fifty years of age, and requesting some verses on the occasion. I sent her the following :—

"My bark of fate in safety steers,
Next Sunday makes me fifty;
How prodigal is Time of years—
I wish he were more thrifty."

I have found out a blunder in Shakspeare! Hamlet writes to Ophelia thus :—

"Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the earth doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt my love."

He means to state a series of self-evident propo-

sitions; but to doubt truth to be a liar is the very reverse of this. He should have said, *believe* truth to be a liar. This may possibly have been hit on by some of the commentators, but I am not aware of it.

The author of "Our Village" describes herself and her acquaintance as all living in one corner of the village. What a convenience in weather like this! I saw something like this, several years ago, when I visited Mr. Grover, one of the provosts of Eton College. All the provosts, with their families, reside in a huge quadrangle, the fault of which was, that it rendered visiting too easy, and they were never out of each other's houses. No: there must be some difficulty to overcome.

Did I tell you of a pun of mine upon ——, who, since the obtaining of his pension, has ceased to write? viz. that he was a *pen-shunner*. Not so very bad. Tell this to your husband.

Count d'Orsay called on me yesterday. The mixture of gaiety and good sense in his conversation makes him always most acceptable to me. My letters, I fear, from their frequency, must rather bore you; but the fact is, I write to you as I would talk to you, and it is a great amusement to me during my confinement. Do not answer me as a matter of course. Write only when you feel so disposed.

27, Craven Street,
28th January.

My dear Mrs. Holme,

I have not quitted my house since I saw you. Rheumatism and gout have again annoyed me, and reduced me to a state of great feebleness. I entertain no hope of amendment until the arrival of milder weather. Were you ever confined to your house by a long illness? It is irksome to a high degree. But you have the resource of your family, I only my books and my pen. I am plagued with a continually recurring dream at night. What it is, I have no recollection of in the morning, except that it annoys me at the time. Another week of languor and confinement, with little amendment. No appetite for meat, and spirits proportionably depressed. It is a crisis of nature to which I have looked forward for nearly a twelvemonth past. I have during that time (I think I told you before) been visited by a tendency to drowsiness even in the morning. This might, perhaps, have been counteracted by resolute temperance, avoiding meat and wine. But this would have caused me to decline all society, and I confess I was not prepared to make such a sacrifice. I have employed no physician, know-

ing, as I well know the cause of the malady, and have a particular aversion to medicine. If I get through this lingering attack, I mean to watch myself in future ; and should any symptoms of sleepiness recur, I shall have recourse to a strict hermit diet. My brother Leonard was called away, like your poor friend Admiral M——, on the instant; to my mind the best possible exit. Swift, in anticipation of his demise, says,

> "Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
> A week, and Arbuthnot a day."

I flatter myself, on such an event, your regret would last as long as Pope's. I have this consolation at all events,—in the course of nature you must survive me. Johnson says of Pope "This early maturity of mind united him with men older than himself, so that he had the misfortune of seeing the friends of his youth sink into the grave." I am happy to say that I have reversed this. My *im*maturity of mind has generally associated me with people younger than myself. Good-humour, gaiety, love of music, and social life, have associated me with people (especially females) who might be my children. What, for instance, can well be more extraordinary than your friendship for such a gray-headed sexagenarian as myself? My bro-

ther Horace wrote some lines on this subject, ascribing it to juvenility of mind. They finished thus:—

> "Voltaire was young at eighty-four,
> And Fontenelle at near a hundred."

My face, as my morning-glass notifies, has shrunk during this malady. I must give it time to rally before you see it. The gout has taken firm possession of my right foot, which is now "a world too wide" for your handsome slipper. This I do not mind. It is my determination to run before the gale, in hopes of riding out the malady; in the mean time I have all the personal indulgence I can wish for. I am wheeled in my arm-chair from my parlour to my adjoining bed-room, and the attentions of Mrs. Glover, my housekeeper, are unremitting. Of pain I experience but little. My greatest annoyances are solitude and lassitude. This is a gloomy sort of epistle: its merit is, that it is a sincere one. Imagination carries me forward to happier times —to some genial day in spring, and a drive in your barouche to call on Mrs. ——, or to —— to preach an extempore sermon. Poor Miss —— ! What a life is that of a governess! becoming attached to children, and then torn from them to form other attachments, and experience

similar separations. She must quit your roof with peculiar regret. Kind remembrances to your husband, and believe me to remain, dear Mrs. Holme,

Sincerely yours, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

MILK AND HONEY,

OR

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM AMERICA.

LETTER I.

SIR BALAAM BARROW TO MR. JEREMIAH DAWSON.

CONTENTS.

The Wasp, Captain Waters—Yankee Porter at New York—Reasons for quitting England—Decline and Fall of the Mammonian Empire at Lloyd's—Gradation from private Carriage to public Stage "irksome"—Calamity at Kennington—Herne Hill and Madame Storace—Diogenes in his Tub—Tirade against Assessed Taxes, Tithes, and Parsons—Fox without a Tail.

DEAR Sir, the American brig, Captain Waters,
Having landed me safe, with my son and two daughters,
On the Pier at New York; and a porter, half drunk,
Having trotted off "right slick away" with my trunk,
In trousers, black cravat, and yellow straw hat awry,
To one Mrs. Bradish's, fronting the Battery;

(I paid half a dollar, for which the gaunt Yankee
Return'd me the devil the ghost of a thankye);
I dip a bad pen in an inkstand of pewter,
To con o'er the past, and descant on the future.

You know—who does not?—what commercial voids
The Peace has produced in the squadron at Lloyd's;
Time was when my carriage (with biscuits the boot in)
Convey'd me, at three, from the 'Change-gate to Tooting,
And when Tooting clock had toll'd half after ten,
Convey'd me, next morning, to London again,
Where brokers pronounced me, in special committee,
The most well-to-do sort of man in the City.

Well! finding trade shy, and the taxes encroach,
I sold off my horses and laid down my coach:
My girls, for their parts, preferr'd walking; and Dick
Could never ride backward without being sick.
So I now, with a visage as sour as Judge Page's,
Took a small house at Clapham, and rode in the stages.

Descending a "grade," I ascended to ride
As one of the six who were licensed inside;
And met the mishaps that occur in wet weather,
When a jury of legs are empannell'd together.
I wanted to let down the glass, but a youth
On the opposite side had a pain in his tooth:
I wanted to pull up the glass, but was chid
By a widow, whose brat would be sick if I did:
I wanted to sleep, but a girl in a shawl

Kept asking how far we were off from Vauxhall;
And, nine times in ten, some tremendous fat woman,
Who wanted to get out at Kennington Common,
With a kick, on alighting, that set the coach rocking,
Left the mud of her clog on my white cotton stocking!
"Why, sir," even you must admit that a nation
That tolerates this, must expect emigration.
"But why"—in your last you interrogate—"roam
Abroad, when you might sport the savage at home?
If *Nature* attract you, you're mighty unlucky
Indeed not to find her on this side Kentucky.
I'm apt to suspect that the dame lurks beneath
The brushwood of Finchley and Wimbledon Heath,
And proffers, unfetter'd by Custom-house laws,
Abundance of hips, and whole hedges of haws;
Nay, more, —thus you argue—"my worthy friend
Barrow,
You need not go even so far off as Harrow:
At Dulwich I'll point out a glen, wild and patchy,
Not a mile from the mansion of Madame Storace,
Where Nature, not shackled by Townsend or Sayers,
Has scoop'd out, to shelter the 'right slick away-ers,'
A snug hollow tree, where a patriot may lodge in his
Glory, nor envy the tub of Diogenes!"

All this, Jerry Dawson, 's undoubtedly true,
But with the main question has nothing to do.

In all the cross-grains of us mortals below,
'Tis not what ourselves, but what other folks know.
What a kicking would many a hectoring elf

Endure, could he but keep the fact to himself!
To be jilted is nothing—mere pastime and revel—
But then to be *known* to be jilted 's the devil.
Kind husbands oft wink at *faux-pas* of co-sleepers,
But, if the town knows it, they *can't* close their peepers:
And traders are loth "their affairs" to disclose
To the pity of friends and the malice of foes.

Impress'd with these truths, my two daughters, my son,
And myself, soon determined to cut and to run;
Resolved to invest all our spare love and money
In the land that is flowing with milk and with honey.
"Why, sir!" Job himself could not parry the worry
I constantly felt in the county of Surrey.
At the bare word "assessment" my diaphragm writhes,
I faint at the vile monosyllable "tithes;"
I don't care a farthing for gibbets and axes,
But I can't bear the plural of tax, namely, taxes.
Some folks hate a spider, but I hate a parson,
As much as an Albion director hates arson!

Then hey for the West!—how I grudge every hour I
Expend, ere I cross the Mississippi, Missouri,
With woods where the view of an Englishman rare is,
And squat myself down in the Illinois Prairies.
If I hit, well and good; if I miss, well and good too;
I'll sink what it does, and proclaim what it should do.
I'll change the brown Wabash to yellow Pactolus;
If I tumble, like Wildgoose, I'll not tumble solus.
My taken-in friends may reproach me—who cares?
The trap that diminish'd my tail shall dock theirs.

B. B.

Letter II.

MISS SABRINA BARROW TO MISS FANNY FADE.

Opening allusion—Æneas and the Sibyl—Gradations—from a Beauty to a Blue—Joys of Eighteen—Bond Street—The Opera—Tooting Assembly—Quadrilles—Sister Lydia coming out—Sister Sabrina going in—Ap and Peri-helion—Waltzes—Terpsichore sells off her stud—La Poule—Pilpay and Æsop—Dogs, Cats, and Birds—Evangelical Blues—Anti-parturient—Evans's Sects—Floating Ark—Hebrews at Hackney—Belzoni—Women in Egyptian Hall and London Tavern—And why—To strangle two Serpents—Abelard and Eloisa—Sabrina's Reasons for going to America.

Nay, Fanny, you wrong me: I am not "quite frantic,"
Even though I have ventured to cross the Atlantic.
The thing, unexplain'd, may excite your surprise,
But when you consider the wherefores and whys,
(This letter shall paint them,) I hope to awaken
Your hearty applause at the step I have taken.

My age, my dear friend, I may say, *entre nous*,
Is not what the public suppose—thirty-two;
For, if they the baptismal fact would divine,
Let them strike out the "Two," and interpolate "Nine."

We Blues love a classic allusion, so I seize
The Sibyl's, who walk'd with the son of Anchises,
And scatter my leaves, per the Lynx, Captain Wade,
To paint all my woes to my dear Fanny Fade.

At lively eighteen, when the men praised my hair,
And papa lived at Tooting and Finsbury-square,
Too proud of my title, Sabrina the Pretty,
I turn'd up my nose at a match in the City;
Drove shopping to Bond-street, where few people knew me—
Saw beaux, three by three, raise their glasses to view me;
Went off to the Opera—sat in the pit—
Took mighty good care not to speak to a Cit:
And hoped, when my suitors began to importune,
At the end of the season to marry a fortune;
Yet spring follow'd winter, and still fail'd to bring
The thing that I wanted—a Man with a Ring.

Descending a peg, with a mercantile beau
At Tooting assembly I sported a toe:
Had still many partners, each fortunate man,
Mark'd, one after one, on my white spangled fan.
Wherever they came from, I aim'd to entrap 'em,
As far down as Mitcham, as far up as Clapham:
In private rehearsals I practised my heels,
To open the very first set of quadrilles:
Set right, by mere pushing, each blundering fool;
And knowing that Lydia would soon come from school,
It struck me, while eyeing the mole on my chin,
That her coming out might be my going in;
For Shakspeare has open'd that truth to mankind,
If two men ride one horse, one must ride behind.
I therefore redoubled my ogles and freaks,
Drew a hare's foot of rouge o'er the bones of my cheeks,
Whizz'd round in a waltz, with a neck red as copper,
And whisper'd, "I hope that it is not improper."

Yet still, as old Time kept expanding his wing,
He never brought forward the Man with the Ring.

Past thirty—turn'd out of Terpsichore's stud,
" Lamed, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, yet still with some blood,"
Now and then overhearing the men cry—"Poor Sabby,"
And the girls — " Eight-and-thirty — I know it—old Tabby,"
Condemn'd, while the whirl of La Poule made me giddy,
To pin up the train of the tittering Lyddy,
And set her a-going on that very floor
That often had echo'd my footsteps before
I gave o'er the chase; let the fount of love freeze up;
And woo'd the dumb heroes of Pilpay and Æsop :—
Kept a pug in a collar, a dormouse, a kitten,
A squirrel, a poodle more biting than bitten,
A parrot who swung in eternal see-saw,
Two murmuring doves, and a screaming macaw :—
In blue book-societies loiter'd to chat
With the Reverend this and the Reverend that:
Join'd the tribe who, forbidden by hard-hearted men
To dandle an innocent—dandle a pen,
Pert poets with mouths by the Quarterly curb hurt,
Lank wives who have never call'd in Doctor Herbert:
Prim maids, like myself, with an eye that detects
All the thin subdivisions in Evans's Sects,
And knows to a hair every cross in the breed,
From the Jumpers in Wales to the lunatic Swede.

Then came the thick shoes, on two feet void of graces:
Decided objection to all *public* places:
Yet running, by hundreds, to Belzoni's cavern,
The Mansion-house Hall, and the New London Tavern:
The Bible in Sanscrit, for Copts and Lascars:
Arks floating off Wapping for soul-founder'd tars:
With all the devices that keep in subjection
Our sex's two enemies—Time and Reflection.
Yet still even these were unable to bring
Id desideratum—the Man with the Ring.

Thus she whom the poet of Twickenham paints,
Bade Paraclete's echoes repeat her complaints,
Lay wrapt, in her cell, in ecstatical heavings,
And gave to Saint Peter Saint Abelard's leavings.

Thus tied to the stake in Sir Balaam's dull domus,
As cold and austere as my namesake in Comus,
Condemn'd, when my sister should wed, to rehearse,
Hereafter, for Lydia, the part of the nurse,
Performing what many a sister has done,
The work of three maids for the wages of one,
Sore sick of the world, from the Old I withdrew,
And gladly set sail with papa for the New;
Of which more hereafter.—Dear Fanny, adieu!

S. B.

Letter III.

MISS LYDIA BARROW TO MISS KITTY BROWN.

"Moving Accidents by Flood"—Neptune enemy to Female Attire—Castle of Otranto—Guy's Hospital—Mrs. Jordan—Mrs. Monsoon's Boarding-school—Logier's System—Family Pride—Balaam—Monument-yard and Jerusalem—Bonaparte—Hone's Wood-cuts—Major Cartwright and Billy Austin—Ings, the Butcher—His mode of changing an Administration—Princess in Fleet-street—Habeas, but not Corpus; and why—Parting Benediction.

Oh Kitty! such bawling, such trampling of decks!
Such tales of sea-monsters, tornadoes, and wrecks!
My puce-colour'd cloak is soak'd through with the rain:
You never would know my green bonnet again;
The silk is all cover'd with spots, and the feather
Flaps down like a lily in boisterous weather:
The lining's not hurt, so I mean to unrip it;
But the surge has quite ruin'd my white-spotted tippet;
And the waves of the ocean, like ill-natured brutes,
Have rotted the fur on my blue leather boots.
In short, what with monsters who haul'd my portmanteau
Ashore, half as big as the man in Otranto;
Grim figures in trousers, who quiz our noblesse,
And say, when they mean to be certain, they guess;
And inns, where the folks, cheek-by-jowl, close their eyes,
Ten beds in a room, like the patients at Guy's:
I'm like Mrs. Jordan, unable to tell
If I'm dead or alive, Lady Loverule, or Nell!

You and I, arm in arm ever destined to grapple,
When the school two by two walk'd on Sunday to chapel;
Where I gave a nod to Tom Osborne, and you
A smile to George Hughes, in the opposite pew;
Who in the same keiro-plast play'd the same tunes,
The two aptest scholars, at Mrs. Monsoon's;
Little dreamt of the day when whole mountains should frown
Between Lyddy Barrow and Catherine Brown.

Papa, *entre nous*, rides a hobby, my dear,
That is rather too high to be canter'd on *here*:
How strange in a cit! he has taken a pride
In his family-tree, by the grandmother's side,
And thinks all plain *Misters* should give him a *salam*,
Ever since his late Majesty dubb'd him Sir Balaam.
He proves his ascent, through the Knight who sold soap
Close to Monument-yard, and is mention'd in Pope,
Up to him who a donkey bestrid in Jerusalem;
Then boasts that our house is as old as Methusalem.
Dick calls this "a rum kind of swell in old dad,"
Who turn'd, as Dick calls it, "a regular *Rad*"
Ever since fall of trade to a Clapham cot pinn'd us,
And forced us to send back the carriage to Windus.
In vain I cry "Fiddle de dee;" it will fix
In his gizzard, and make him as cross as two sticks.
He now rips up grievances old as Queen Anne,
And lays all the blame on poor Chancellor Van.
He buys Bonapartes enamell'd in bone;
He frames and he glazes the wood-cuts of Hone,
And hangs them supported by Queen Caroline, or
Old Cartwright the Major and Austin the Minor:

Nay, over the mantel-piece what, of all things,
Do you think he had stuck up?—the portrait of *Ings*,
The Carnaby hero, who meant to "show fight,"
A bag in his left hand, a knife in his right:
With these he to Cato-street went, being very
Resolved to decapitate Lord Londonderry.
How shocking!—Heaven grant that his Majesty may shun
That method of changing an Administration.

But don't let me lose what I meant to express,
Before I left England I saw a *Princess!*
She lodges in Fleet-street, next door to Hone's shop—
Two lions that make all the passengers stop.
Papa and "The Ex" think her case very hard;
Says he to me, "Lyddy, we'll both leave a card;
Two Kings are her cousins! girl, hold up your neck;
Depend on it, Lyddy, it's not a bad spec."
Like a dutiful daughter I *did* depend on it,
Went up to my bed-room to put on my bonnet,
And, as the sun promised a morning of dryness,
I walk'd, without pattens, to wait on her Highness.
A man oped the door, in a coat which, I think,
Was dyed, like the rest of the family's, pink.
But when papa ask'd if the Royal Princess
Was at home, and the Chamberlain answer'd him "Yes,"
And civilly told us to walk up together,
A child might have knock'd me down flat with a feather!

Her Highness, sweet soul! made us sit on two chairs,
And let us, at once, into all her affairs.
She told us, her foes held her there by a *capias*,
She meant, as she told us, to move for her *habeas*,
But has not—perhaps on account of the *corpus*,
For her's, *entre nous*, is as big as a porpus.
She mention'd, with pride, how on last Lord Mayor's-
day
Her countenance drew all the people away;
But own'd, while they dubb'd her the general charmer,
It might be because there were no men in armour.

Adieu! royal dame, falsely called Mrs. Serres,
For you and your sire are as like as two cherries;—
Farewell, injured daughter of Poniatowski,
You soon should be let out if I held the house-key!

L. B.

LETTER IV.

MR. RICHARD BARROW TO MR. ROBERT BRIGGS.

Specimen of FANCY Rhetoric—Slang, like Madeira, improved by Sea Voyage—Atlantic Adventures—Reference to White Bait at Blackwall — Twickenham Steam Vessel — Chelsea Reach—Name objectionable, and why—Thomas Inkle—Disasters of Tacking—Swan with Two Necks; Lad with One—Sabrina—Latin and Commodore Rogers—Lydia and Don Juan—Sandy Hook—Action at Law—Spick and another versus Barrow the Younger—Coronation at both Houses—President Adams—Tea and turn out.

HERE I am: right and tight, Bob; *pull'd up* at New York,
As brisk as a bee, and as light as a cork:
Though half the *pool* over I lay like a log,
Quite *flabber-de-gasky'd*, as sick as a dog!
How odd! for you know I ail'd nothing at all,
When, to *grub* upon white bait, we row'd to Blackwall:
'Tis true, I wax'd *rum*, on returning by Greenwich,
But that was because I had eat too much spinage.
When we *steam'd* it to Twick'nam; I stuck like a leech
To the deck, till the vessel approach'd Chelsea Reach;
There, I own, I was seiz'd with a qualm and a hiccup,
And felt in my *Victualling-office* a kick-up:
All along of the place: Chelsea *Reach*? a vile name!
Columbus himself would have felt just the same.

But, Zounds! Bob, the Thames cannot give you a notion
"Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean."
(Mem. that's a quotation; and serves for a sprinkle
Of learning: like Sabby: I stole it from Inkle.)
The first thing that posed me was, when I should bob,
To hinder the gib-boom from scuttling my nob.
How to hit the thing right was the devil's own poser,
Three times had the end of it tipp'd me a *noser*.
The *flat* of a steersman sang out—"Helm-a-lee!"
Round swung the long-pole, made no bones of poor me,
And sent my hat flying a mile out to sea.
My stars! how my *knowledge-box* whizz'd round about!
In short, my dear Bob, 'twas a proper *serve-out*.
I hav'n't scored up such a pelt on the brain,
Since on a stage-top I was *had* in Lad-lane;
Where, if you don't duck, when the turn you approach,
So low is the gateway, so high is the coach,
You'll add, before *coachee* his vehicle checks,
The lad with no head to the Swan with two Necks.
I since wore a cap, made of sealskin and leather,
Which seems to cry *Noli-me-tan* to the weather.
I civilly spoke to the Captain my wish
For a rod, hook, and line, to astonish the fish;
I got 'em and bobb'd: had a bite from a shark:
But the double-tooth'd *cull* was not *up to the mark*:
Again I gave bait, on a hook worse for wearing,
And caught—damn the *hoaxers*—a salted red herring:
The sailors, like *spooneys*, all laugh'd at the trick,
And nick-named me Lubber and Salt-water Dick.
Sabrina kept stalking the deck in all weathers,
In purple pelisse, a Leghorn hat and feathers,

She now and then puzzled, with Latin, the codgers,
Which sounded like Hebrew to Commodore Rogers.
She muttered " O navis : infelix puella,"
And cried, when it blew, " aquilone procella."
Old dad braved the spray of the sea like a *new one !*
While Lyd, in the cabin, was reading Don Juan.
A boy on the top-mast, who kept a sharp look-out,
Now, from his *potato-trap*, bawl'd " Sandy hook" out,
Two words that we English did not understand,
But I guess " Sandy hook " is the Yankee for " Land;"
For while we were wondering what he could say,
The pilot had floated us into the Bay.

Lord ! who would have thought to have seen Dicky Barrow
Quit Chancery-lane for the Land of Pizarro.
You and I were the *prime* ones :—the Fives-court, the Lobby,
Were all *Betty Martin* without Dick and Bobby.
Dad show'd himself up for a rank *Johnny Raw*,
In binding me 'prentice to follow the law.
You know'd, Bob, I scorn'd such a *spooney* to be
As to follow the law, so the law follow'd me.
Spick and Span were my *Schneiders :* dead hits at a button ;
At running a bill up they found me a glutton ;
Spick call'd : not at home ; and I told Mugs, my man,
To *bounce* when he call'd again : ditto, to Span.
I thought they'd have *stood* it : the devil a bit :
They *bolted a Davy*, and took out a writ.

Nunky *flinch'd:* it was no use applying to him;
So, finding the *stumpy* decidedly *slim,*
I thought it was best to be *offish* with dad,
And show that Dick Barrow was not to be *had.*

Now do, there's a dear, draw a quill upon paper,
And tell us the news.— Is the *needful* still *taper?*
Kean bolted off here in a huff: does he *bring,*
Like Harris's Empress and Elliston's King?
Or, are you still dosed with stars, ribbons, and garters,
Cars, cream-colour'd horses, poles, platforms, and Tartars?
We can't *come it* here like your Viscounts and Madams
At Westminster-Abbey: our President Adams
To sport a procession has no hidden hoards,
I reckon he'd cut a *shy show* on the *boards.*
When guests tuck their *trotters* beneath his *mahogany,*
Short bite for Jonathan: if for good *prog* any
Visitor gapes, why the bigger *flat* he:
The President *comes down* with nothing but *tea:*
For which, if the *Yankees* know what they're about,
They'll treat him, next *Caucus,* with *tea and turn out.*
But pen cries peccavi, and paper is narrow,
So, Bob, I'm your *humble cum dumble,*

R. BARROW.

LETTER V.

SIR BALAAM BARROW TO MR. JEREMIAH DAWSON.

Journey to Brighton and Journey in America contrasted.—Land Ladies.—Beggars.—Apples at Coach-door.—Barmaid at Cuckfield.—Ladder from Coach-top.—An American Vehicle, "open to all Parties," viz. at all sides.—No Trustees of Roads.—Divers Queries on the American Language.—Sir Balaam as puzzled as Pizarro.—Cobbett's Grammar.—Questions to one who proposes to emigrate.

WHOEVER has taken, his loose nerves to tighten,
A journey from Blossoms' Inn, Cheapside, to Brighton,
And finds himself pleasantly rattled to Shoreham,
At, including stoppages, nine miles *per horam*,
Must own the whole matter, from basement to attic,
From fore-horse to hind-wheel, is aristocratic.
If landladies handle "the worm of the still,"
If urchins, for halfpennies, tumble up hill;
If apples are proffer'd, the slighted outriders
Are always postponed to the four fat insiders.
To them the lame beggar first takes off his hat,
To them the spruce landlady loiters to chat.
The barmaid at Cuckfield, apparell'd in white,
To them first exclaims, "Won't you please to alight?"
While, from the coach-top, by the ladder, each man
Gets down as he pleases,—that is, as he can.

Ah! Jerry! how nobler a prospect engages
The wight who ascends our American stages!
The coachman (I should say "the driver") takes care
To sit, as he ought, cheek by jowl with the fare.

No springs prop the body; the sides of the coach
Are open to let any trade-wind approach.
The roof is supported by six wooden shanks,
The passengers sit upon plain wooden planks,
And the horses, quite civilly, kept down their jumps
To let me in, clambering over their rumps.
Your bowling-green roads, water'd well by trustees,
Are merely constructed for safety and ease;
You "run on the nail," so decidedly dry,
You are puzzled to know if you ride, swim, or fly.
How different our practice! here *Nature* displays
Her steepest of stiles, and her roughest of ways.
O'er pebbles like rocks, and o'er Brobdignag logs,
The up-and-down vehicle swings, dives, and jogs.
This saves introductions, a mere waste of labour,
It brings every man *tête-à-tête* with his neighbour,
And makes him, however at starting unwilling,
As smooth, ere he parts, as a George the Third shilling.

We dined on the road upon junks of boil'd yam,
Beef, apple-pie, cabbage, potatoes, and ham.
A man in a corner ate beef and horse-radish;
I told him I reckon'd his roads rather baddish.
"Roads?" answer'd the sage, 'twixt a croak and a squall,
"I guess we had rather have no roads at all.
"When first they were dug, we were mightily *roil'd*,
"The president's sport, I remember, we spoil'd:
"We bore off his fagots, hand-barrow, and clay,
"And took off by night what he laid on by day.

"You don't seem to answer me, Mister; mayhap
"You're strange in these parts; a new salt-water chap:
"Where d'ye *keep?* What a face! Oh, it is not yet tann'd;
"Have you been here a *lengthy* time, old one? How's land?"

These questions, I own, made me simper and stammer:
I wish you would let me have Cobbett on Grammar:
He lived in Long Island, and surely must teach
The English America's eight parts of speech.
Do send it me soon, for I feel at a loss ere I
Dive in that patriot's Columbian glossary.

For want of that key, how I sigh when I miss
The *wit* that is lock'd up in caskets like this—
"What's your daughter's name?"—"Jane."—"Have you din'd?"—"Yes, a craw full."
"I've an item of that."—"Ay?"—"I hope she's not *awful.*"
"Is your son his own *boss?*"—"Yes, he *keeps* by that hedge."
"How's his health?"—"Mighty *grand,* and his spirits are *kedge!*
He bought his own *store* by an *elegant* trick,
At a *lag.*"—"How's his bus'ness?"—"*Progressively slick.*"
"Tom's *done up,* I guess; but he wa'n't much to blame."
"How's Billy?"—"*Clear'd out.*"—"What an *almighty* shame!"

"I'll bet you a *cent.* he recovers his station."
"Guess how much he owes me?"—"Ten dollars?"—
"Tarnation!"
"My tea is too weak: I am never so *spry*
"As when I've a *raft* of good tea."—"No, nor I."
"Ma'am, where does your young one *hang out?*"—
"Doctor Tebb's.
"They put him last week in his *abbs* and his *ebbs.*
"They say the *young shaver* has got 'em by heart."
"Then he takes to his learning?"—"Yes, *awfully smart.*"

What a pity it is, that you poor British caitiffs
Don't learn how to talk of our elegant natives.
These flowers of speech, and these graces of style,
Have not yet cross'd o'er to your desolate isle.
Deprived of a tutor to point out the wit
Of these spritely sallies, dumb-founded I sit,
Like a Tooley-street clerk in the Opera pit!
Up and down, at an inn, while the mercantile throng
Are stretching their legs, (much already too long,)
Like a cork in a mill-dam, I bibbety-bob it,
Without mast or rudder; so pray send me Cobbett.

You say that you're thinking to emigrate too,
And ask me to tell you what course to pursue;
I'll answer your question by questioning you.
But, Jerry, I pray, while you take, keep a hint;
I'm ruin'd if ever it gets into print.

Can you ride in a cart when the weather is foggy?
Can you get, every night, not quite tipsy, but groggy?

If wet, at the fire of an inn can you flit
Round and round, to get dry, like a goose on a spit?
In telling a tale can you ponder and prose?
Can you spit thro' your teeth? Can you talk thro' your nose?
Can you sit out the second-hand tragical fury
Of emigrant players, discarded from Drury?
Can you place Poet Barlow above Poet Pope?
Can you wash, at an inn, without towel or soap?
Can you shut either eye to political knavery?
Can you make your white liberty mix with black slavery?
Can you spit on the carpet and smoke a cigar?
If not, my dear Jeremy, stay where you are?

Letter VI.

MISS SABRINA BARROW TO MISS FANNY FADE.

Reminiscences of Ring-dropping.—"Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras."—Lady Harriet Butler and Miss Ponsonby.—Emperor Charles.—Invocations to American Independence.—Bohea and Souchong.—Generals Washington and Burgoyne.—Niagara.—Lord Cornwallis.—Colossus at Rhodes.—American Authors.—Mr. Southey's Fingers.—Belzoni in a Boat.—The Bonassus.—Titans in Type.—Eastbourne and Kirk, booksellers.—Parr's Wig.—Liberty Hall.—Literature neat as imported.—London Booksellers.—Poets at Wapping.

My gentle copartner, astride on a Muse,
To charge Phœbus' heights at the head of the Blues;

Who, with thy Sabrina, the beaten *church* path,
A summer at Brighton, a winter at Bath,
An autumn at Tunbridge, ring-tilting, hast trod,
By the will-o-'wisp light of the torch-bearing god:
Since suitors more sparingly tap at our windows,
And Cupid cares for us no more than a pin does,
And man, fickle man, is as false as Iscariot:
Let me be Miss Ponsonby, thee Lady Harriet:
Like them, fly from Paphos, its scandals and snarls,
Abjuring two crowns, like the Emperor Charles,
And smile, like two mariners tost upon dry land—
But first read this letter; it comes from York Island.

The first thing I did, at New York, was to stop
At the door of a well-looking bookseller's shop.
"O realm!" I exclaim'd to myself, "proudly free,
Who, in seventy-five, spurn'd the tax on bohea,
Who, led on by Washington, sounded the gong
Of Mars, with the war-cry of 'Death or souchong!'
Who *plus* in adversity, *minus* in coin,
Yet caught in a trap the redoubted Burgoyne,
Bade loud Niagara repeat war's alarms,
And forced Lord Cornwallis to lay down his arms.
Now striding o'er seas, like the giant of Rhodes,
Of whom there's a very good likeness at Coade's,
In arts, as in arms, thou art doubtless full grown,
And happy in verse and in prose of thine own.
Some females are thine, who, with quill fleet as Gurney's,
Out-publish our Edgeworths, and Opies, and Burneys;
Some western Sir Walters, some quakers in drab,
Who write home-heroics much better than Crabbe;

Some Southeys whose fingers no blisters environ,
Not having yet handled a red-hot Lord Byron;
Some Anna Marias, like her of Thames Ditton:
I wonder their names never reach'd us in Britain.
Ye bards, who stalk over these mountainous glebes,
With heads twice as big as young Memnon's at Thebes,
(Which cost brave Belzoni, who went in a boat,
Such trouble and money to set it afloat:)
Ye poets, whose Pegasi galloping pass us,
As big and as bluff as the London Bonassus:
Ye Brobdignags, trampling our Lilliput tribes,
Atlantic sky-proppers, Leviathan scribes,
Goliahs in print; how I long for your works"—
So saying, I stept into *Eastbourne and Kirk's.*

The man of the shop, in a buzz wig like Parr's,
Sat kicking the counter and smoking cigars:
He saw us approach, with a gape and a stare,
But never once offer'd to reach me a chair.
Papa, as astonish'd I drew on my shawl,
Said, "Never mind, child, this is Liberty-hall."
To all my objections this hint put a stop:
But, Fanny, the next time I go to a shop,
With Liberty *parlour* I mean to make bold,
For Liberty-hall is uncommonly cold.
I civilly said, "If you please, Mr. Kirk,
I want some good *native American* work."
"Good native!" he cried with a grin, "yonder rows,
I guess, show you all I have got; look at those."
I felt as amaz'd, when I look'd at their backs,
As if you had chopp'd off my head with an axe!

Ye Colburns, ye Murrays, whose wares glide so fleet
From your counters in Marlbro' and Albemarle Street;
Ye Rivington brothers, ye Longmans, whose Co.
Would reach, if pull'd out, half the length of "the Row,"
Suspend for a while, what ye part with at high rates,
Your Sardanapali, your Cains, and your Pirates,
And list, while my muse is obliged to confess
What springs from this *native* American press.
The Shipwreck by Falconer, Poems by Tickell,
Swift's Lemuel Gulliver, Peregrine Pickle,
Tom Brown, The Old Bachelor, Brodum on Chyle,
Moll Flanders, Charles Phillips's Emerald Isle,
Hugh Trevor, Theatrical Album, Tighe's Psyche,
The Bruiser, or Memoirs of Pig, christened Ei Key,
Little Jack, George Ann Bellamy, Fielding's Tom Jones,
The Family Shakspeare cut down from Malone's;
Hunt's Radical Coffee, or Dregs at the Top,
Webbe Hall's Hint to Farmers to look to their crop,
John Bunyan, Wat Tyler, and Hone's Slap at Slop!

"What!" cried I amazed, "have you *no* bards who court
The muse?"—"No, not one; what we want we import.
At present we think of pounds, shillings, and pence,
Time enough for belles lettres a hundred years hence:
Our people, I guess, have employment enough
In cocoa, rum, cotton, tobacco, and snuff,
In digging, land-clearing, board-sawing, log-chopping—
Pray how many poets have *you* got at *Wapping?*"

But papa is come home from the city hotel,
And asks for Sabrina; so, Fanny, farewell!

S. B.

LETTER VII.

MR. RICHARD BARROW TO MR. ROBERT BRIGGS.

Farther Specimens of Fancy Rhetoric—America angry, and why—Affecting Memoir of Major André—Tom Pipes and Peregrine Pickle—Disinterment of Paine by Cobbett—Quotation from King Lear—Bystanders in dudgeon—Cobbett's Reasons satisfactory—The Tyrant Mezentius—Fashion spreads—London Radicals disinter each other—American Tax upon Grave-digging—Its financial Effects.

Bob, Jonathan's *queer:* he is *mizzled* a ration,
He does not half stomach a late exhumation;
Some *culls*, here, have taken to grubbing the clay
That tucks up the body of Major André.
With you resurrectionists, that is not very
Unusual, who dig up as fast as you bury,
And charge iron coffins the devil's own fee—
(Lord Stowel there buried the poor Patentee,)
But here, Bob, the *gabies* have not come to that.
Would you fancy it? Jonathan 's yet such a *flat*
As to think, when a corpse has been waked by a train
Of mourners, 'tis wicked to wake it again.

Methinks you 're for asking me who André was?
(Book-learning and you, Bob, arn't cronies, that 's pos.)
I'll tell you, André, urged by arguments weighty,
Went out to New York Anno Domini 80.

He quitted the land of his fathers to bleed
In war, all along of his love for Miss Sneyd;
But, finding his name not enroll'd in a high line
Of rank for promotion, he took to the *Spy-line.*
He sew'd in his stocking a letter from Arnold:
A sentinel *nabb'd* it—why didn't the darn hold?
Or why, when he stitch'd it up, did not he put
The letter between his sole-leather and foot!
By mashing it, then, he had 'scaped all disaster,
As Pipes mash'd the letter of Pickle his master.
Within the lines taken, a prisoner brought off,
They troubled him with a line more than he thought of;
For, finding the young man's despatches not *trim,*
To shorten my story, Bob, they despatch'd him.

He long might have slept—with the *ci-devant* crew,
As soundly as *here* other buried men do;
But fashion, as somebody says on the stage,
In words and in periwigs will have her rage.
The notion of bringing dead people away
Began upon Paine, and went on to André;
The Yankees thought Cobbett was digging for *dibs,*
But when out he trundled a thigh-bone and ribs,
They did not half like it; and cried with a groan,
"Since poor Tom's a-cold, why not leave him alone?"
"I mean, Sirs," said Cobbett, who stood on the bank,
"To take Mister Paine, in a box, to Sir Frank;
'Twill show that I 'm not quite unworthy of trust
For this way, at least, I can *down with the dust.*
I next mean to ask of 'The Powers that be,'
To let Tom go home, as he fled, *duty*-free,
And pick John Bull's heart by a skeleton key.

Thus England may for her past errors atone,
By making America bone of her bone."
This argument *told;* cheek-by-jowl off they sped,
Like the *friends* of Mezentius, one living, one dead.

The Fashion's afloat; and now, stop it who can!
Your Liberty-bucks will be *boned* to a man.
Already young Watson's for digging up Priestley,—
Which Sabby and Lyddy denominate beastly,
Sir Bob, of the Borough, has learnt the spade's art right,
To dig up, at Midsummer, old Major Cartwright.
How sharp after Waithman looks Alderman Wood!
And Waithman, I know, would have Wood if he could.
Sir Francis, at Putney, will scratch like a rook,
In the field where he *doubled-up* Johnny Horne Tooke.
Gale Jones has an eye to Hone's carcase, and Hone's
Quite on the *qui vive* for a dig at Gale Jones,
Who 's " not by no means " in a hurry to rise,
Remembering the adage—" Lie still if you 're wise."
And Wooller, with pick-axes, cracking his shell-wall,
Will nab the *quid restat* of Lecturer Thelwall.
Churchyards will be 'tato-fields—two-pence a pound;
They won't leave a radical plant under ground.
For my part, I don't like the scheme, Mr. Briggs,
I'll tell it to Congress; I will, *please the pigs.*
To men of my *gumption*, you can't think how sad's
The thought of this grand resurrection of Rads;
For if *all* the great dead-wigs thus bolt from below,
Who knows what may happen when you and I go?

I'll prove that a tax upon bones will atone
For the tax on new rum, at a dollar a bone.

Nay, I hope they'll extend it to mattock and spade,
And make resurrection a contraband trade.
The Act, when once past by Dick Barrow's assistance,
Will make you *rum customers* "keep your yard's distance,"
From live or dead nuisances keep the coast clear,
And dub it "not lawful to shoot rubbish here."

R. B.

LETTER VIII.

MISS LYDIA BARROW TO MISS KITTY BROWN.

Reminiscence of White Conduit House—Islington Wells versus Tunbridge—Sir Solomon's Song—Hugh Middleton and John Gilpin—Cowper and the New River Company—Bentham, Buonaparte, and Accum—Lydia turns Reformer—American Ladies dancing Moneymusk—They mistake James Paine for Tom—Episodical Eulogy of the former—Ball at City Hotel, New York—"All honourable Men"—Bear and Fiddle.

Dear Kate, you remember Sir Solomon Souse,
Who gave the tea-party at White Conduit House;
And swore, while we sat in the box of Apollo,
That Islington waters beat Tunbridge Wells hollow.
Papa, he, and we, leaving others to bowl,
Walk'd out, toward the Wells, just by way of a stroll;
He stopp'd us all three at the Middleton's Head,
Then pointed aloft to the sign-post, and said,
"The hooded old man, who is swinging up there,
Set off, spade in hand, and took water to Ware:
As Hercules valiant, he treated with scorn
Dame Prudence, and took River Thames by the horn.

John Gilpin, the Cit, who in calico dealt,
And rode with two full bottles under his belt,
Set off, whip in hand, in old Middleton's rear,
But kept the Cheap-side, where the Knight kept the dear.
Both wild-goose adventurers, equally rash,
The Cit lost his dinner, the Knight lost his cash;
Will Cowper got many a pound by the first,
The last has in gold quench'd the Company's thirst,
Who now gain a hundred per cent. by his wealth,
And don't even drink in the water his health.
'Tis thus that projectors the game always give in,
And fools run up houses—for wise men to live in.
See sail to the Wells yonder pleasure-bound crew,
All talk of Grimaldi, none think of Sir Hugh.
Friend Barrow, take warning; keep snug in the storm;
Cajole men and welcome; but never reform;
With Bentham bewilder, with Buonaparte frighten,
With Accum astonish; do all but enlighten;
Who aims at enlightening, only out-doles
An ophthalmic drug to a nation of moles."

This sermon, like most other sermons, dear Kitty,
Went bolt through both ears of papa—more's the pity!
With politics still he would make his old fuss,
And settling the nation, he unsettled us;
For, deeming long parliaments snares to entrap 'em,
He made us put up with short commons at Clapham.

Popt down in my Album, Sir Solomon's song,
Slept sound as a sexton, and might have slept long;
But lately I 've taken it down from the shelf
To read, for—I 'm turning *Reformer* myself!

Nay, don't cry "Lord bless us!"—I don't mean to roar
'Gainst cradle cotillons, like Miss Hannah More,
Nor leave my own fish by Grimalkin to die,
To dress other people's, like good Mrs. Fry.
I leave hearts and heads to Reformers like those,
I only, dear girl, revolutionize toes.
Kitty Brown, would you think it? I don't say the fault 's in
Themselves; but the girls here know nothing of waltzing.
I found them in *Moneymusk* kicking their heels,
And when I named *Paine*, and his set of Quadrilles,
(I wonder what planet some people come from,)
The poor ignoramusses thought I meant *Tom*.
How could, gentle *James*, the New York women be
So dull as to mix that *staymaker* with thee?
What though Brother Richard, as usual, out-plumps
A pun, and declares that you both deal in *Jumps*—
Shalt thou, who 'midst negus and tapers of wax,
Art christen'd, *par excellence*, Paine of Almack's;
Who set, to an entre-chat—*La ci la mano*,
And jigg'd the dead march on an open piano—
Shalt thou be mix'd up with that infidel Turk,
Who scribbled a pamphlet in answer to Burke?
Let *White* print his rival La Poule and Trenise,
And dedicate humbly to Mrs. Charles Rees;
Let *Hart*, like Phil Astley, make horses turn dancers,
And play *Zitti Zitti* to Hussars and Lancers.
Fear nothing; cut capers; be frisky and merry;
Not even *Musard*, with his Duchesse de Berry,
His Traversez, chassez, dechassez, La Chaine,
Shall push from the music-stand gentle James Paine.

Long, long shalt thou flourish, the King of Quadrilles,
And when, over Styx, 'midst the virtuous of heels,
Thou 'rt borne to the meadows Elysian, with you
The daughter of Ceres shall dance a pas deux;
While Hermes shall lend you his feather-bound shoes,
And whirl you to bliss in a Russian sauteuse.

And now, my dear Kate, for the best news of all;
We have worried papa into giving a ball.
As soon as he squeez'd out a sad "Very well,"
Dick hired the rooms at the City Hotel.
We danced until midnight on Saturday last,
And, spite of a headach, I 'll tell you what pass'd.
The Natives, who came about half-after eight,
Were duly announced by their titles of State.
Their Honours Mat Mite and Aminadab Mum,
The one dealt in cheese, and the other in Rum.
His Honour Ben Block, who contracts with the Fleet,
And keeps a mahogany yard in State-street;
His Honour Luke Lambert, a huge lump of clay,
Who luckily happens to live in *Broadway*.
They all seem'd amazingly shy of plain Mister,
Which made Brother Richard observe to my sister,
That though they hate titles as much as O'Connor,
They cling like a leech to the sound of "Your Honour."
And now for my dress—but my paper 's scrawl'd through,
So no more at present.—Dear Kitty, adieu!

L. B.

LETTER IX.

MISS LYDIA BARROW TO MISS KITTY BROWN.

Delineation of a Ball-Room French Dress—Essay on Hair-dressing—Miss Kelly and Miss Foote—The Temple of Janus—Lydia with two faces—Consternation occasioned by her French Dress—High Blood—The Macheaths, the Lockets, and the Dawsons—Waltzing Catastrophes.

My dress—you 'd be vex'd if I did not put that in—
My dress was a round skirt, of gossamer satin ;
With one row of Builloné next to the hem,
Its colour the blush of Golconda's dark gem.
Ten yards of red ribbon were pucker'd in bows,
In space equi-distant, like soldiers in rows ;
The bows had short endings with rich silver tips,
In all twenty-eight, with three more at the hips.
But Fashion would dub me insane, did I miss
To bring to your view my *corsage-à-la-Suisse.*
'Twas velvet in substance, in hue the true ruby,
Which many attempt to procure, and but few buy.
This match'd, like two peas, with the white satin sleeves
Whose Valenciennes lace was adjusted in *creves.*
My hair was remarkably killing, with posies
Of Coquillicot ribbon, like full-blowing roses :
Not frizz'd, poodle-fashion, like Madame Corelli's,
Not tied in three pig-tails, like Miss Fanny Kelly's :—
'Twas dress'd at the poll just the same as the forehead—
Miss Foote set the fashion : papa calls it horrid.
He says, in that " right-about-face" mode to stir,
Is all might well in a beauty like her ;

But *my* pretty bald pate to agony stirs him,
He swears it will hook in no lover but *Spurzheim* :—
While Richard, as saucy as Coriolanus,
Has nick-named my temple the temple of Janus.
With my necklace Diogenes' self could not quarrel,
For that, with the ear-rings and cross, were plain coral.
By criss-cross white ribbon my instep was hid;
My shoes were white satin, my gloves were white kid.
Including the sarsnet, with honeycomb flounces,
The whole of my dress weigh'd exactly three ounces.
Thus, graced by thy genius, divine Mrs. Bell,
I entered the ball at the City hotel.

Conceive—what your Liddy wants words to express—
The gape and the stare at my beautiful dress!
His Honour Mat Mite, with a tooth like a tusk,
Who just then was kicking poor old *Money musk*,
Stood fix'd, with his partner, Miss Firkin, from Bristol,
As if he and she had been shot with a pistol.
Miss Dawson, who led down the middle so far,
That her motion had more of the comet than star,
(While Lambert, her partner, made all the house rock,)
Sat down on a form to recover the shock.
The folks, I should tell you, were tip-tops, high mettlers,
And traced their descent from original settlers.
Their family trees, without mildew or blight,
Were planted ere Botany Bay saw the light.
A lady in blue, with a reticule pocket,
A great great grand-daughter of Gay's Lucy Locket,
Stood first in the set; and, with black and white teeth,
The girl next to her was Miss Sally Macheath:
And next, in a necklace of coral, stood Zoë,

The copper descendant of Prince Po-wee-to-wee.
The fourth, and the smartest of all, to my fancy,
Was foresaid Miss Dawson, descended from Nancy.
"Won't you dance?" said red Zoë, with courteous advances;
While Richard and I answer'd, "Not country-dances:
On *them* we decidedly turn our two backs:—
Quadrilles are the only things done at Almack's."
"Quadrilles," cried Miss Dawson, we'll dance by and by:
I *guess* that we dance them *progressingly spry*."

But oh, let no novice Miss Dawson put trust in!
The waltz we began with was Lieber Augustin.
First, Richard and I, like a proper-taught pair,
Whirl'd round in quick time, clearing sofa and chair:
One hand firmly grappled his shoulder, the other
Hung gracefully down, far apart from my brother.
My eyes "loved the ground," that I might not be giddy:
How like Mercandotti spun elegant Liddy!
Thus, thrice round the ball-room, without pause or flurry,
I show'd how we managed these matters in Surrey.
Not so Miss Macheath: her eyes leering, winking,
She soon was quite giddy, and felt herself sinking.
To prop tumblers, anything serves as a handle,
So she grasp'd, at hap-hazard, a fat tallow candle.
Miss Dawson spun next, and in spinning turn'd pale,
Her fist, swinging round like a countryman's flail,
(A regular thresher!) gave Washington Read
Such a douse in the face, that it made his nose bleed.
This, joined to shin-kicking, and treading down heels,
Bade poor murder'd waltzes give place to quadrilles.

But oh, *such* quadrilles! such a wild hurly-burly!
Every step for the music too late or too early!
A separate Letter the remnant must tell;—
So here, for the present, I bid you farewell.

L. B.

LETTER X.

TO MISS SABRINA BARROW TO MISS FANNY FADE.

Webb Hall on Average Crops—A Vision—Mrs. Elizabeth Carter—Tattooing among the Cherokees—Blues past and present—A Trip to Burlington-street in Medea's Car—Readings—King Lear and his Daughters—Mrs. Bartley—Baroness Baulk in the Straw—Joanna Southcote — Announcement of Visitors—Blue Babel—"Chaos come again"—Dame Carter dips into Ovid—Dragons fly back to New York—Finale from John Bunyan.

As lately I studied, in Eastbourn's back shop,
The thoughts of WEBB HALL on an average crop,
The God who strews poppies wherever corn grows,
Soon rocked thy Sabrina to gentle repose;
And brought, while his pinion flagg'd heavily o'er me,
In visions, ELIZABETH CARTER before me,
With napkin-bound forehead, the same as of yore,
When grave Epictetus, at half-after-four,
Awaked her to study, with vigour heroic,
And do into English the mighty Greek Stoic.
"Oh! choicest," she cried, "of Minerva's lean kine,
The foremost blue buskin that tripp'd o'er the line,
To thin this rude sheepfold of national breeders,
By founding a college of Virgin Seceders:

Compared with thy wide-wafted glory, how narrow
The honours of Cortez, Alvarez, Pizarro!
With virtue that no son of Venus can bribe,
And one bosom less than the Amazon tribe.
Secure may'st thou laugh at the loud or deep curses
Of mate-widow'd mothers and out-of-date nurses.
Spurn Hymen: read Malthus; be firm at thy post;
Live chaste as the Queen whose pre-nomen I boast,
And bear this device on thy memory's crest—
"The Blue of Columbia, the Star of the West."
"O! virgin," I answer'd, "I fear while I woo,
I dread while I seek this investment of Blue.
The growing-up girls in yon Cherokee nation
Are known to flinch under the blue indentation.
I dread, though I honour, the end I'm pursuing,
Pray, is it not painful to feel, like tattooing?"
"Not so," cried the Sibyl, "no cares 'tend the vow;
It might be so once, but it isn't so now.
No more, in the regions of Blue, is a rout,
A prim semicircle of tea and turn out.
'Tis now a mere chaos, of that no ill pattern,
Assorted of yore by the first-born of Saturn.
Would you worship the Muse in her modish retreat?
Behold, to conduct us to Burlington-street,
Medea has proffer'd her dragon-drawn car."
She spoke.—Up we mounted, and, soaring afar,
Alighted in town after ten minutes' talk,
And knock'd at the mansion of Baroness Baulk.
"A little foot-page" oped the latch with a snap,
In a livery of blue, and a chimney-pot cap.
We found by a general "Hush! hush!" from the crowd,
The first *Entertainment* was reading aloud!

" Come here," said my lady, " 'tis Lear and his daughter.
" James, bring Mrs. Bartley a tumbler of water.
Now, Goneril, turn the old king out of doors."
" I can't, Ma'am."—" What hinders you?"—" Somebody snores."
" There! now he's awake; silent still?—What's the matter?"
" I cannot be heard—the whole street's in a clatter."
But see, yonder wagon, that noise mayn't disturb,
Deposits ten trusses of straw on the kerb.
'Tis spread: rolling urchins their merriment lisp,
And toss to the firmament wisp after wisp.
The knocker is muffled; the gossips agree,
My lady's as lord-loving ladies would be.
Parturient at eighty! how will the town talk,—
Dame Southcote was nothing to Baroness Baulk!

King Lear now deposed, and the muffle torn down,
A rat-a-tat 'larum awakes half the town;
And the little foot-page, from his box at the entry,
Is hoarse with up-bawling the names of the gentry.
Lord Cherokee Chin-tuft, a col'nel of Lancers;
Lord Booby Bolero, who dines the French dancers!
Sir Brown-Jones-Brown-Jones, in a postilion's shirt;
Lord Bouncer, Count Squint'em, and Lady Jane Flirt;
Three gentlemen glee-singers! Mr. Belzoni!
Lord Strutt, with a blue ribbon under his bow-knee.
The Viscount, who never did much good or much ill,
Except in his dressing at Martin Van-Butchel.
The pie-ball'd Egyptian, half white and half brown;
The wonderful Swiss, who was hang'd and cut down;

Massa Sambo, who knows about West India law;
The barefooted Beggar, who sleeps upon straw;
A black-bearded Persian in crimson; and, ah me!
Dress'd like other people, plain Mr. Salami;
With Knights of the Cross, an uncountable fry,
Bestudded with stars, like the nights of July.

Then enter'd full thirty abjurers of man,
Each borne in a bibbety-bobbing sedan;
Whose tongues from non-use were not suffer'd to rust.
All subjects were touch'd upon—none were discuss'd.
" You've seen the Laplanders.—Where's Mathews?—
Poor Perry!
" Scott wrote them; I know it—Who told you so?
Terry.
" A song, Mr. Broadhurst—Hush! 'Silent, O'Moyle,'
" I'm told that they really dine on train oil.—
" Have you sold out your Fives?—No, I'm not in a
hurry.
" *Me adsum qui feci*—Lord Byron to Murray.—
" Lady Crimson, you've got something black on your
cheek.
" Camporesi and Ronzi de Begni don't speak!
" What's o'clock?—Hampton Court? Yes; we dined
at the Toy.
" I don't like the Pirate so well as Rob Roy.
" Dear me! how excessively pretty! Red candles!
" Is Lillibullero Rossini's? No; Handel's.
" I'll hold by the brass balustrades.—So will I.
" Not going? Yes!—When?—Glad to see you—
Good b'ye."

Amid this chaotic exhaustion of lungs,
Her ladyship's fingers moved brisk as their tongues.
She poked a poll-parrot, to add to the din,
She made every Mandarin nod nose and chin;
She kick'd the coal-scuttle, she scraped up the cinders,
She made a Bard bellow an ode (one of Pindar's,)
She strumm'd a piano, and mix'd flats and sharps,
Nine Genevese snuff-boxes set up their harps;
She beat, on a salt-box, a rat-a-tat tap,
She cuff'd the blue page in the chimney-pot cap.

KIT-CAT SKETCHES.

KIT-CAT SKETCHES.

NO. I.

IN AND OUT OF LOVE.

Love is local. Many a man "owns the soft impeachment," as tenderly as Mrs. Malaprop herself, in a small village with nothing to listen to but a mill-stream,—who dreams not of Cupid in Waterloo Place: and many a maiden melts at addresses at the sea-side, which she would have treated with disdain in the centre of this inland metropolis. If the votaries of Hymen deny my position, I will establish it by two living illustrations.

Tom Templeton follows the law as an attorney and solicitor in Gray's Inn. He may generally be seen also on the fourth bench of the pit at the Opera House, counting from the orchestra. He touches the violoncello, and in singing rather piques himself upon his falsetto.

Jane Brockman is the daughter of Mr. Giles Brockman, a policy broker, living in one of those remote squares, (I think they call it Mecklenburg,) that, according to the most recent discoveries, lie in a cluster, like so many Cyclades, northward of the British Museum. Her father accidentally discovered the square in question, when his gig was towed several hundred leagues out of its course by an affrighted steed, on a voyage along the New Road. Finding the air temperate, our adventurer, in imitation of the surviving mutineers from the Bounty, established a colony there, which those who have touched at it lately describe as being in a flourishing condition.

The Templetons,—I mean the father, mother, and two sisters of Tom—reside in Bloomsbury Square, and, when in town, are apt to hold their heads above the Brockmans, on account of the superior gentility of their place of residence. I rather think they are right. Bloomsbury Square was ever looked upon by me with tenderness and respect. I remember, when a boy, seeing the late Duke of Bedford turn into his residence there, in a travelling chariot drawn by four horses. The mansion of his grace stood on the north side of the square: it was enclosed within a wall that extended the whole length of that side of the square, with a stone sphynx at either end of it. The house itself, at least the outside of it, was, to be sure, in a shabby dilapidated con-

dition; but it commanded a charming view behind of the Highgate and Hampstead hills, with a side-glance at Baltimore House, then in the fields, and afterwards the residence of Sir Vicary Gibbs. It has brick and mortar enough in its vicinity now to build half a hundred Towers of Babel. Here too dwelt the celebrated Lord Mansfield, the present earl's *great* uncle in two senses, not to mention the late Lord Ellenborough, and several puisne judges, who have since thought fit to migrate towards the terra incognita of Russell Square. I must own I liked Bloomsbury Square better before the introduction of the statue of Charles Fox. Not that I am a party-man, but the sight of it generates several anti-classical associations about the India Bill, the Coalition, and the duel with Mr. Adam; and the patriot being, moreover, in a sitting position, it is to be inferred that he is in no haste to go. But all this is foreign to the point at issue.

Tom Templeton and Jane Brockman went with their respective parents to Broadstairs. Tom and Jane met, every day, at the one or the other of the two libraries. Upon these occasions they conversed frequently on the colour and condition of the ocean, which, as they have since confessed, appeared to them "sometimes smooth and sometimes rough," as the late Mr. Dignum used to say in No Song no Supper. They would sometimes look at the boundless expanse of waters,

and find it suddenly darkened as though a cloud was passing over it (perhaps a cloud *was* passing over it): upon which occurrence Tom would take occasion to say, that it reminded him of the shadows that darken the sunshine of life—a sentiment which Jane would embody in her green morocco bound album with a green padlock, the key whereof was appendant to her necklace. At other times Tom would enact deputy donkey-driver, and urge Jane's long-eared quadruped along the cliffs towards Ramsgate, in a narrow path, bounded by a hedge of the cliff on its left.

This recreation, however, was stopped by the following catastrophe. Miss Brockman, notwithstanding her education at a very polite ladies' academy within three doors of the Parr's head at Camberwell, could not in speaking avoid a whim she had of cutting off the letter H from its natural position, and transplanting it in front of one of the five vowels. Thus, according to her, a hat was an att, an apple a happle, an otter a hotter, and an owl a howl. Miss Brockman was one morning riding on her Jerusalem pony, in her nankeen pelisse and green veil, Tom following with whipcord, when she thought that her swain was driving rather perilously towards the ocean. "Nearer the edge!" exclaimed Miss Brockman; "you are too near the *h*edge." Tom Templeton, believing that the lady expressed her real sentiments, and not dreaming that she meant him to

seek the hedge, and eschew the edge, drove the donkey so close to the brow of the cliff, that the ground actually began to crack landward of the lovers; and had not the quadruped's superior wisdom induced him to swerve inward, the whole party would have made a most abrupt descent upon the heads of the shell-picking urchins on the shore.

This catastrophe drove the parties in future to the beach, where they would stand for hours together with a telescope, under an impending rock, or in an excavation a few paces further on, where they communed in a sort of Dido and Æneas fashion; she looking through the glass, and wondering whether the vessel which she beheld in the horizon was coming from Madrid or Vienna, and he patting the sand with his right foot, until it assumed the moisture and consistence of a bread-pudding.

Gunpowder like this could not long remain without exploding. Accordingly Thomas Templeton and Jane Brockman fell in love. Broadstairs is in fact a capital station for falling in love. I strongly advise all matrons with growing-up daughters, to go thither in preference to Margate or Ramsgate. The double pier and steam-vessels in the former place, and the view of the Downs from the latter, occupy the mind too much: there is no room for the tender passion. But at Broadstairs, after a young man and maiden

have eaten their morning prawns, and taken their morning yawns, they have nothing to do but to fall in love till eleven o'clock at night. There is no raffle at the libraries, and the Tract Society meetings only occur once a month. Our young solicitor's love-letter was in the words and figures following:

"DEAR MISS BROCKMAN,

"My heart has given me notice of set off. It attempted to sue out *ne exeat*, but failed. Your image, aided by a *posse comitatûs* of accomplishments, has entered and taken possession of my bosom, after ejecting the aforesaid tenant. Think not that I am pleading a sham plea. I can assure you, my passion savours of the reality. It is my wish that you and I should be jointly and severally bound by Hymen in a fidelity bond to Cupid, determinable nevertheless on the demise of either party. I meant to have written to you yesterday; but my ink ran up and down, and secreted itself in my new patent inkstand. Pray, accept a declaration *nunc pro tunc*, and plead thereto issuably in four days: and believe that my attachment, unlike those in the Mayor's Court, is incapable of being set aside on the coming in of Answer. Dated this 20th day of September, 1825.

"Your loving friend,
THOMAS TEMPLETON."

This was the first love-letter that Jane Brockman had ever received. She hastened to copy it into her album, and then ran with the original to get it translated by her maiden aunt, Mrs Sarah Brockman, who had brought down her portmanteau for a fortnight. The latter understood a little of law, having been sued for giving a wrong character to a maid-servant, and therefore explained to her niece that it was equivalent to an offer of marriage.

Jane, feeling the contagion of Ophelia's "love in idleness," was disposed to think it a good match. She had often heard Tom play a very respectable second with a Brobdignag fiddle, and therefore did not allow her imagination to place him in future as an absolute Spagnoletti, the leader of the legal band; but she had little doubt of his being Vice Chancellor; and a good second fiddle in an orchestra is no bad thing. Miss Brockman, the elder, was therefore deputed to break the matter to papa. Mr. Giles Brockman thought it a foolish affair, and wondered his sister could encourage any such nonsense, rating her rather severely for her officious interference.

Whilst affairs were in this train in the Brockman line, matters were going on in a somewhat similar way in the house of Templeton. Old Templeton had a maiden sister, one Mrs. Sarah Templeton, who, on being applied to by Tom, bustled over from Chapel Place, Ramsgate, in a

covered fly, to convass her brother in favour of his enamoured offspring.

"I wonder, sister," exclaimed the inhabitant of Bloomsbury Square, "that you can encourage such goings-on! I don't at all like those Brockmans. That daughter Jane of theirs is not at all to my fancy. Her eyes look two ways: I observed one of them yesterday morning in the library peeping at Tom, and the other leering upon a mustachioed officer in blue and silver, who pretended to be asking if "Matilda" was at home? "Matilda who, brother?" inquired Mrs. Sarah Templeton. "Oh I don't know who," rejoined the brother: "it's some woman in Italy, I believe, that ran away from her husband."

It may (to adopt young Templeton's phraseology) "not savour of the reality," to allege that both Mr. Brockman and Mr. Templeton should have maiden sisters named Sarah. But the fact is so; every family has a maiden aunt Sarah in it, commonly called my aunt Sally. I have read much of the crabbedness of old maids; but I must own that, according to my experience, they are the best-tempered creatures living. The whole family, jointly and severally, send for them when there is any misery afloat, but are sadly apt to overlook them when matters go on smooth.

There were, in the present case, two aunt Sallys, who volunteered to encounter a very disagreeable business, purely to oblige their respective

nephew and niece; and they got nothing but abuse for their pains.

It is the same in all the families in the United Kingdom. If a matron lies in, a husband loses his wife, a young man owes money to his cossack trouser-maker, a girl is to be privately married, or an old man is to be publicly buried, my aunt Sally is sure to be sent for to partake of the festivity. George Robins is a very good stock obligee in all theatrical mishaps of the sort in question; but, for the private purposes of life, my aunt Sally for my money. Britannia is at present in a ferment, owing to the failure of several of her London bankers; and I feel extremely sorry that she has no aunt Sally to apply to.

Time now stole on, and the Templetons and the Brockmans returned from the sea-side to their London residences. No sooner had Miss Brockman taken a canter or two in the Albany Riding-house in the Regent's Park, than she felt her love for Tom Templeton considerably on the wane.

I have already said that love is local. A young man may be passable at Broadstairs, who is not to be spoken with at the corner of Portland Place. It is the same with everything else. I have known many a prunella gownsman cut very respectable jokes at the assizes at Hereford, who could hardly open his mouth before their four lordships *in banco*. It makes all the difference,

whether a man plays Hamlet at Dunstable, or at Drury.

Tom Templeton, too, on his return to Gray's Inn, found that answers in the exchequer, leases and releases, declarations in assumpsit, and gettings in of outstanding terms, not to mention Mazurier in Jacko, Madame Vestris in Don Giovanni, and Liston in Paul Pry, had a natural tendency to eradicate Jane Brockman from his *ci-devant* too susceptible bosom. Each felt miserable at the thoughts of the misery which a declaration of indifference would inflict upon the other.

At length each plucked up courage to plunge the fatal dagger. The two Aunt Sallys were employed to state the repulsion, as they had heretofore alleged the attraction. They met with suitable formality and circumlocution. They each alleged that our affections are not in our own power; that candour at present might save a world of misery hereafter, &c. &c.; and, to their mutual astonishment, found their notices received with mutual satisfaction. General releases were executed and exchanged; and I need not add, that all the blame for fostering the flame, and then casting ridicule and discredit upon the two families by being aiding and abetting in its extinguishment, fell upon the lean shoulders of the two Aunt Sallys.

KIT-CAT SKETCHES.

NO. II.

OLD HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

Upon one of my days of infant innocence I lined my cousin Proby's hat with birdlime, out of revenge, because he had broken the central ornament in a string of bird's eggs, which, at that happy epoch of puerile simplicity, I had purloined from certain nests in Hadley grove. The poor lad found his beaver as immovable as the plumed cap of the son of Maia; and much hot water and many screams were expended before it could be disjointed from his head. My mother was seriously angry; but my poor aunt Proby, mother to the victim aforesaid, as gentle a being as ever suffered a family to run wild upon the common of their own inclinations, exclaimed, "Well, well, never mind! he meant no harm there is no putting old heads on young shoulders!"

My aunt's asseveration has, according to my subsequent experience, been qualified by two exceptions;—the one corporeal, and the other men-

tal. The Countess of A—— has a pair of very juvenile-looking shoulders, with a very wrinkled head screwed upon their apex. If you walk behind her, she seems twenty-two: accost her *vis-à-vis*, and she mounts to sixty. In that respect she is like the law—very well to follow, but very ill to confront.

The mental exception is one Smedley Jones, lately an articled clerk to an attorney—I beg his pardon, a solicitor—in Furnival's Inn, Holborn; but recently out of his time, and therefore qualified to kill game on his own account. He wears black half-gaiters, and is a member of the Philonomic Society; exhibits much wisdom, little whisker, and no shirt collar; simpers; makes a gentle bow at the close of every sentence, with his chin touching his left collar-bone: criticizes the new law courts; wears lead-coloured gloves; affects a beaver with a broad brim; nods at the close of every sentence when the Court of Exchequer pronounces a judgment, by way of encouraging the three puisne barons; and carries his pantaloons to his tailor's in a blue bag that they may pass for briefs. There is a lame clerk in the Three per Cent. Consol Office at the Bank, with whom Smedley Jones appears to be on terms of considerable intimacy. I rather suspect that the motive of this conjunction is, that the latter may obtain private information with respect to certain funded property appertaining to cer-

tain widows and maidens, his attention to whom rises and falls accordingly. It is an unquestionable fact, that whenever a young man rises, like Smedley Jones, upon his toes in walking; waltzes with every-thick-ankled girl that would otherwise be a wall-flower for the whole evening; looks benevolently downward upon his own cheeks, sings a second at church, and boasts of belonging to no club; he may, to a certainty, be set down as one who means to let fly an arrow at Plutus through the Temple of Hymen.

It is quite edifying to meet Smedley Jones at a dinner-party. The first thing he does, on entering the drawing-room, is to take up a book with an air of no common sagacity. If it happen to be Woodstock, he smiles with an aspect of compassionate disdain, and informs the by-stander that he objects to historical novels, and that he prefers going to the fountain-head, in Lord Clarendon and Bishop Burnet. Upon the appearance of the mistress of the mansion, he takes a seat by her on the sofa; but so near to its edge, that the slightest backward movement of that article of furniture would seat him where he ought to be. He smooths down the sand-coloured hair of the matron's accompanying offspring with an air of ineffable interest; inquires after dear Charles: hopes to see sweet little Emma: and ejaculates, "Oh, pray now," when mamma ex-

presses a doubt as to her appearance. He then talks of the sea as beneficial to children, and recommends Worthing, because it has no cliff.

When dinner is announced, Smedley Jones looks sharply round for some female whose spine rather swerves from the perpendicular, aware that heiresses are seldom straight-backed; tucks her lean arm under his, and manœuvres to sit next to her at table. Whilst in the act of descending the stairs, our proprietor of an old head upon young shoulders takes due care that the tongue which vibrates in the mouth of it shall ejaculate, "What a capital house this is!" in accents sufficiently loud to be overheard by the master or mistress of the mansion. He dilutes his wine with water, to adapt it to his conversation; and enlarges upon the folly of the maxim, "a reformed rake makes the best husband." I have heard him tell, nineteen times over, the anecdote of his uncle Major Flush, who, thirty years back, at a dinner with Sir Phelim O'Four-bottle, poured his claret into his boots, aware that they would stand a soaking better than the coats of his stomach. This gives Mr. Smedley Jones an opportunity of observing how different things are at present; with an addition, that one glass of wine at dinner, and two after it, should never be exceeded by any man who wishes to render himself acceptable to the ladies.

Mr. Jones belongs to a society for converting Captain Parry's Esquimaux, at the North Pole, from the errors of their ways. I have this fact from his own mouth, having had the misfortune to sit next but one to him at dinner, at old Spinsuit's, the Chancery barrister. The intervening individual was Miss Creek, of Upper Clapton, a white-visaged personage, whom the abovementioned lame clerk in the Three per Cent. Office has introduced to his acquaintance. I rather think Spinsuit has been instructed to peruse and settle their marriage articles. Miss Creek having retired with the rest of the ladies, my left flank was cruelly exposed. The old headsman accordingly brought his juvenile left shoulder forward, and occupied the vacant seat. He asked me if I did not think the Esquimaux at the North Pole "dark heathens:" I answered, not entirely so, because their whale blubber supplied them with oil for lamps. Mr. Smedley Jones stared at this, and added that his meaning was that they were poor unenlightened wanderers. I rejoined, "True, but that's Apollo's fault!"

Finding that he had a neighbour who was not to be dealt with metaphorically, Mr. Smedley Jones changed his course, and began to dilate upon his family-affairs, and informed me that his brother George was a clerk in the Post-office, where he expressed a hope that Mr. Freeling would *push* him. Finding, upon inquiry, that

his brother George lodged at the last house in Cecil Street, which overlooks the mud-bank of the river Thames, I answered, "I hope he will." I was then informed that Mr. Smedley Jones's brother Richard was a clerk in the brewhouse of Sweetwort and Company; the junior partner of which establishment, "sitting under the same minister" at Hoxton, had promised to push him. Finding that Sweetwort and Company were celebrated for their large vat, I again said, "I hope they will," which procured for me one of those amiable chin-dropping bows which I have already depicted.

"For myself," continued my juvenile companion with the antique bust, "I have a clerk who is a cousin to one of the judges, who goes the home circuit next assizes; he knows something of the high sheriff, and that kind-hearted and noble personage (Mr. Smedley Jones is not sparing of adjectives to benefactors *in esse* or *in posse*) has promised to push me"—"Neck and heels out of court into the High street," thought I, "or his javelin-man will not be of my mind."

A Captain Smithers, with a dull eye and a drawling voice, now offered his snuff-box to Mr. Smedley Jones; this the latter declined, with another of those amiable bows to which I have faintly endeavoured to do justice; and turning to me, observed that snuff-taking was a bad habit for a young man. "At all events," answered I,

" he should wear a bad habit, or Scotch rappee will make it one." " Not but what I carry a box myself," continued Mr. Smedley Jones,—with a look that he meant for arch—" here it is:" so saying, he pulled out of his coat-pocket an oblong box, with an amber lid. " May I perish," thought I, " if it does not come from Geneva. We shall now be pestered with a regular orthodox series of quadrille tunes."

When this machine had interrupted conversation for the usual period, and had " said its say," I was in hopes that we had done with it: " But soft! by regular approach—not yet." It was again wound up, and again set a-going, to gratify little Theobald Spinsuit, who had bolted into the dining-room in quest of an orange. These little attentions gratify mothers, and are apt to procure the perpetrator a second invitation to dinner.

There now ensued a regular struggle between Mr. Smedley Jones's tongue and my taciturnity. He is one of those civil young men who must speak to their neighbours, whether they have any thing to communicate or not. I was accordingly asked what I thought of the Catholic Question. I had entertained no thoughts upon the subject. " Indeed!" was the reply. The next interrogatory to which I was subjected, was, " Who was the author of Junius?" I protested that I had never given the matter a moment's

reflection. This, however, did not stop the subject, and I was condemned to listen to the usual harangue, with the words "Sir Philip Francis," "Lord Chatham," Lord Shelburn," "bound copy at bankers," and "tall man at letter-box," all which topics were by me, jointly and severally, returned *ignoramus*.

Mr. Smedley Jones's battery here suffered a momentary pause: whereupon "Thinks I to myself!" now for my turn. "Since Nature has clapped an old head upon his young shoulders, Art shall insert a young head between my old ones. Fifty-one shall start the topics which twenty-one ought to have discussed." Accordingly I asked Mr. Smedley Jones, to his no small dismay, what he thought of Mrs. Humby's Cherry Ripe and the Lover's Mistake. I took it for granted that he had seen Paul Pry on horseback at Astley's Amphitheatre. I animadverted upon Madame Pasta's Medea: was sorry that Signora Garcia had picked up a Yankee husband: wondered why Potier came to the French theatre in Tottenham-street; and asked him if he could tell me what had become of Delia.

It is thus that extremes produce each other. If twenty-one monopolizes all the sense at the dinner-table, fifty-one must take to the nonsense, or hold its tongue. "Sir," said the moralist of Bolt-court, upon an occasion somewhat similar, "he talked of the origin of evil, whereupon I

withdrew my attention, and thought of Tom Thumb."

I fear that Smedley Jones has by this time become almost as wearisome to the reader at second hand, as he was originally the writer. I shall therefore conclude with this observation:—All monsters ought to be smothered; and wherever Nature puts an old head upon young shoulders, the sooner the one is knocked off the other, the better.

KIT-CAT SKETCHES.

NO. III.

YOUNG HEADS ON OLD SHOULDERS.

THE personage who last employed my pencil had an old head upon young shoulders. I have had a subsequent sitter in an opposite predicament.

Into the magnificent eating-room of the Union Club House, on Wednesday last, at half-past seven o'clock, there entered one of those very numerous people, whom we middle-aged gentlemen about town have known by sight for the last five-and-twenty years, and whom we accost with a mental ejaculation of "Who *is* that man?"

The stranger had a lean long body, which, in the natural course of events, would have been

cased in fleecy hosiery, but which, upon the present occasion, was arranged in an olive-brown Wellington frock-coat and white jean waistcoat and trousers. His cravat was of light-blue silk, his back as stiff as a peer at a Bedford-square dinner-table, and a small moss rose blossomed in his bosom.

Every member of the Union Club is required by its regulations to write his name upon the small piece of ruled paper upon which he inscribes the particulars of his proposed repast. I overlooked one of the old shoulders of the unknown, while in the act of performing that operation, and read to myself, "Sir Jerk Withers." Fortunately for the world of Paul-Pryhood, and equally unfortunately for Sir Jerk, the new book of Peerage includes the Baronets. The precious volume, bound in red morocco, lay in the newspaper-room. I crossed the hall to inspect it, and turning to the W.'s, read as follows: "Sir Jerk Withers, son of Sir Jerom and Dame Arabella, born the 14th of January, 1766." Good, thought I; this makes him sixty years old in January last.

I now returned to the dining-room; and while Sir Jerk Withers was paying his respects to a ragout of veal and a pint of burgundy, I availed myself of that opportunity to reperuse his face and person.

Time sometimes makes his chief inroads upon

the face, sometimes upon the figure, and sometimes, like bidders at an auction, in two places at once. When he helps us to fat, the face continues to look young, and the body gets old. When he helps us to lean, the body continues to look young, and the face gets old. A bulky body is not easily managed: for fat, if dislodged from one station, takes refuge in another; and tight lacing only makes the matter worse. As Swift says, "You lose in coach-hire what you save in wine." I could name an actress, who, on dropping her fan as a lure to Archer, would be terribly puzzled how to pick it up again, if that seeming serving-man should fail so to do.

Now Sir Jerk Withers, having been complimented by old Scythe-and-hourglass with a lean body, ought in equity to have had a young-looking one. But a tropical climate has given it a bend. Still he carries it jauntily, with an air as who should say, "Hey, damme."

Which of us semi-centenarians does not remember Billy Lewis the comedian? There was a man for a fight with time! He drew up his chest, grasped the flaps of his coat *è tergo*, strutted from one stage-door to the other with a stiff knee and a harlequin head, and seemed, like old Æson, to shake forty winters from his shoulders in less time than it would take a stuttering man to ejaculate Jack Robinson. Even such a man is Sir Jerk Withers; rather older, indeed,

in the body, but proportionally younger in the head.

I will not positively assert that the gentleman rouges. Certain, however, it is, that whilst he was in the act of giving directions to one of the dome-buttoned waiters to pull down a window-blind, in order to put out of view the circuitous stand of hackney-coaches which was performing a hippodrome revolution in what once was the King's Mews, I could not but remark that his shirt-collar was slightly tinged with vermilion.

Nature made the eyebrows and whiskers of Sir Jerk what mothers call auburn, and all the rest of the world red. These have been cautiously dyed of a sort of a mahogany colour. So, too, he intended to dye the hair of his head, as I have been credibly informed. The process was terrific: few more so since the days of the martyrs. Sir Jerk's head was rubbed with a magical composition, and he was enjoined to sleep three nights with a huge cabbage-leaf between his scalp and his night-cap, to awaken the virtues of the fluid. He adjourned to the Inn at Salt-hill during the experiment, that nobody in St. James's Street might be privy to it. He arose on the morning ensuing his arrival, with high expectations of his own irresistibility. He unbarred his window, like a male Aurora; and after taking a peep at the little green hillock on the opposite side of the road, to which the triennial highway robberies of

the Eton boys have given a celebrity rather disproportionate to its bulk, he proceeded to his mirror, and cautiously removed the cap and cabbage-leaf, in the full hope of finding his gray noddle transformed to a beautiful chestnut-brown. Alas! the virtues of the fluid were not awakened, but those of the cabbage-leaf were. Sir Jerk's hair had become pea-green! Half distracted, he drove home in a hack-chaise at night, hoping in the recesses of his lodgings in Charles Street to be the Green Man and Still.

Sir Jerk Withers has since taken refuge in a wig, and cautiously abstains from visiting the exhibition of the Royal Academy in Somerset House, as the bronze figure in the quadrangle, pouring water from his urn, would excite an unpleasant association.

Is it not a matter of wonder that all men who wear wigs wear such young ones? The pert attorney's clerk of twenty-five, the portly merchant of forty, the gouty county member of fifty, and the Sir Jerk Withers of sixty, have not one of them a single gray hair in their wig.

This is what the lawyers call proving too much. Ever while you live, "eye nature's walks," and where she has planted gray ash-trees, or cleared the ground by denuding the top of the head, do not fly in her face by ordering home a hyacinthine caxon, with one of those curls sometimes called love-locks, and sometimes heart-breakers, playing

carelessly over a forehead, where the crow has been busily treading beforehand.

One would think that this mode of making bad worse would be a matterof rare occurrence ;— quite the contrary. No sooner does a man take to a wig than he forthwith resolves to clap a young head upon his old shoulders, and Sir Jerk Withers is too modish a man to be second in the race. In fact, his wig is juvenility itself, not a hair of it being yet out of its teens. The outside of the head is, in that partieular, as remote from the age of discretion as is the inside of it.

When Sir Jerk Withers had despatched his dinner, he adjourned up stairs to the library, and I did the same. Here he seated himself at the central table, with his back to the light, as by-gone beauties are apt to do.

I once dined with a certain German princess, at a certain house on the banks of the Thames, to which a subsequent resident gave much temporary celebrity. The German princess had been a favourite toast in her day, but that day was forty years ago. Accordingly her highness manœuvred to avoid fronting the light with all the skill of an admiral getting the weather-gage. The contrivance answered so well, that I did not look upon her as being older than two-and-forty; when suddenly a city barge, intent upon swan-hopping, sailed up the river. Her highness was thrown off her guard; she beckoned me to the

window to behold the gilded and turtle-fraught vessel. Apollo looked her full in the face; I did the same; and her highness showed seventy-two.

A similar accident nearly occurred to Sir Jerk. He had ambled to another table to fetch away a Transatlantic Review. The canvass blind was down, and just as Sir Jerk was stooping to bear off his prize, an unlucky waiter, conceiving that the room wanted more light, touched a spring. The blind flew up: the slanting sun darted his rays from the apex of Warwick House into the baronet's face. Exit bloom, enter wrinkles; and I verily believe if the club, like that of the university, had admitted ladies, Sir Jerk would have hurled the waiter out of the window, across the street, into Farrance the pastrycook's window at the corner of Spring Gardens, even as Rodomont, in Ariosto, ejected the friar three miles into the Mediterranean.

Hardly had Sir Jerk Withers smoothed his ruffled plumes, when General Fitz-Meadows, an old schoolfellow of the baronet, entered the club-room, and placed himself at the same table with the latter. "Ay," thought I to myself, as I surveyed their contrasted exteriors, "this is what a gentleman of sixty ought to be." The general's head is bald at the top, and the hair, which curls above his ears, is for the most part gray. His face is ruddy with exercise, and not with rouge. His body swells towards the base, as nature

means most gentlemen's bodies at his age to swell. This is a matter of no moment to him. He does not, like his friend the baronet, pinch his unhappy loins in stays, and procure a slight diminution of bulk in that quarter at the expense of causing his face to look as red as a turkey-cock, and his eyes to half-start from their sockets.

The fact is, patching never does any good. I have seen a dandy at the corner of Hamilton Place trying to rub a stray splash from his Russia-duck trousers, and thus converting a splash into a smear. A bald head at sixty is worth all the foretops in Wigmore Street. There is nothing like an honest defect.

KIT-CAT SKETCHES.

NO. IV.

LONDON REMANETS.

In the metropolitan court of Hymen, only a certain number of causes can be tried during the season. In a considerable portion of them the plaintiffs are nonsuited: now and then a juror is withdrawn; and sometimes they go off by consent. Notwithstanding all this, the suits are so numerous, that those which are set down late

become Remanets. Mrs. M'Tangle and family are still sojourning in Russell Place, Fitzroy Square. All the rest of the world (that is to say, all the individuals in Mrs. M'Tangle's visiting-book) are out of town; but Mr., Mrs., and three Miss M'Tangles continue in Russell Place, Fitzroy Square. In other words, the M'Tangles are London Remanets.

"What can be the reason of this?" is the question pretty generally put by husbands to wives, and by wives to husbands, who, if they are attached at all, must be held upon these occasions to be "attached for want of answer." None of them know the secret; I do. Mrs. M'Tangle is a very clever woman, and must be supposed to have a reason for what she does. As to Mr. M'Tangle, he is nobody; which, to be sure, is generally the case in families where the wife is somebody. I never knew the world to admit both husband and wife to be clever people. In this respect they are like Chelsea water-works: when one is up, the other is down.

M'Tangle is by no means a fool, when you get him into a corner. A little too apt, indeed, to talk about the corn-laws, but in other respects I should call him an endurable sort of a body; and his prudence is proverbial. During the heat of last summer he is said to have tied up his wheelbarrow, because a mad dog had snapped at it;

and yet, when the wife is mentioned, people always cry him down.

When I marry, I mean to choose rather a stupid woman. Akin to this prejudice is that of supposing that one person cannot be clever in two pursuits. Parke, the oboe-player, was caught by a friend playing on the fiddle. "For heaven's sake," exclaimed the orifice-puffer, "don't mention it again; if the town knew that I played upon two instruments, they would never give me the credit of excelling on either."

Men always sympathize with the sufferings of girls, more than those of their own sex. "Really, my dear, I pity those poor girls, the M'Tangles," said Mr. Partington to his lady, as he peeped through his telescope on the Margate pier-head, in the vain hope of catching a little smoke in the horizon, from which to infer the coming of the Eclipse steam-vessel: "there they are broiling in town this whole blessed summer; you *should* ask one of them down."

So saying, Mr. Partington tilted his Chinese straw hat a little more over his brow, to shade his eyes from the burning glare of Phœbus. "Why, as to that, my dear," answered the wife, "we have daughters of our own to dispose of: and don't you remember how Sally M'Tangle took the first in the duet of 'Con un Aria' with Colonel Nightingale, after he had tried it with

our daughter Fanny, and had found that the poor girl could not get on with it? I have never had a good opinion of the family since." This, of course, settled the matter.

A word with Mr. Partington about his phrase, "broiling in town." I am a town man myself, and think it my duty to stand up for my own metropolis. Why should the M'Tangles broil, because they happen to be in town? For my part I can only say that, when I was last at Ramsgate, I was broiled pretty handsomely. I took a walk upon the light-house pier, and a very light-house pier it was: my face was like Lord Kelly's, whom Foote solicited to look over his garden-wall to ripen his melons: St. Laurence was a sprat to me. On my return to town, I took a boat from Cherry-garden stairs to Whitehall, to do which I had to walk down Botolph Lane. The street was delightfully narrow; the sun could not enter, but a column of air could; and I was regaled by the grateful scent of oranges and lemons in the adjoining warehouses. Let us hear no more of broiling in town. From that time forth I have always set down my cause as a London Remanet.

The fact is, that Mrs. M'Tangle has let me into her confidence, knowing that I never publish. I met her, of all places in the world, in a private box at the Adelphi Theatre, witnessing the representation of Long Tom Coffin by Mr.

T. P. Cooke, and a very clever representation it is.

"You never come near us now," ejaculated Mrs. M'Tangle, in one of her most mellifluent moods. Knowing that I was past praying for in the matrimonial line, I felt puzzled to account for this sudden predilection. However, it was settled that I should dine with her on the Wednesday following, when I accordingly met three or four young men—a great deal too young for me, but by no means too young for the Mesdemoiselles M'Tangle.

We had the usual lures. Tom Gisborne, who had made a good deal of money by Mexican Scrip, was asked by Miss M'Tangle if he would not have some love-sauce with his muffin pudding. George Juniper, a rising wine and brandy merchant, sang after dinner, "My spirits are mounting, my heart's full of glee," (Cause and effect in one line,) which Jane M'Tangle pronounced to be the best song she ever heard in her life; and Sarah, the youngest, undismayed by her former failure in "Con un Aria," consented to take the first in the "Witches' Glee," composed by King, if Mr. Parsons (son and heir of Sir Peregrine Parsons) would take the second. I found, by comparing little circumstances together, that they had been conning it over for weeks: and I now discovered the secret of Mrs. M'Tangle's adoration of me at the Adelphi theatre: I had ob-

served Jane whispering her mother between the acts significantly, and had overheard the words, "Sings a bass."

I thought at the moment that this was meant to apply to Long Tom Coffin, but I now found that I was the hero of the side-speech, and that I had been complimented with a knife and fork in Russell-place, in order to grumble out, "When the hurly-burly's done." Being in the main a good-natured man, when nothing occurs to vex me, I made no objection, and away we started with "When shall we three meet again," as loud as if nothing had happened.

After this, I left the three girls tumbling over their music-books in quest of "O Patria ingrata! "You will find it among the loose songs," said Jane to Sarah, where, it occurred to me, it had no business to be. It farther occurred to me, that my bass being ended, and there being three girls and three young men, exclusive of the author, I was one too many. Accordingly kind Mrs. M'Tangle called me into the adjoining drawing-room, to get me out of harm's way: and I left the half dozen young ones pinned two and two, as young ones should, looking over operas, and hoping that Velluti was not going to leave us.

Mrs. M'Tangle now let me a little into her plan. I took my seat by her on the sofa; and, while a crimson ôttoman propped her feet, she

opened after the following fashion:—"This is the third year of my continuance in town during the summer. After a pretty regular run of the watering-places, I found them all, from July to September, overstocked with other people's daughters, possessed of greater personal attractions than mine. One warm morning I was conning the matter over with Mr. M'Tangle at Donaldson's Library, when it suddenly occurred to me, that London in the autumn, from the absence of competitors, would give the girls a reasonable chance. I mentioned the matter to Mr. M'Tangle, who caught at the idea with alacrity. Poor man! he never liked the sea-side. The sun put out his eyes; and the absence of his ledger and day-book gave him the yellow jaundice. We accordingly resolved to adhere to Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, through good and evil report, from year's end to year's end. The scheme has, I am glad to say, hitherto succeeded. Young men are delighted with a dinner invitation in September and October; and when you once have them, you keep them."—"True," answered I, "but what species of young men? People of fashion are killing game a hundred miles off."—"People of fashion! people of fiddle-stick!" retorted Mrs. M'Tangle, "I have no taste for the Lord Charleses and Lord Johns. Give me income. There is a considerable portion of good marriageable material in the Excise and Customs,

and about the Royal Exchange. People occupied there *must* be in town during a great part of the autumnal season. I have procured two sons-in-law already, who came hither a courting, with their legs pendent from the top of the Tallyho Paddington coach. On their descent, they had only to cross Fitzroy Square, and here they were. You may rely upon it, sir, the true way of attaching society is to give people dinners when nobody else will."

"I highly approve of your plan, Madam," answered I, rising to take my leave. "I will recommend its adoption to Alderman Hungerford, now on his travels in Greece in quest of liberty and the picturesque. He has seven marriageable daughters. Our young countrymen are flocking to Athens in shoals—a dinner-party in the Acropolis will infallibly do the business."

KIT-CAT SKETCHES.

NO. V.

OBLITERATION OF IDEAS.

So long ago as the year 1782, a subject for dissection was brought to the then residence of Sir William Blizard in Lime Street. John Haynes

had been by profession a thief and housebreaker, and had, in consequence, finished his career at Tyburn. The body showed signs of life, and Sir William perfected its recovery. Anxious to know the sensations which John Haynes had experienced at the moment of his suspension, the surgeon questioned the thief earnestly upon that subject. All the answer he obtained was as follows:—"The last thing I recollect was going up Holborn Hill in a cart. I thought then that I was in a beautiful green field—and this is all I remember till I found myself in your honour's dissecting-room."

"Well, but, my dear sir," said Sir William Blizard, in his emphatic manner, "beautiful green fields? you must surely mistake! there are no fields between Holborn Hill and Tyburn, but those in which the church of Saint Giles was built, and they have been brick, stone, and mortar this many a year—and, besides, there was Middle Row to pass, and the north end of Drury lane; not to mention the portal of the church I have alluded to, over which Judgment day is carved in bronze; this surely must have arrested the attention of a gentleman in your situation."

It was all to no purpose; there was no recalling to the mind of John Haynes any local object beyond the parish church of St. Andrew's, Holborn. The surgeon was sorely puzzled; he had some reading in metaphysics, and more than some

in anatomy; but here was a clear case of obliteration of all ideas immediately preceding the catastrophe in the cart. They had not merely faded from the man's mind; they were forcibly driven out of it, and no effort of his brain could suffice to recall them.

Mr. Deputy Dowgate was one of the stewards of the Literary Fund anniversary dinner. He locked his desk, walked from his counting-house in Union Court, Broad Street, entered a hackney-coach at the corner of Queen-street, Cheapside, and descended from it at the entrance of the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand. He then was summoned to dinner, swallowed the usual quantity of bad wine and worse speeches, and, in the evening, mounted the box of the Camberwell coach to return home.

Jehu, on arriving at the Old Parr's Head, at the corner of the Green, drove his left front wheel unconsciously over a supine sow. The coach was upset, and the Deputy lay as supine as the sow. In three days Mr. Dowgate recovered his senses, and alleged to the wondering bystanders that he had no recollection of any incident beyond that of locking his desk and depositing the keys in his left waistcoat pocket.

Now Mr. Poet Fitz-Gerald had recited some verses at the dinner, aloft from a small table covered with green baize, at the right elbow of the president. This surely was enough to "create

a soul under the ribs of death," as the aforesaid poet's prototype has it. But no! not even that event; no, nor Mr. Deputy Dowgate's own white wand of office, nor his own speech in answer to "The Stewards! with thanks for their kind entertainment," could by any effort of the attendant apothecary be replaced in the sufferer's sensorium. Here was another instance of all ideas between Broad Street and the Strand obliterated by a concussion of the brain.

Tom Meredith drove his cabriolet, one fine day, during the many that enlivened the last summer, to join a dinner-party at the Castle at Richmond. On his return homeward, rather warm with the Tuscan grape, he encountered an old woman, vending stationary pippins, in front of the Red Lion at Putney. Tom made no bones of breaking the old woman's—the Paddington coachmen do so daily—and why not Tom?—but, unluckily, the crone was cased in a pair of Yorkshire stays. These served her in as good a stead as the corslet of the man in armour, who tumbled from his horse last Lord Mayor's day, and lay snug and unhurt in Mac Adam's mud, at the corner of Bridge Street, Blackfriars, immediately opposite the Albion Assurance Office, while the whole procession passed over him.

So it fared with the old apple-vender, by whose tough whalebone Tom's wheel was tilted into the air. The horse plunged; the shafts snapped;

and the driver lay under the hood of the cabriolet like a butterfly under a hat. The quadruped, in the mean time, with his hind hoofs, helped himself where he liked; and Mr. Thomas Meredith became insensible from rather too rude a blow on the forehead.

Tom, in the course of a week, came to what his friends, by courtesy, call his senses; but no incident could his sensorium recall beyond the payment of the toll at Putney Bridge, on his way down to Richmond. Mrs. Forty's excellent bottled porter and iced champagne had been diluted by the waters of Lethe.

As I had been of the dinner-party, and had told one of my best stories, it so grieved me to the soul that Tom Meredith should pass through his future life unapprised of the anecdote, that I determined to take a ride to the aforesaid Red Lion, to cross-examine him upon the topic. "Well, but, my dear Tom," said I, "although you may possibly forget passing old Lord Kenyon's miserly mansion at Marsh Gate, and Mrs. Forty's carved mahogany staircase, and her maid of honour cheese-cakes, and even the 'hip, hip, hip, huzza,' of Major Stentor, yet it is absolutely impossible that you can have forgotten my story of the Cambridge mayor." "Indeed, my dear friend, but I have," faintly ejaculated Mr. Meredith; "will you oblige me so far as to repeat it?" "For once, Tom, I will, rejoined I; "but pray take care of

your head in future. If my anecdote is again knocked out of it, I cannot promise to repeat it a third time. You must know, Tom, that at an election dinner at Cambridge the mayor sat at one end of the table, and Sir Peter Pawsey, a gentleman of a good estate in Lincolnshire, at the other. Sir Peter's son, a raw long-legged lad from Harrow, was also at table. After dinner, the general buzz that frequently occurs in a large mixed party, was succeeded by a momentar silence. 'Here is one of those awkward *pauses* that one sometimes meets with at table,' observed the mayor to a doctor of civil laws on his right. Well, Tom, the conversation went on, and in about ten minutes a cessation of talk suddenly took place. 'Here is another of those awkward *pauses* at table,' repeated the mayor to the doctor.—'Not half so awkward as a Cambridge mayor,' bellowed Sir Peter Pawsey, casting a furious glance at the astonished chief magistrate. The fact is, Tom, the baronet had pocketed the first supposed personal affront, which he had taken to himself; but the second, glancing, as it seemed to do, upon his darling and only son, was too much for his temper's endurance."—Mr. Meredith thanked me for my story, and promised to drive more cautiously in future.

Here are three well-attested instances of Ideas obliterated by a blow—clearly knocked out of the head, as if they were so many books knocked

from the shelf of a library; and one of the strange parts of the matter is, that the periods of time thus rudely annihilated, are in all three cases nearly similar. The time occupied by the thief in riding between Holborn Hill and Tyburn, must have been about the same as that employed by Deputy Dowgate between Union Court, Broad Street, and the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand: and, allowing for the average rate of motion of Tom Meredith's cabriolet, he must have employed, between Putney and Richmond, a portion of time nearly equal to the other two. I am not much of a metaphysician, but I think I may venture to say, that from John Locke to Dugald Stewart, no similar fact has been accounted for, or even mentioned.

Leaving it, however, to philosophers to explain the phenomenon, I, as a practical man, cannot but dilate upon the useful purposes to which it may be turned. If a simple fracture of the skull will drive out of a man's head an hour's incidents, a compound fracture may obliterate a whole day's: and, *è converso*, a mere external contusion may knock off twenty minutes, and a slight rap with a cudgel may get rid of a disagreeable quarter of an hour. What a field is here opened for improvement in social intercourse! How many bores next to one at table may be put up with, if one's footman may with his cane knock it all out of one's head! Then again, as to Courts of Justice: In

a case which occurred last Friday in the Court of King's Bench, where the editor of a morning paper was tried for the publication of two libels, Mr. Scarlett, for the plaintiff, upon the calling of the second cause, desired the jury to dismiss from their minds all that had occurred in the trial of the first. How palpably impossible! So the public is repeatedly desired to suspend its judgment. The public may hang up its hat, but I defy it to suspend its judgment. There is only one practical way of effecting it. Embody Caligula's Roman wish in London: give John Bull one neck, and one head will follow as a matter of course. Then take a sledge-hammer, and smite him between the horns: so shall John Bull suspend his judgment. So, too, in two similar actions at law. Let the crier of the court be furnished with a good bludgeon, and, after the first verdict, smite each special juryman on the oblivious occiput: (not omitting a tap for the tales-men). Mr. Scarlett may then say, "Gentlemen of the jury, are you all cudgelled?" and the second cause may proceed.

I dined lately with the Mortmains, a serious family in Mecklenburg Square; and a very serious piece of business it was. Methought the very cod's head looked seriously at me out of the top dish, and the roasted hare in the second course looked very serious indeed. I was asked after tea, (or rather it was hoped,) that I did not play

at cards. I answered as Horne Tooke answered George III., "I don't know a king from a knave." Hereupon I was highly lauded by Mrs. Mortmain, who pronounced card-playing "a sad waste of time." I ventured to ask the serious Miss Emma Mortmain her opinion of Caradori's La Vestale, that being a grand *serious* opera: the young lady answered, "We never go to the Opera, or any public places—it is a sad waste of time."

As I saw the whole family last spring at a crowded concert at Willis's, that, I presume, was a private place.

The Rev. Hezekiah Halt, the celebrated antigamist of Finsbury, then proceeded to expound us a text, and this, I must in candour own, was the least serious part of the entertainment. At eight o'clock we adjourned to a room on the ground-floor, to see Jane, Sarah, and Lucy Mortmain take a lesson in dancing. "I consider myself very fortunate," said Mrs. Mortmain, as we descended the stairs, "in having discovered a serious dancing-master." This, I own, awakened my curiosity. I had not seen a serious dancing-master since Deshayes danced the Death of Nelson at the Opera-house.

On entering the back room behind the dining parlour, we found the young ladies arrayed, with their light-brown locks as lank as three pound of candles. "Curling the hair" said her mamma, "is a sad waste of time." "It is worse, my

dear," said her spouse; "it is heathenish." I rather suspect Mr. Mortmain here glanced at the marble head of Jupiter Tonans at the Deepdene, whose locks and beard wave in spiral corkscrews; but of this I am not certain.

After dancing a serious quadrille, the children were walked off to bed to the tune of the Dead March in Saul, and the elder branches and myself returned to the drawing-room. As all amusement is a sad waste of time, we then occupied ourselves till ten o'clock by looking at the fire.

I had almost forgot to mention, that the serious dancing-master played upon a serious kit which he drew out of a black bombazeen bag. I mentioned this latter circumstance to William Spencer, who exclaimed, "I have often seen a serious cat, but a serious kit must be as great a rarity as a tortoise-shell Tom."

I considered the whole of this affair to be what we lawyers call a *dies non*. The bare reflection upon it was a bore of the first water and magnitude: whereupon I resolved to "hie to the witches,"—in plain language, to adjourn to Mr. Deville, the phrenological lamp-maker in the Strand, to know whether he could not, by some process less rude than fracturing the skull, drive the recollection of what had passed in Mecklenburg Square clean out of my head. I told him my errand, and the cause of it. "Ah, Sir," said the philosopher (whose words I will not repeat,

inasmuch as he broke Priscian's head whilst examining mine,) you are not the first gentleman who has come to me from that house upon this errand. Let me see—yes, here it is—Organ of Evangelism, very faintly propelled." "I feared as much," said I mournfully. "Then prithee repel it, for I am in a fever to forget Mecklenburg Square." I could do it in a moment, Sir," said the artist, "but, with submission, I think you had better leave it alone." "Why so?" "Because, if you drive Mr. and Mrs. Mortmain entirely out of your head, you may, from forgetfulness of what has passed, be induced to dine there again; whereas now,"—"Say no more, Mr. Deville," said I with alacrity, "say no more; you are a man of sense; so pray send me home that bronze reading-lamp."

KIT-CAT SKETCHES.

NO. VI.

MY WIFE'S MOTHER.

My uncle George was never easy till he got all the males of the family married. He has said to me, at least a hundred times, "John, I'm surprised you don't settle." I did not at first understand his meaning. I was walking with him in the Temple Gardens, and while we were in the act of contemplating the beauties of the majestic

Thames—I allude to a man in a red night-cap walking to and fro on a floating raft of tied timbers, and a coal-barge embedded in mud—he stopped short on the gravel-walk, and said, "John, why don't you settle?" Concluding that he was tired, I answered, "Oh, by all means," and sat down in the green alcove at the eastern extremity of the footpath. "Pho!" said my uncle, "I don't mean that; I mean, why don't you marry? There's your brother Tom is settled, and has had seven children, not reckoning two who died of the measles; and Charles is settled, and he has nine; his eldest boy Jack is tall enough to thump him; and Edward is settled, at least he will be, as soon as Charlotte Payne has made up her mind to live in Lime-street. I wonder why you don't settle." "Pray uncle," said I, "of what Bucks Lodge are you a noble brother?" "Why do you ask?" said he. "Because," replied I, "you seem to think men are like masonry—never to be depended upon till they settle."

As we walked homeward, we saw that adventurous aëronaut Garnerin flying over our heads; and while we were wondering at his valour, he cut the rope that fastened his balloon to his parachute, and began to descend in the latter towards the earth. My uncle George began to run as fast as his legs could carry him, looking all the while so intently upwards, that he did not advert to a nurse-maid and two children, whom he ac-

cordingly upset in his course, and nearly precipitated into the subjacent ooze. "What's the matter, uncle?" said I. "Matter!" answered my outinian relative, "why, I'm going to look after Garnerin; I shall never be easy till I see him settled."

In process of time, my uncle began to be seriously displeased at my not settling. Population, he seemed to opine, was on the wane; and if anything should happen to my brothers Tom and Charles, and their respective families, not omitting Edward and his issue, when his intended wife should have conquered her repugnance to Lime-street, what would become of the House of Jackson? It might be dead, defunct, extinct, like the Plantagenets and Montmorencies of other days, unless I, John Jackson, of Finsbury Circus, underwriter, became accessary to its continuation.

The dilemma was awful, and my uncle George had money to leave. I accordingly resolved to fall in love. This, however, I found to be a matter more easily resolved upon than accomplished. A man may fall in a ditch whenever he pleases—he must fall in love when and where he can.

My mother recommended Susan Roper to me as a suitable match; and so she was, as far as circumstances extend. Her father was a reputable coal-merchant, living in Chatham-place: I tried

very much to be in love with her, and one warm evening when she sang "Hush every breeze," in a boat under the second arch of Blackfriars bridge, and accompanied herself upon the guitar, I thought that I was in love—but it went off before morning. I was afterwards very glad it was so, for Susan Roper turned out very fat, and ate mustard with her roast beef. She married Tom Holloway, the Policy Broker, and I wished him joy. I wish it him still, but I doubt the efficacy of my prayers, inasmuch as his wife's visage bears a strong resemblance to the illuminated dial-plate of St. Giles's church clock.

My next affair was more decisive in its result. Old Mrs. Cumming, of St. Helen's-place, Bishopsgate-street, had a daughter named Jane, who taught me some duets. We sang "When thy bosom heaves a sigh,"—"Take back the Virgin page,"—and "Fair Aurora," with impunity: but when it came to "Together let us range the fields," where the high contracting parties talk about "tinkling rills" and "rosy beds," the old lady who had hitherto sat in seeming carelessness on the sofa, hemming doyleys, requested to speak with me in the back drawing-room, and, after shutting the door, asked me my intentions. My heart was in my mouth, which plainly implied that it was still in my own keeping. Nevertheless, I had no answer ready; so Jane Cumming and I were married on that day month.

My uncle George was so delighted at my being settled, that, after making us a present of a silver coffee-pot, he exclaimed, "I shall now die happy;" an intention, however, which he has since shown himself in no hurry to carry into effect.

Now came my wife's mother into play. Sparrows leave their daughters to shift for themselves the moment they are able to take to the wing. (My uncle George calls this barbarous, and says they should wait till they are settled.) But in Christian countries, like England, one's wife's mother is not so unnatural. Mrs. Cumming lives, as I before mentioned, in St. Helen's-place; I reside in Finsbury-circus: so that the old lady has only to cross Bishopsgate-street, pass the churchyard, and issue through the iron bars at the base of Broad-street-buildings, and here she is. This makes it so very convenient, that she is never out of my house. Indeed, all the congratulations of my wife's friends, verbal and epistolary, ended with this apophthegm, "Then it must be so delightful to you to have your mamma so near!"

It is, in fact, not only delightful, but quite providential. I do not know what my wife would do without my wife's mother. She is the organ blower to the organ—the kitchen jack to the kitchen fire—the verb that governs the accusative case. Mrs. Cummings has acquired, from the pressure of time, rather a stoop in her gait; but

whenever my wife is in the family way, my wife's mother is as tall and perpendicular as a Prussian life-guardsman. Such a bustling about the house, such a cry of "hush" to the pre-existent children, and such a bevy of directions to Jane! The general order given to my wife is to lie flat upon her back, and look at nothing but the fly-trap that hangs from the ceiling. For five months out of the twelve, my wife is parallel to the horizon, like a good quiet monumental wife in Westminster Abbey, and my wife's mother is sitting beside her with a bottle of eau de Cologne in one hand, and one of my book-club books in the other.

By the way, talking of book-clubs, it makes a great difference, as to the utility of those institutions, whether the members of them are married or single. My wife's mother is a woman of uncommon purity of mind, and so consequently is my wife. We have accordingly discarded our Malone and Steevens, to make way for Bowdler's Family Shakspeare. My expensive quarto edition of Paradise Lost, printed in the year 1794, is dismissed to an empty garret, because it contains cuts of our first parents undecorated by the tailor and milliner. It is to be succeeded by a Family Milton, edited by the late Mr. Butterworth, in which our aforesaid progenitors are clad, like the poet's own evening, "in sober gray." My wife's mother is herself editing a Family Æsop, in which old Menenius Agrippa's fable of the belly

and the members is denominated the stomach and the members. Our family nomenclature is equally unexceptionable. Water, according to us, is the elemental fluid; a mad dog is a rabid animal; little Charles was yesterday rebuked for alleging that he had seen a mad bull, and informed by my wife's mother that the animal, which had excited his fears, was an over-driven ox. A pair of trousers is the rest of a man's dress; newspaper reporters are gentlemen connected with the press; and a sheepstealer making his exit under the gallows is not hanged, but launched into eternity.

Neither do our obligations to my wife's mother end here. Our workmen she has changed to operatives; and by parity of reasoning she would have denominated the parish workhouse an opera-house, had she not been apprehensive that in doing so she might then cause Miss Fanny Ayton, in error, to call upon us in quest of a re-engagement. Old Bethlem is already Liverpool Street, and we only wait to see Edinburgh fairly launched as the modern Athens, to call Broker's Row Cabinet Crescent.

But to return a while to our book-club. My wife and my wife's mother have an amazing knack of grasping all the quartos and octavos that come to my share. They all get into my wife's boudoir, as my wife's mother has christened it, whence they seldom emerge till a week or ten days after they are transferable. This costs me

an extra sixpence per book per diem—but that's a trifle. I sent up stairs yesterday for something to amuse me, hoping for De Vere, and down came little Billy with Baverstock on Brewing, with a portrait of the author prefixed. I myself drink nothing but water, but the secretary of the club brews his own beer. I sent back Baverstock on Brewing, with a request for something more funny; whereupon my wife's mother sent me down Sermons by the Reverend Something Andrews, of Walworth, with a portrait of the author likewise prefixed.

Mr. Burridge, the indigo broker, happened to be with me when this latter publication arrived; and when we happened also to be discoursing about what trade my nephew Osgood should be brought up to, Mr. Burridge cast his eye upon the portrait, and said, "Has your nephew got a black whisker?" "Yes," I answered. "And a white shirt collar?" "Yes." "Then bring him up to the church." It appears to me that a book-club would be a good thing if we could but get the books we want, and when we want them. But perhaps I am too particular.

We never have a dinner without, of course, inviting my wife's mother. Indeed, she always settles the day, the dishes, and the party. Last Wednesday I begged hard to have Jack Smith invited; but no—my wife's mother was inexorable. The last time he dined with us he was asked for

a song. Mrs. Cumming wanted him to sing "My Mother had a Maid called Barbara;" thinking that daughters should bear in mind not only their mothers, but their mothers' maids: whereupon, what does Jack do but break cover as follows:—

"The Greeks they went fighting to Troy;
The Trojans they came out to meet 'em:
'Tis known to each little schoolboy
How the Greeks they horse-jockey'd and beat 'em.

"No house in that day was secured;
They made them too hot for their holders;
And Æneas, not being insured,
Pack'd off with his dad on his shoulders,
Singing Rumpti, &c."

This was intolerable. A man who would mention a husband's father thus irreverently, could only wait for an opportunity in order to lampoon a wife's mother. Jack is, consequently, suffering under the ban of the Finsbury empire.

This reminds me of an odd incident that happened under my cognizance before I had a wife's mother. I went one night into the green-room of Drury Lane theatre. When young girls are called upon to perform in London playhouses, it is customary for their mothers to come to look after them, to adjust their dress, rub their cheeks with a rouged hare's foot, and prevent viscounts from falling in love with them. It so happened that five young girls were wanted in the drama:

the consequence was, that five black-bonneted mothers blockaded the green-room. "Did you ever see anything like it?" ejaculated Munden, in an under tone; "I'll bring my own mother to-morrow night: I've as much right as they have!"—Munden's mother!!!

I own I am puzzled to know what my wife will do when my wife's mother dies, which, in the course of nature, she must do first. The laws of this country prevent her from mounting the pile, like a Hindoo widow, or descending into the grave, like Sindbad, the sailor. But I will not anticipate so lamentable an epoch.

Two incidents more, and I have done. We went, last Wednesday, with my uncle George and my wife's mother, to Covent Garden theatre, to see "Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Indians," whom, by the way, my wife's mother mistook for defeated Burmese. Miss M. Glover and Miss J. Scott acted two flying Gowries, and were swinging across the stage, when Mrs. Cumming expressed a wish to go home. "No, no, wait a little," said my uncle, looking upward to the theatrical firmament, "I'm quite uneasy about those two girls; I hope they'll soon settle."

Last Sunday Doctor Stubble gave us an excellent sermon: the subject was the fall of man; in which he descanted eloquently upon the happiness of Adam in Paradise. "Alas!" ejaculated

I to myself, as we walked homeward, " his happiness, even there, must have been incomplete! His wife had no mother."

KIT-CAT SKETCHES.

NO. VII.

DAUGHTERS TO INTRODUCE.

John Scraggs had resided many years, in a dull sort of respectable felicity, at Clapton. His upper windows overlooked a pool of water, which his daughters called the Reservoir, and he the Tank. He every morning entered the London stage-coach at nine o'clock; and the vehicle deposited him safely at the Flowerpot in Bishopsgate Street about ten. The persons who journeyed with him to and fro in the Clapton coach were, of course, generally neighbours, and men in the same walk of life. They would, consequently, talk about rum and molasses, York pantiles, and Muscovado sugar; the new Saint Catherine Docks and the new Administration; the Thames Tunnel and turpentine; not omitting coffee, indigo, and our troops in Portugal. They pretty generally agreed in the absence of wisdom and virtue from the West end of the town, and in their presence East of Temple Bar; and they would jointly and

severally boast of not having seen a play for the last twenty years. All frequenters of Epsom races were, according to them, blacklegs; all Catholics, not so sure of salvation as they might be; and all women of fashion, no better than they should be.

> "A life so sacred, such serene repose,
> Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose!"

Mr. John Scraggs, one fine afternoon in June, was looking intently at three live cucumbers under a glass in his kitchen-garden, and was in the act of wondering why two of them should be as crooked as his cow's horn, and the third as straight as his lignum-vitæ rule, when his wife made her appearance, and smilingly presented Mr. Scraggs with five remarkably fine gooseberries, recently plucked by her own fair hand from the prickly bush which is planted third on the left side of the gravel walk, as you look from the bow-window of the drawing-room.

"Umph!" ejaculated Mr. Scraggs to himself, as he surveyed the donation, "a sprat to catch a whale; I wonder what is in the wind now."—"My dear," said Mrs. Scraggs, "I have been thinking about this house. The lease, you know, is out in September."—"Yes, my dear," answered Mr. Scraggs, "I know it is. I mean to write to-morrow to Mr. Chaffer about renewing it."—"That's the very thing I want you not to do,"

resumed the lady. "Clapton is all very well for young children who want air, though that indeed will not be left long. That new row of houses opposite the terrace will be the ruin of the place. One used to be able to see Lady James's tower on Shooter's Hill, but soon nobody will be able to breathe: nothing but brick and mortar all about us. No, my dear, as the girls are growing up, we must think of removing to town."

Mr. Scraggs let drop his five gooseberries into his cucumber-frame. "Removing to town!"—"Yes."—"Pray, why so?"—"Why, we have daughters to introduce."—"To introduce? to whom? If you mean the Queen of Wirtemburg, I'm sure Mr. Lake will lend us his *multum in parvo*, as he calls it, to take us all to—"—"Queen of Wirtemburg! Nonsense, Mr. Scraggs! I mean introduce by way of settling."—"Oh, now I understand you: you want the girls to marry."—"Exactly so."—"Well, but why go away from Clapton to do that? We have an excellent parish church at Hackney, and a very audible parson: it does one's heart good to hear him publish the banns."—"No, Mr. Scraggs, the girls would be thrown away here. They are out of their element in the purlieus of Lea-bridge: absolute mermaids out of water. Sarah is tall, and writes poetry; and Amelia is reckoned very like Miss Foote, and plays on the guitar. Signor Clinkattini has taught her to give it the prettiest thumps with

what he calls the heel of her hand, and to accompany it with such a roll of her eye, that I am greatly mistaken if she does not, before her first season is over, jump into a chariot and a house in Park Lane."—"A house in Mark Lane would be rather more in her line, my dear," gravely observed Mr. Scraggs.

Here the conversation dropped; and to a single spectator it might have seemed that the lady took nothing by her motion; but a married bystander would have inferred otherwise. Continual dropping will wear away a stone; and, by parity of reasoning, continual wife-ing will wear away a husband. In six weeks the family was transferred to Upper Baker Street; Mr. Scraggs having, on the day that preceded his departure from Clapton, taken a mournful glance through his telescope at the pious and conspicuous tower erected by Lady James to the memory of her departed lord.

I called upon the girls about a week after their transplantation, and found them in tip-top spirits. Sarah had just finished writing a new song, entitled "Why do I weep?" to the tune of "There is nae luck about the house," in slow time: it having been ascertained that quick tunes are the most pathetic ones when sung slow. The song was written after the most approved modern recipe. It depicts a young man jilted by the woman he adored; despising gaieties of which

there is no evidence that he ever partook. He talks of "treating other beauties with disdain," without once adverting to the fable of the Fox and the Grapes; and exclaims, "In vain Almack's would beckon me," without making it appear that he was ever tempted by the offer of a ticket. Nevertheless, "Why do I weep?" is so correctly penned after the most approved models now in vogue, that I should not be at all surprised if it puts "Oh no! we never mention her," *hors de combat*, and drives "Isabel" fairly off the barrel organs.

Amelia had just fitted a new pale-blue ribbon to her guitar, and having slung it across her neck, was practising attitudes in the mirror. Mrs. Scraggs told me that they had got into a delightful situation, being not fifty yards distant from Mrs. Siddons. Having myself always entertained a great admiration of Mrs. Siddons, whether on public bare boards or private carpeted ones, I ventured to ask if they knew that lady? "Oh no," was the answer; "but you know it is a great thing to have her so near us." To this I acceded.

There now entered a visitor, whom the footman announced as Mr. Wellbut. The real family name is Welford, my grandfather and his having been schoolfellows at Harrow. The name, however, is now so generally altered to Wellbut, that it would sound pedantic and precise to call him

by his real name. The alteration, I have heard, originated from the grandfather, the father, and the present man, having got the habit of cross-examining people out of their favourite positions; in other words, unhorsing them from their hobbies. "Well but, my dear sir," will they regularly say to any merchant who has found it convenient to draw in his pecuniary horns, "what could be the reason that induced you to lay down your carriage?" "Oh! the trouble was immense; and Robin got so regularly drunk, that we were in terror of our lives." "Well, but you might have turned him away; there are plenty of sober coachmen to be had." "True, but we had another reason." "What could that be?" "So many vulgar people keep carriages!"

To this polite and catechising gentleman, Mr. Scraggs, now entering the room, instantly became most imprudently communicative; telling him that one great reason for his taking a house in Upper Baker Street (independently of its being so near Mrs. Siddons) was, that it was but a stone's throw from Portman Square. "Well but, my dear sir," ejaculated the visitor, "what do you call a stone's throw? Mount Vesuvius will throw you a stone a matter of thirty miles; and little King David, though not so strong as Vesuvius, would throw a stone much farther than I could: witness his attack upon Goliah." "Oh! I mean it is but a street's length off," carelessly

answered Scraggs. "Well, but streets differ in length," rejoined the indefatigable querist; "only consider Oxford Street and Little St. Thomas Apostle's: what a difference!" This matter being at length laid at rest, Mr. Wellbut became anxious to know why the propinquity of Portman Square was an object. "Oh!" cried Mrs. Scraggs, who by this time had joined the party, "that is easily answered. We have contrived to get a key of the Square gardens, and it is a most unexceptionable promenade for a family where there are daughters to introduce."

On entering the central part of Portman Square, we encountered a decent-looking young man coming forth from the iron gate, who nodded familiarly to the girls, but whom they honoured, in return, with a more distant salutation. "Who is that?" said I. "Oh! only young Eggars."—"And pray, who may young Eggars be?"—"Oh, we have nothing particular to say against him, except as to where he lives."—"Indeed! and pray what has his residence done to offend you?"—"Red Lion Square!" ejaculated Amelia, with a look of horror. "I understand the case," said I; "Red Lion Square might assimilate with Clapton, but it won't do with Baker Street."

I was gratified to find the family such able proficients in the science of cutting. The fact is, that the streets and squares of London are remarkably nice as to whom they allow to come

near them. No inviting home to supper the devil knows who, like Don Giovanni in the Italian Opera. Grosvenor Square dubs Portman Square the suburbs; and accordingly slights "all which it inherits." Portman turns up its nose at Cavendish, and Cavendish revenges itself upon Soho. Soho, notwithstanding its dingy antiquity, holds its head above Russell. Russell slights Bedford, who in return won't speak to Bloomsbury. Bloomsbury holds itself immeasurably superior to Red Lion, whose only consolation, in return, is to call itself the west end of the town, and to dub the inhabitants of Ely Place "City people." Neither does the conflict end here. In the City, the Friars are, notwithstanding their holy brotherhood, in a state of continued hostility. Blackfriars won't commune with White; Whitefriars undervalues Austin Friars; and Austin Friars looks upon Crutched Friars as the lowest deep of low life.

In what a woful dilemma all these poor streets and squares would be in the event of an earthquake! I verily believe that the cheek-by-jowl consequences of such a catastrophe would more annoy them than the danger of dissolution. From all this episode I infer, that the Willoughby Scraggses could not be expected to notice young Eggars until he had changed his lodgings.

On taking a seat in a green trellissed alcove in the centre of the gardens, Mrs. Willoughby

Scraggs began, with an air of conscious pride, to enumerate her dignified neighbours. "No. 8," said the lady, "is the Earl of Beverley's; No. 14 is Lord Scarborough's; and the Duke of Newcastle lives at No. 17. Lady Manvers's house is No. 25, and the Duchess of Roxburghe and the Honourable John Manners reside at No. 32."—"Ay, ay!" exclaimed I, "I now see your object in coming here: you have daughters to introduce, and these are the people to whom you mean to introduce them."—"No, no!" said Mr. Willoughby Scraggs, "not quite so high as that."—"Then how high?" interrupted the indefatigable Wellbut; "perhaps a baronet will do; or an eldest son of a county member; or a colonel on full pay, with five thousand a year of his own. You say you have daughters to introduce: but, my dear Sir, to introduce to *whom?* If to people in their own sphere, Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate Street, is much more convenient than Devonshire Street, Portland Place."

I have no doubt that Mr. Willoughby Scraggs gave a most satisfactory answer to this objection: but on a sudden there arose such an infernal trumpeting from the adjoining horse-barracks, that the answer did not reach my ears.

LONDON LYRICS.

LONDON LYRICS.

CHRISTMAS OUT OF TOWN.

For many a winter in Billiter-lane
My wife, Mrs. Brown, was not heard to complain;
At Christmas the family met there to dine
On beef and plum-pudding, and turkey and chine.
Our bark has now taken a contrary heel,
My wife has found out that the sea is genteel.
To Brighton we duly go scampering down,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

Our register-stoves, and our crimson-baized doors,
Our weather-proof walls, and our carpeted floors,
Our casements well fitted to stem the North wind,
Our arm-chair and sofa, are all left behind.
We lodge on the Steine, in a bow-window'd box,
That beckons up-stairs every Zephyr that knocks;
The sun hides his head, and the elements frown,—
But nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

In Billiter-lane, at this mirth-moving time,
The lamplighter brought us his annual rhyme,
The tricks of Grimaldi were sure to be seen,
We carved a twelfth-cake, and we drew king and queen;

These pastimes gave oil to Time's round-about wheel,
Before we began to be growing genteel:
'Twas all very well for a cockney or clown,
But nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

At Brighton I'm stuck up in Donaldson's shop,
Or walk upon bricks till I'm ready to drop;
Throw stones at an anchor, look out for a skiff,
Or view the Chain-pier from the top of the cliff;
Till winds from all quarters oblige me to halt,
With an eye full of sand, and a mouth full of salt.
Yet still I am suffering with folks of renown,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

In gallop the winds, at the full of the moon,
And puff up my carpet like Sadler's balloon;
My drawing-room rug is besprinkled with soot,
And there is not a lock in the house that will shut.
At Mahomet's steam-bath I lean on my cane,
And murmur in secret—"Oh, Billiter-lane!"
But would not express what I think for a crown,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

The Duke and the Earl are no cronies of mine,
His Majesty never invites me to dine;
The Marquess won't speak, when we meet on the pier,
Which makes me suspect that I'm *nobody* here.
If that be the case, why then welcome again
Twelfth-cake and snap-dragon in Billiter-lane.
Next winter I'll prové to my dear Mrs. Brown,
That *Nobody* now spends his Christmas in Town.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

'Twas June, and many a gossip wench,
Child-freighted, trod the central Mall;
I gain'd a white unpeopled bench,
And gazed upon the long Canal.
Beside me soon, in motley talk,
Boys, nursemaids sat, a varying race;
At length two females cross'd the walk,
And occupied the vacant space.

In years they seem'd some forty-four,
Of dwarfish stature, vulgar mien;
A bonnet of black silk each wore,
And each a gown of bombazeen:
And, while in loud and careless tones
They dwelt upon their own concerns,
Ere long I learn'd that Mrs. Jones
Was one, and one was Mrs. Burns.

They talk'd of little Jane and John,
And hoped they'd come before 'twas dark,
Then wonder'd why, with pattens on,
One might not walk across the Park:
They call'd it far to Camden-town,
Yet hoped to reach it by-and-bye;
And thought it strange, since flour was down,
That bread should still continue high.

They said, last Monday's heavy gales
Had done a monstrous deal of ill;
Then tried to count the iron rails
That wound up Constitution-hill:

This 'larum sedulous to shun,
I donn'd my gloves, to march away,
When, as I gazed upon the one,
"Good Heavens!" I cried, "'tis Nancy Gray."

'Twas Nancy, whom I led along
The whiten'd and elastic floor,
Amid mirth's merry dancing throng,
Just two-and-twenty years before.
Though sadly alter'd, I knew her,
While she, 'twas obvious, knew me not;
But mildly said, "Good evening, Sir,"
And with her comrade left the spot.

"Is this," I cried, in grief profound,
"The fair with whom, eclipsing all,
I traversed Ranelagh's bright round,
Or trod the mazes of Vauxhall?
And is this all that Time can do?
Has Nature nothing else in store?
Is this, of lovely twenty-two,
All that remains at forty-four?

"Could I to such a helpmate cling?
Were such a wedded dowdy mine,
On yonder lamp-post would I swing,
Or plunge in yonder Serpentine!"
I left the Park with eyes askance,
But, ere I enter'd Cleveland-row,
Rude Reason thus threw in her lance,
And dealt self-love a mortal blow.

" Time, at whose touch all mortals bow,
From either sex his prey secures,
His scythe, while wounding Nancy's brow,
Can scarce have smoothly swept o'er yours;
By her you plainly were not known;
Then, while you mourn the alter'd hue
Of Nancy's face, suspect your own
May be a *little* alter'd too."

THE NEWSPAPER.

Cures for chilblains, corns, and bunnions,
Welsh procession, leeks and onions;
Sad St. Stephen bored by praters,
Dale and Co., champagne creators;
Spain resolved to spurn endurance,
Economic Life Insurance:
Young man absent from his own house,
Body at St. Martin's bonehouse;
Search for arms in county Kerry,
Deals, Honduras, Pondicherry,
Treadmill, Haydon, Tom and Jerry.

Pall-Mall, Allen, chairs and tables,
Major Cartwright, iron cables;
Smithfield, price of veal and mutton,
Villa half a mile from Sutton;
Yearly meeting, lots of Quakers,
Freehold farm of forty acres;
Duke of Angouleme, despatches,
Thatch'd house tavern, glees and catches;
Cobourg, wonderful attraction,
Plunket, playhouse, Orange faction,
Consols eighty and a fraction.

Sales of sail-cloth, silk and camblet,
Kean in Shylock, Young in Hamlet;
Sad effects of random shooting,
Mermaid tavern, box at Tooting,
Water-colour exhibition,
Kemble's statue, Hone's petition;
Chateaubriand, Cape Madeira,
Longwood, Montholon, O'Meara;
Jerry Bentham's lucubrations,
Hume's critique on army rations,
Ex-officio informations.

Wapping Dock choke full of barter,
Senna, sponges, cream of tartar;
Willow bonnets, lank and limber,
Mops, molasses, tallow, timber;
Horse Bazzar, the Life of Hayley,
Little Waddington, Old Bailey;
Gibbs and Howard, Gunter's ices,
Thoughts upon the present crisis;
Sweeting's Alley, sales by taper,
Lamp, Sir Humphrey, noxious vapour,
Stocks—— Sum-total—Morning Paper.

THE UPAS IN MARYBONE-LANE.

A TREE grew in Java, whose pestilent rind
A venom distill'd of the deadliest kind;
The Dutch sent their felons its juices to draw,
And who return'd safe, pleaded pardon by law.

Face-muffled, the culprits crept into the vale,
Advancing from windward to 'scape the death-gale;
How few the reward of their victory earn'd!
For ninety-nine perish'd for one who return'd.

Britannia this Upas-tree bought of Mynheer,
Removed it through Holland, and planted it here;
'Tis now a stock plant, of the genus Wolf's bane,
And one of them blossoms in Marybone lane.

The house that surrounds it stands first in a row,
Two doors, at right angles, swing open below;
And the children of misery daily steal in,
And the poison they draw we denominate *Gin*.

There enter the prude, and the reprobate boy,
The mother of grief, and the daughter of joy,
The serving-maid slim, and the serving-man stout,
They quickly steal in, and they slowly reel out.

Surcharged with the venom, some walk forth erect,
Apparently baffling its deadly effect;
But, sooner or later, the reckoning arrives,
And ninety-nine perish for one who survives.

They cautious advance, with slouch'd bonnet and hat,
They enter at this door, they go out at that;
Some bear off their burthen with riotous glee,
But most sink, in sleep, at the foot of the tree.

Tax, Chancellor Van, the Batavian to thwart,
This compound of crime, at a sov'reign a quart;
Let gin fetch, per bottle, the price of Champagne,
And hew down the Upas in Marybone-lane.

AN ACTOR'S MEDITATIONS.

How well I remember, when old Drury-lane
First open'd, a child in the Thespian train,
I acted a sprite, in a sky-colour'd cloak,
And danced round the caldron which now I invoke.

Speak, witches! an actor's nativity cast!
How long shall this stage-popularity last?
Ye laugh, jibing beldames. "Ay, laugh well we may:
Popularity! Moonshine! attend to our lay.

"'Tis a breath of light air from Frivolity's mouth;
It blows round the compass, East, West, North, and South;
It shifts to all points; in a moment 'twill steal
From Kemble to Stephens, from Kean to O'Neil.

"The actor who tugs half his life at the oar
May founder at sea, or be shipwreck'd on shore;
Grasp firmly the rudder; who trusts to the gale
As well in a sieve for Aleppo may sail."

Thanks, provident hags! while my circuit I run,
'Tis fit I make hay in so fleeting a sun;
Yon harlequin public may else shift the scene,
And Kean may be Kemble, as Kemble was Kean.

Then let me the haven of competence reach,
And brief, but two lines, be my leave-taking speech:
Hope, Fortune, farewell; I am shelter'd from sea;
Henceforward cheat others, ye once cheated me.

THE MINSTREL.

THERE sits a man near Sadler's Wells,
Whose limb-excited peal of bells
  Disuse will never moulder:
Each elbow, by a skilful twist,
Rings one, one rings from either wrist,
  And one from either shoulder.

Each foot, bell-mounted, aids the din;
Each knee, with nodding bell, chimes in
  Its phil-harmonic clapper.
One bell sends forth a louder note
From that round ball which tops the throat,
  By bruisers called the napper.

Thus, sightless, by the river side
He tunes his lays, like him who cried
  "Descend from heaven, Urania,"
But not as poor: his wiser stave
Is, like the laureat's, mere God save
  The King—not Rule Britannia.

Though but a single tune he knows,
His gains are far exceeding those
  Of pass-supported Homer:
He keeps the wolf outside the door,
And, doing that, to call him poor
  Were, certes, a misnomer.

The school-boy lags astride the rail,
The milkman drops his clinking pail,
  The serving-maid her pitcher;
The painter quits th' unwhiten'd fence
To greet with tributary pence
  This general bewitcher.

See! where he nods his pealing brow,
Now strikes a fifth, a second now,
  In regular confusion;
But, ere he finishes the strain,
Da capo goes his pate again,
  The key-note of conclusion.

Satire, suspend your baseless wit,
The tuneful tribe may *sometimes* hit
  On patrons bent on giving.
Here's one, at least, obscurely bred,
Who by the *labour of his head*
  Picks up a decent living!

STAGE WEDLOCK.

Farren, Thalia's dear delight,
Can I forget that fatal night
  Of grief, unstain'd by fiction,
(Even now the recollection damps)
When Wroughton led thee to the lamps
  In graceful valediction?

This Derby prize by Hymen won,
Again the God made bold to run
  Beneath Thalia's steerage;
Sent forth a second Earl to woo,
And captivating Brunton too,
  Exalted to the peerage.

Awhile no actress sought his shrine;
When lovely Searle, in Columbine,
  Each heart held "cabin'd, cribb'd in:"
Her dark-blue eye, and tresses loose,
Made the whole town dub Mother Goose
  Chef-d'œuvre of Tom Dibdin.

"Hail, feather'd Conjuror!" I cried,
"September's dish, Saint Michael's pride,
  Theatric gold collector:
I pledge thee, bird, in Circe's cup!"—
But Heathcote, ring in hand, ripp'd up
  The Capitol's protector.

Thrice vanquish'd thus, on Thespian soil,
Heart-whole awhile, from Cupid's toil
  I caught a fleeting furlough:
Gay's Newgate Opera charm'd me then,
But Polly sang her requiem when
  Fair Bolton changed to Thurlow.

These wounds some substitute might heal;
But what bold mortal bade O'Neil
  Renounce her tragic station?

Taste, talent, beauty to trepan—
By Heaven, I wonder how the man
  Escaped assassination!

I felt half bent to wing my way
With Werter, on whose table lay
  Emilia Galoti:
Stunn'd, like a skater by a fall.
I saw with unconcern Hughes Ball
  Elope with Mercandotti.

'Tis thus that prowling round Love's fold,
Hymen, by sufferance made bold,
  (Too bold for one of his age,)
Presumes behind the scenes to go,
Where only Cupid used to show
  His mythologic visage.

Would these bold suitors wield the fork,
And dip, as sailors dip for pork,
  Or urchins at a barrow,
First come, first take, one would not care:
But pick and choose was never fair
  At Eton or at Harrow.

Gain we no safeguard from the laws?
Contains the Marriage Act no clause
  To hush Saint Martin's steeple;
To bind the public's daughters sure,
And from stage larceny secure
  Us poor play-going people?

No! Eldon, all depends on thee:
Wards of thy Court let heroines be,
Who to stage wealth have risen;
And then, if lovers ladders climb,
Contempt of Court will be their crime,
The Fleet will be their prison.

DOCTOR GALL.

I SING of the organs and fibres
That ramble about in the brains;
Avaunt! ye irreverent jibers,
Or stay and be wise for your pains.
All heads were of yore on a level,
One could not tell clever from dull,
Till I, like Le Sage's lame devil,
Unroof'd with a touch every skull.
Oh, I am the mental dissector,
I fathom the wits of you all,
Then come in a crowd to the lecture
Of craniological Gall.

The passions, or active or passive,
Exposed by my magical spells,
As busy as bees in a glass hive,
Are seen in their separate cells.
Old Momus, who wanted a casement
Whence all in the heart might be read,
Were he living, would stare with amazement
To find what he wants in the head.

There 's an organ for strains amoroso,
Just under the edge of the wig,
An organ for writing but so-so,
For driving a tilbury gig;
An organ for boxers, for stoics,
For giving booksellers a lift,
For marching the zig-zag heroics,
And editing Jonathan Swift.

I raise in match-making a rumpus,
And Cupid his flame must impart
Henceforth with a rule and a compass,
Instead of a bow and a dart.
"Dear Madam, your eye-brow is horrid;
And, Captain, too broad is your pate;
I see by that bump on your forehead
You 're shockingly dull *tête-à-tête*."

When practice has made my book plainer
To manhood, to age, and to youth,
I 'll build, like the genius Phanor,
In London a palace of truth.
Then fibs, ah, beware how you tell 'em,
Reflect how pellucid the skull,
Whose downright sincere cerebellum
Must render all flattery null.

Your friend brings a play out at Drury,
'Tis hooted and damn'd in the pit;
Your organ of friendship 's all fury,
But what says your organ of wit?

"Our laughter next time prithee stir, man,
We don't pay our money to weep;
Your play must have come from the German,
It set all the boxes asleep."

At first, all will be in a bustle;
The eye will, from ignorance, swerve,
And some will abuse the wrong muscle,
And some will adore the wrong nerve.
In love should your hearts then be sporting,
Your heads on one level to bring,
You must go in your nightcaps a-courting,
As if you were going to swing.

Yet some happy mortals, all virtue,
Have sentiment just as they should,
Their occiput nought can do hurt to,
Each organ's an organ of good;
Such couples angelic, when mated,
To bid all concealment retire,
Should seek Hymen's altar bald-pated,
And throw both their wigs in his fire.

My system, from great A to Izzard,
You now, my good friends, may descry,
Not Shakspeare's Bermudean wizard
Was half so enchanting as I.
His magic a Tempest could smother,
But mine the soul's hurricane clears,
By exposing your heads to each other,
And setting those heads by the ears.

Oh, I am the mental dissector,
I fathom the wits of you all;
So here is an end to the lecture
Of craniological Gall.

LONDON MISNOMERS.*

From Park Lane to Wapping, by day and by night,
I 've many a year been a roamer,
And find that no lawyer can London indict,
Each street, ev'ry lane's a misnomer.
I find Broad Street, St. Giles's, a poor narrow nook,
Battle Bridge is unconscious of slaughter,
Duke's Place cannot muster the ghost of a duke,
And Brook Street is wanting in water.

I went to Cornhill for a bushel of wheat,
And sought it in vain ev'ry shop in,
The Hermitage offered a tranquil retreat,
For the jolly Jack hermits of Wapping.
Spring Gardens, all wintry, appear on the wane,
Sun Alley 's an absolute blinder,
Mount Street is a level, and Bearbinder Lane
Has neither a bear nor a binder.

* The same play upon words has afforded the subject of a song upon Surnames.—(Ed.)

No football is kicked up and down in Pall Mall,
Change Alley, alas! never varies,
The Serpentine river 's a straitened canal,
Milk Street is denuded of dairies.
Knightsbridge, void of tournaments, lies calm and still,
Butcher Row cannot boast of a cleaver,
And (tho' it abuts on his garden) Hay Hill
Won't give Devon's duke the hay fever.

The Cockpit 's the focus of law, not of sport,
Water Lane is affected with dryness,
And, spite of its gorgeous approach, Prince's Court
Is a sorry abode for his Highness.
From Baker Street North all the bakers have fled,
So, in verse not quite equal to Homer,
Methinks I have proved what at starting I said,
That London 's one mighty misnomer.

BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.

Pastor cum traheret, &c.

As near Blackfriars, "sad by fits,"
Macadam into dwarfish bits
Broke many a giant pebble,
Old Thames upraised his watery pate,
And sang the smooth contractor's fate
In this unwelcome treble:—

"Vainly you wield you pounding axe;
All Bridewell with combined attacks
Shall mar your undertakings;
White Portland's sons around you pour
The reign of granite, to restore
And break up your upbreakings.

"Ah me! what ills each house beset,
From horse or foot, or dry or wet,
From chimney-top to basement!
The Albion mourns her sullied walls,
And Waithman veils his hundred shawls
Beneath a spattered casement!

"What wild pedestrians in a ring
Round Johnny Wilkes's column cling
To 'scape from oxen tossing!
Awhile they halt, then, sore afraid,
Dart different ways, and leave unpaid
The Black who sweeps the crossing.

"In vain you plead St. James's Square,
Grateful to dames, who carol there
Love-strains in measure Sapphic:
They well may like your coat of stone;
But, child of dust, reflect upon
The difference of "Traffic."

"O'er your smooth convex, coach or car
Steal on the traveller, from afar,
As fleetly as the wind does!

Binding whole troops to Charon's keel,
As Juggernaut with rolling wheel
Depopulates the Hindoos.

"Eyes should be sharp, for mortal ears
Serve not to shun the car that steers
O'er your insidious surface:
Lo! while I sing, yon heedless hack
Has *poled* a deaf old woman's back,
And thrown her down on her face.

"But oh! when droves of sheep and pigs
With countless stockbrokers in gigs
Are mix'd—can aught be minded?
Can mortal sight be free to choose,
Or bunged up by your sable ooze,
Or by your white dust blinded?

"Ne'er did my refluent billows kiss
So traitorous a shore as this!
'Tis sad beyond endurance,
Such woful accidents to meet,
And see Death riot in a street
Surcharged with Life Assurance.

"Soon from my stream the two Lord Mayors
Debarking at Blackfriars'-stairs,
Shall notice your behaviour:
In their huge Brobdignag will they
Not grumble to behold you play
The Lilliputian paviour?

"Go then, Colossus, stick to roads,
But metropolitan abodes
Leave by your pick-axe undone;
Go delve in some less stubborn soil,
You'll find it an Utopian toil
To mend the ways of London."

THE CHURCH IN LANGHAM PLACE.

"Whoever walks through London streets,"
Said Momus to the Son of Saturn,
"Each day new edifices meets
Of queer proportion, queerer pattern:
If thou, O cloud-compelling god,
Wilt aid me with thy special grace,
I, too, will wield my motley hod,
And build a church in Langham-place."

"Agreed," the Thunderer cries: "go plant
Thine edifice, I care not how ill;
Take notice, Earth, I hereby grant
Carte blanche of mortar, stone, and trowel.
Go, Hermes, Hercules, and Mars,
Fraught with these bills on Henry Hase,
Drop with yon jester from the stars,
And build a church in Langham-place."

Down, four in hand, to earth they go,
  Pass by Palladio, Wren, and Inigo,
Contracting for their job, to show
  How far four gods can make a guinea go.
This plan was Doric, ergo had,
  And that Ionic, ergo base;
No proper model could be bad,
  To shape this church in Langham-place.

In deep confab they pass'd two hours;
  Alcides on his club of tough oak
Leant, and exclaim'd, "Martello towers
  Lie scatter'd on the coast of Suffolk:
Let one of those toward London swerve,
  Mars, out of war, they're out of place;
What can they better do, than serve
  To form a church in Langham-place?"

The word was said, the deed was done,
  Light Hermes toil'd in vain to stir it,
When, with a kick, Alcmena's son
  Soon tilted down the granite turret.
Like a huge hogshead up to town
  The martial structure roll'd apace,
And, mortar-coated, settled down
  Into a church in Langham-place.

But, ere with belfry or with bell
  They graced its top, its side with casement,
They found an unexploded shell
  Alive and burning at its basement.

The channel'd air now upward drew
  Flame after flame, in lurid race,
And gave a sort of glass-house hue
  To their new church in Langham-place.

"'Twill never do," Alcides cried.
  "The Atlas will indict for arson."
While Momus carelessly replied—
  "Phoo! never mind it—smoke the parson!"
Mars, at a push, had wit at will,
  And said, "Your joint misgivings chase,
This round Martello tower shall still
  Be a new church in Langham-place.

"To Ætna's red Vulcanian steeps,
  Fly, Mercury, on feather'd sandal,
And, when the giant Titan sleeps,
  Snatch, god of thieves, his huge bed-candle.
Bear thence its tall extinguisher,
  This conflagration to efface,
'Twill added dignity confer
  On our new church in Langham-place."

The cone up-tilted, Momus bawls—
  "Attention, all our loving people,
Here Mars's tower affords us walls,
  And Titan's candlestick a steeple:
Our fane, thus martially endow'd,
  Soon may some Boanerges grace,
And 'Son of Thunder,' draw the crowd
  To our new church in Langham-place!"

MORNING CALLS.

Amid the reams of new joint schemes
With which the press abounds,
To give us ease, cheap milk and cheese,
And turn our pence to pounds;
No patriot yet has torn the net
That social life enthrals,
Denounc'd the crime of killing Time,
And banish'd Morning Calls.

When, spurning sports, in Rufus' courts,
Grim Law coif-headed stalks;
'Twixt three and four when merchants pour
Round Gresham's murmuring walks:
When, with bent knees, our kind M. P.'s
Give up e'en Tattersall's
On bills to sit,—'tis surely fit
We give up Morning Calls.

On clattering feet up Regent-street
To Portland-place you roam,
Where Shoulder-tag surveys your nag,
And answers—"Not at home."
Thus far you win; but, if let in,
The conversation drawls
Through hum-drum cheeks—what mortal seeks
Aught else at Morning Calls?

Your steed, all dust, you heedless trust
To some lad standing idle;
But while you stay he trots away,
And pawns your girth and bridle.
Your case you state; the magistrate
Cries—"Why not go to stalls?
When loungers meet, let horses eat,
And have *their* Morning Calls."

To say that town is emptier grown,
That Spanish bonds look glum,
That Madame Pasta's gone at last,
And Ma'amselle Garcia 's come;
To say you fear the atmosphere
Is grown too hot for balls,
Is all that they can have to say
Who meet at Morning Calls.

While Fashion's dames clung round St. James,
The deed might soon be done;
But now when ton 's so bulky grown
She claims all Paddington,
From Maida-hill to Pentonville,
The very thought appals,—
I really will bring in a bill
To banish Morning Calls!

THE TWO SISTERS.

Born of a widow tall and dark,
Whose head-piece ne'er at whist errs;
Where York Gate guards the Regent's Park,
There dwelt two loving sisters.

Gertrude, ere twelve years old, would quote
John Locke, and took to wisdom;
Emma (I happen well to know't)
On all such topics is dumb.

The stars that gem yon vaulted dome
Are swept by Gertrude's besom;
Emma, unless when driven home
From Almack's, never sees 'em.

Gertrude o'er Werner's Scale will run
Slate, limestone, quartz, and granite,
And name the strata, one by one,
That coat our zig-zag planet.

But Emma, bent on ball or rout,
Soon of such converse weary is,
And even nothing knows about
The O-o-litic Series.

Gertrude, unmoved by doubt a jot,
Knows from the "Sketch" of Evans
What dwarfs in faith descend, and what
Tall Titans scale the heavens.

The grand piano Emma greets
With fingers light and plastic;
But never like her sister beats
The drum ecclesiastic.

That, dipp'd in blue, with lofty air
Men's would-be Queen discovers:
This, dress'd in white, seems not to care
If men prove foes or lovers.

'Twixt sense and folly free to choose,
So different, so unequal,
Can man dwell long in doubt? My Muse
With wonder sings the sequel!

Darts oftimes fly of merit wide—
(So wills the purblind urchin)—
Emma, light Emma, blooms a bride,
And Gertrude fades a virgin!

TABLE TALK.

To weave a culinary clue,
When to eschew, and what to chew,
Where shun, and where take rations,
I sing. Attend, ye diners-out,
And, if my numbers please you, shout
"Hear, hear!" in acclamations.

There are who treat you, once a year,
To the same stupid set; good cheer

Such hardship cannot soften.
To listen to the self-same dunce,
At the same leaden table, once
Per annum 's once too often.

Rather than that, mix on my plate
With men I like the meat I hate—
Colman with pig and treacle;
Luttrell with ven'son-pasty join,
Lord Normanby with orange wine,
And rabbit-pie with Jekyll.

Add to George Lambe a sable snipe,
Conjoin with Captain Morris tripe
By parsley-roots made denser;
Mix Macintosh with mack'rel, with
Calves-head and bacon Sidney Smith,
And mutton-broth with Spencer.

Shun sitting next the wight whose drone
Bores, *sotto voce*, you alone
With flat colloquial pressure;
Debarr'd from general talk, you droop
Beneath his buzz, from orient Soup
To occidental Cheshire.

He who can only talk with one,
Should stay at home and talk with none—
At all events, to strangers,
Like village epitaphs of yore,
He ought to cry "Long time I bore,"
To warn them of their dangers.

There are whose kind inquiries scan
Your total kindred, man by man,
  Son, brother, cousin, joining,
They ask about your wife, who 's dead,
And eulogize your uncle Ned,
  Who swung last week for coining.

When join'd to such a son of prate,
His queries I anticipate,
  And thus my lee-way fetch up—
"Sir, all my relatives, I vow,
Are perfectly in health—and now
  I'd thank you for the ketchup!"

Others there are who but retail
Their breakfast journal, now grown stale,
  In print ere day was dawning;
When folks like these sit next to me,
They send me dinnerless to tea;
  One cannot chew while yawning.

Seat not good talkers one next one,
As Jacquier bearded the Clarendon;
  Thus shrouded you undo 'em;
Rather confront them, face to face,
Like Hollis Street and Harewood Place,
  And let the town run through 'em.

Poets are dangerous to sit nigh;
You waft their praises to the sky,
  And when you think you're stirring

Their gratitude, they bite you—(That's
The reason I object to cats;
  They scratch amid their purring.)

For those who ask you if you "malt,"
Who "beg your pardon" for the salt,
  And ape our upper grandees,
By wondering folks can touch port wine;
That, reader, 's your affair, not mine;
  I never mess with dandies.

Relations mix not kindly; shun
Inviting brothers; sire and son
  Is not a wise selection:
Too intimate, they either jar
In converse, or the evening mar
  By mutual circumspection.

Lawyers are apt to think the view
That interests them must interest you:
  Hence they appear at table
Or supereloquent, or dumb,
Fluent as nightingales, or mum
  As horses in a stable.

When men amuse their fellow guests
With Crank and Jones, or Justice Best's
  Harangue in Dobbs and Ryal!
The host, beneath whose roof they sit,
Must be a puny judge of wit,
  Who grants them a new trial.

Shun technicals in each extreme;
Exclusive talk, whate'er the theme,

The proper boundary passes:
Nobles as much offend, whose deeds
Are ever running on Almanacks,
As brokers on molasses.

I knew a man from grass to delf,
Who knew of nothing but himself,
Till check'd by a vertigo;
The party who beheld him "thum'd,"
Bent o'er the liberated board,
And cried, "This jarred ego."

Some aim to tell a thing that hit
Where last they dined; what there was wit,
Here meets rebuffs and crosses.
Jokes are like trees; their place of birth
Best suits them; stuck in foreign earth,
They perish in the process.

Think, reader, of the few who groan
For any ailments save their own;
The world, from peer to peasant,
Is heedless of your cough or gout;
Then pr'ythee, when you next dine out,
Go arm'd with something pleasant.

Nay, even the very soil that nursed
The plant, will sometimes kill what erst
It nurtured in full glory.
The causes will not always move
To similar effects; to prove
The fact, I'll tell a story.

Close to that spot where Stuart turns
His back upon the clubs, and spurns
  The earth, a marble fixture,
We dined; well match'd, for pleasure met,
Wits, poets, peers, a jovial set
  In miscellaneous mixture.

Each card turn'd up a trump, the glee,
The catch went round, from eight to three,
  Decorum scorn'd to own us;
We joked, we banter'd, laugh'd, and roar'd,
Till high above the welkin soar'd
  The helpmate of Tithonus.

Care kept aloof, each social soul
A brother hail'd, Joy fill'd the bowl,
  And humour crown'd the medley,
Till royal Charles, roused by the fun,
Look'd toward Whitehall, and thought his son
  Was rioting with Sedley.

"Gad, John, this is a glorious joke—"
(Thus to our host his Highness spoke)—
  "The vicar with his Nappy
Would give an eye for this night's freak—
Suppose we meet again next week—"
  John bow'd, and was too "happy."

The day arrived—'twas seven—we met:
Wits, poets, peers, the self-same set,
  Each hail'd a joyous brother.

But in the blithe and débonnaire,
Saying, alas! is one affair,
And doing is another.

Nature unkind, we turn'd to Art;
Heavens! how we labour'd to be smart;
Zug sang a song in German:
We might as well have play'd at chess;
All dropp'd as dead-born from the press
As last year's Spital sermon.

Ah! Merriment! when men entrap
Thy bells, and women steal thy cap,
They think they have trepann'd thee.
Delusive thought! aloof and dumb,
Thou wilt not at a bidding come,
Though Royalty command thee.

The rich, who sigh for thee; the great,
Who court thy smiles with gilded plate,
But clasp thy cloudy follies:
I've known thee turn, in Portman Square,
From Burgundy and Hock, to share
A pint of Port at Dolly's.

Races at Ascot, tours in Wales,
White-bait at Greenwich oftimes fail,
To wake thee from thy slumbers.
Ev'n now, so prone art thou to fly,
Ungrateful nymph! thou'rt fighting shy
Of these narcotic numbers.

THE POET OF FASHION.

His book is successful, he's steep'd in renown,
His lyric effusions have tickled the town;
Dukes, dowagers, dandies, are eager to trace
The fountain of verse in the verse-maker's face;
While, proud as Apollo, with peers *tête-à-tête*,
From Monday till Saturday dining off plate,
His heart full of hope, and his head full of gain,
The Poet of Fashion dines out in Park Lane.

Now lean-jointured widows, who seldom draw corks,
Whose tea-spoons do duty for knives and for forks,
Send forth, vellum-cover'd, a six o'clock card,
And get up a dinner to peep at the bard:
Veal, sweetbread, boil'd chickens, and tongue, crown the cloth,
And soup *à la reine*, little better than broth:
While, past his meridian, but still with some heat,
The Poet of Fashion dines out in Sloane Street.

Enroll'd in the tribe who subsist by their wits,
Remember'd by starts, and forgotten by fits,
Now artists and actors the bardling engage,
To squib in the journals, and write for the stage.
Now soup *à la reine* bends the knee to ox-cheek,
And chickens and tongue bow to bubble and squeak—
While, still in translation employ'd by "The Row,"
The Poet of Fashion dines out in Soho.

Push'd down from Parnassus to Phlegethon's brink,
Tous'd, torn, and trunk-lining, but still with some ink,
Now squab city misses their albums expand,
And woo the worn rhymer for "something off-hand;"
No longer with stilted effrontery fraught,
Bucklersbury now seeks what St. James's once sought,
And (O what a classical haunt for a bard!)
The Poet of Fashion dines out in Barge Yard.

THE CLAPHAM CHALYBEATE.

WHO has e'er been at Clapham must needs know the pond
That belongs to Sir Barnaby Sturch:
'Tis well stock'd with fish; and the knight's rather fond
Of bobbing for tench or for perch.

When he draws up his line, to decide if all's right,
Moist drops o'er his pantaloons dribble;
Though seldom, if ever, beguiled by a bite,
He now and then boasts of a nibble.

Vulgar mud, very like vulgar men, will encroach
Unchecked by the spade and the rake;
In process of time it enveloped the roach
In Sir Barnaby's Lilliput lake.

Five workmen, well armed, and denuded of shoes,
Now fearlessly delved in the flood;
To steal unawares on the Empress of Ooze,
And cart off her insolent mud.

The innocent natives were borne from the bog,
Eel, minnow, and toad, felt the shovel,
And lizard-like eft lay with fugitive frog
In a clay-built extempore hovel.

The men worked away with their hands and their feet,
And delved in a regular ring;
When lo! as their taskwork was all but complete,
They wakened a mineral spring.

"We've found a *Chalybeate*, sir," cried the men;
"We halt till we know what your wish is"—
"Keep it safe," quoth the knight, "till you've finish'd, and then
Throw it back with the rest of the fishes."

THE CAVE OF TROPHONIUS.

Orchomenos once had a king,
This king had a son called Trophonius,
Who built a stone fane round a spring
Of Phœbus, surnamed the Harmonious.
The god, when the youth asked for pelf,
Despatched him with Pluto to sup;
For Earth in her maw caught the elf,
And ate the poor architect up.

Bœotia was plagued with a drought,
The natives, a goblet too low,
Went poking for well-springs about,
With pickaxe, and shovel, and hoe.

"Dry Greeks," cried a voice in the breeze,
"If your plan be to moisten your clay,
Go follow yon army of bees,
And halt where they settle—away!"

To the rocks, armed with ladle and pan,
Intent but to tipple and chew,
The sons of North Attica ran
And fled where the honey-fraught flew.
They tracked to a cavern the hive,
Where, healthy, and not at all grown,
They found young Trophonius live,
Tike a toad in a segment of stone.

The youth gave his finders a rod,
Whose point with a tremulous swing
Would vibrate awhile on the sod,
Then point where to probe for a sping.
In grateful requital, the Greeks,
Securing in cisterns the tide,
Extoll'd him with water-logg'd cheeks,
And made him a god when he died.

Anointed with unguents and oils,
To his fane, in the bramble-girt hollow,
They bore in their hands votive spoils,
And dubb'd him the Son of Apollo;
They proffer'd him bees-wax and honey,
In milk-white habiliments clad,
Some enter'd the cave, looking funny,
But all came away looking sad.

When Greece to the Crescent bent low,
And Art found in Athens a grave,
Lord Elgin, with pick-axe and hoe,
Dug deep for the bramble-girt cave.
He bore it o'er mountain and heath,
And, aided by ocean and air,
Immovably placed it beneath
The mansion of London's Lord Mayor.

There, entering on hands and on knees,
Bœotian saints still we find,
Led by females, as busy as bees,
Who leave their drone helpmates behind.
In quest of the well-spring of Grace,
Aloft through the cavern they crawl,
And meet, face to sanctified face,
In his Lordship's Egyptian Hall.

There Zealanders, tarr'd and tattoo'd,
And red-ochred chiefs meet the sight;
And water and tubs round are strew'd
For washing the Blackamoor white:
And Mummery revels and feasts,
And Reason deep slumbering nods;
And Folly and Farce are the priests,
And Monkeys and Leeks are the gods.

There, Scotia, thy big Boanerges
His thunderbolt hurls on the ear,
Asserts lack of lucre, and urges,
His watch on a pawnbroker peer.

No homily there comes amiss,
Provided the text is "*Qui dat;*"
And the honey-tongued Reverend This
Responds to the Reverend That.

Then deem not, Trophonius, too tragic
The fate that attends thy retreat:
Though borne from Bœotia, its magic
Still tends it in Mansion House Street.
As long as thy priests call for money
From widow and maid, man and lad;
Though some may walk in looking funny,
Yet all will walk out looking sad.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

My wife and I live, *comme il faut*,
At number Six in Crosby Row:
So few our household labours,
We quickly turn from joints and pies,
To use two tongues and twice two eyes
To meliorate our neighbours.

My eye-glass, thanks to Dollond's skill,
Sweeps up the lane to Mears's Mill,
While, latticed in her chamber,
My wife peeps through her window-pane,
To note who ramble round the lane,
And who the foot-stile clamber.

This morn the zig-zag man of meat
Trotted, tray-balanced, up the street—
  We saw him halt at Sydney's:
My wife asserts he left lamb there;
But I myself can all but swear
  'Twas mutton-chops and kidneys.

The man who goes about with urns
Is beckon'd in by Betty Burns:
  The poor girl knows no better:
But Mrs. Burns should have more sense;
That broken tray is mere pretence—
  He brings the girl a letter.

Whether she goes up street for milk,
Or brings home sugar, pins, or silk,
  That silly wench for ever
Draws up, pretending at the stile
To rest herself, while all the while
  She waits for Captain Trevor.

The Captain, when he sees me, turns,
Seems not to notice Betty Burns,
  And round the pond betakes him,
Behind the stables of the Bear,
To get the back way in; but there
  My wife's back window rakes him.

There go the Freaks again—but hark!
I hear the gate-bell ring—'tis Bark,
  The glib apothecary,

Who in his mortar pounds the fame
Of every rumour-wounded dame,
From Moll to Lady Mary.

" Well, Mr. Bark,"—" I've found her out."
" Who is she?"—" Not his wife."—" No doubt."
" 'Twas told me by his brother."
" Which brother? Archibald?"—" No, Fred.
An old connexion."—" So I said."
" The woman's "—" What?"—" His mother."

" Who are the comers next to Blake's?
" At number Four?"—" Yes."—" No great shakes—
Sad junketings and wastings.
I've seen them play in ' Days of Yore,'
He acted Hastings in Jane Shore,
And she Jane Shore in Hastings."

" Pray, Mr. Bark, what party drove
That dark-brown chariot to the Grove?"
" The Perry's, Ma'am, wet Quakers.
He married Mrs. Hartley Grant,
Whose father's uncle's mother's aunt
Liv'd cook at Lady Dacre's."

But Sunday is the time, of course,
When Gossip's congregated force
Pours from our central chapel:
Then hints and anecdotes increase,
And in the Mansion-house of Peace
Dark Discord drops her apple.

Ope but a casement, turn a lock,
The whole row feels th' electric shock,
  Springs tilt, their blinds up throwing.
And every ear and every eye
Darts to one centre, to descry
  Who's coming or who's going.

Thus occupied, in Crosby-row,
We covet not the Grange or Stowe;
  Pent in by walls and palings,
Their lordly tenants can't, like us,
Drop in at tea-time to discuss
  Their neighbours' faults and failings.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

As, on the fifth day of November,
  I walk'd down Bartholomew-lane,
I heard a poor Stock-market member
  Thus vent to the pavement his pain.
The boys had Guy Faux by the girdle,
  Intending to roast him red hot;
The broker look'd blank at the hurdle,
  And thus sang the Gunpowder Plot.

"Away with yon 'Gunpowder Percy,'
  Commit the old rogue to the flames,
Grill, barbecue, show him no mercy,
  For plotting to blow up King James.

That two of a trade wrangle ever,
I often have heard—who has not?
How vain his fantastic endeavour
To cope with *our* Gunpowder Plot!

"By us the Welsh Railway's impeded,
Mine searchers are balk'd in their dip,
The call to 'cash up' is unheeded
By holders of Mexican scrip.
Montezuma we've cut a head shorter,
The new patent paper we blot,
London brick's uncemented by mortar,
And all through our Gunpowder Plot.

"British silk we have put out of favour,
Our wives scorn to wear it in cloaks,
British salt we have spoil'd of its savour,
Our Real del Monte's a hoax:
Shareholders, grown wiser, the risk count,
Determined to know what is what,
Columbian scrip's at a discount,
When singed by our Gunpowder Plot.

"Gwennappe, with its tin and its copper,
Has now in its shaft sprung a leak,
The shareholders don't think it proper
Directors should play hide-and-seek.
Greek bonds are cast into the gutter,
Cheam soap to a discount has got:
Metropolitan Alderney butter
Runs off in our Gunpowder Plot.

" Pearl-divers lie strangled below sea,
  Red rubies won't come at a wish,
Gold sticks like a leech to Potosi,
  And Myers gives up ' London fish.'
Huge logs lie unshipp'd at Honduras,
  The Company leaves them to rot ;
The schemes are laid sprawling as sure as
  A gun by our Gunpowder Plot.

" Then haste, boys, your fagots burn brighter:
  And if, in the midst of your sport,
Some fragment of charcoal and nitre
  Shall blow into air Capel-court ;
The shareholders, cruel as Nero,
  Will laugh at our merited lot,
And cry, ' Mr. Guy, you're a hero!
  Long life to your Gunpowder Plot!' "

THE IMAGE BOY.

WHOE'ER has trudged, on frequent feet,
From Charing Cross to Ludgate-street,
  That haunt of noise and wrangle,
Has seen, on journeying through the Strand,
A foreign Image-vender stand
  Near Somerset's quadrangle.

His coal-black eye, his balanced walk,
His sable apron, white with chalk,

His listless meditation,
His curly locks, his sallow cheeks,
His board of celebrated Greeks,
Proclaim his trade and nation.

Not on that board, as erst, are seen
A tawdry troop; our gracious Queen
With tresses like a carrot,
A milk-maid with a pea-green pail,
A poodle with a golden tail,
John Wesley, and a parrot;—

No; far more classic is his stock;
With ducal Arthur, Milton, Locke,
He bears, unconscious roamer,
Alcmena's Jove-begotten Son,
Cold Abelard's too tepid Nun,
And pass-supported Homer.

See yonder bust adorn'd with curls;
'Tis hers, the Queen who melted pearls
Marc Antony to wheedle.
Her bark, her banquets, all are fled;
And Time, who cut her vital thread,
Has only spared her Needle.'

Stern Neptune, with his triple prong,
Childe Harold, peer of peerless song,
So frolic Fortune wills it,
Stand next the Son of crazy Paul,
Who hugg'd the intrusive King of Gaul
Upon a raft at Tilsit.

" Poor vagrant child of want and toil!
The sun that warms thy native soil
Has ripen'd not thy knowledge;
'Tis obvious, from that vacant air,
Though Padua gave thee birth, thou ne'er
Didst graduate in her College.

" 'Tis true thou nam'st thy motley freight;
But from what source their birth they date,
Mythology or history,
Old records, or the dreams of youth,
Dark fable, or transparent truth,
Is all to thee a mystery.

" Come tell me, Vagrant, in a breath,
Alcides' birth, his life, his death,
Recount his dozen labours:
Homer thou know'st; but of the woes
Of Troy thou 'rt ignorant as those
Dark Orange-boys thy neighbours."

'Twas thus, erect, I deign'd to pour
My shower of lordly pity o'er
The poor Italian wittol,
As men are apt to do, to show
Their vantage-ground o'er those who know
Just less than their own little.

When lo, methought Prometheus' flame
Waved o'er a bust of deathless fame,
And woke to life Childe Harold:

The Bard aroused me from my dream
Of pity, alias self-esteem,
And thus indignant caroll'd:—

"O thou, who thus, in numbers pert
And petulant, presum'st to flirt
With Memory's Nine Daughters:
Whose verse the next trade-winds that blow
Down narrow Paternoster-row
Shall 'whelm in Lethe's waters:

"Slight is the difference I see
Between yon Paduan youth and thee;
He moulds, of Paris plaster,
An urn by classic Chantrey's laws,—
And thou a literary vase
Of would-be alabaster.

"Were I to arbitrate betwixt
"His terra cotta, plain or mix'd,
And thy earth-gender'd sonnet,
Small cause has he th' award to dread:—
Thy images are in the head,
And his, poor boy, are on it!"

RETORT LEGAL.

"WHAT with briefs and attending the court, self and clerk,
I'm at my wits' end," muttered Drone the attorney.
"I fear 'tis a medical case," answered Shark—
"You're so terribly tired by so little a journey."

THE LEES AND THE LAWSONS.

If you call on the Lees, north of Bloomsbury-square,
They welcome you blandly, they proffer a chair,
  Decorously mild and well bred:
Intent on their music, their books, or their pen,
Employment absorbs their attention, and men
  Seem totally out of their head.

If you call on the Lawsons, in Bloomsbury-place,
No fabric of order you seem to deface,
  No sober arrangement to break:
They lounge on the sofa, their manners are odd,
Men drop in at luncheon, and give them a nod,
  Then run to the sherry and cake.

The house of the Lees has an orderly air,
It sets to its brethren of brick in the square
  A model from attic to basement:
The knocker is polish'd, the name is japann'd,
The step, unpolluted, is sprinkled with sand,
  White blinds veil the drawing-room casement.

The house of the Lawsons is *toute autre chose*,
It certainly proffers no air of repose,
  For one of the girls always lingers
Athwart the verandah, alert as an ape,
To note to her sisters the forthcoming gape,
  Be it monkeys, or Savoyard singers.

Whenever the Lees to the theatre stray,
The singers who sing, and the players who play,
  Attentive, untalkative, find 'em:
With sound to allure them, or sense to attract,
They rarely turn round, till the end of the act,
  To talk with the party behind 'em.

The Lawsons are bent on a different thing:
Miss Paton may warble, Miss Ayton may sing,
  To listeners tier above tier:
They heed not song, character, pathos, or plot,
But turn their heads back, to converse with a knot
  Of dandies who lounge in the rear.

In life's onward path it has happen'd to me
With many a Lawson, and many a Lee,
  In parties to mix and to mingle:
And somehow, in spite of manœuvres and plans,
I've found that the Lees get united in banns,
  While most of the Lawsons keep single.

Coy Hymen is like the black maker of rum—
"De more massa call me de more I vont come,"
  He flies from the froward and bold:
He gives to the coy what he keeps from the kind;
The maidens who seek him, the maidens who find,
  Are cast in an opposite mould.

Ye female *gymnasians*, who strive joint by joint,
Come give to my Lawsons some lessons in point,
  (They can't from their own sex refuse 'em;)

Whenever you plan an athletic attack,
You know, from experience, to jump on man's back
Is not the right road to his bosom.

THE EXHIBITION.

Says Captain John Clay,
"'Tis the second of May,
All the town's in a humming condition,
Like bees in a hive—
Shall I give you a drive
To the Somerset House Exhibition?"
"You 've tumbled," I answered, "my wish on,
We'll go to this year's Exhibition:"
So, light as Queen Mab,
We enter'd his cab,
And drove to the new Exhibition.

We first, hard as bone,
View'd the models in stone,
And saw, like a turkey a dish on,
Fair Psyche on Zephyrs,
As spotless as heifers,
All making an odd Exhibition.
A polish'd defunct politician,
A Kemble,—the drama's magician,
A Mrs. H. Gurney,
A marble attorney;
And all in this Year's Exhibition.

We then, with our cat-
A-logue stow'd in our hat,
Ascended, with no expedition,
Where Hercules grapples
His larceny apples,
And guards this sublime Exhibition.
Upstairs, in a weary condition,
We mounted this grand Exhibition;
Saw Boys with a spaniel,
Two Flounders by Daniell,
And all in this Year's Exhibition.

A chief of dragoons
In tight red pantaloons,
Stood looking as fierce as Domitian;
A big Holofernes,
Whom Judith at her knees
Survey'd in a ticklish condition.
Indeed 'tis a fine Exhibition!
Pray mark in this Year's Exhibition
A fat Captive Negro,
Whose visage made me grow
Quite sad, in this new Exhibition.

There's Jesse Watts Russell,
A Waterloo Bustle,
May Morning—not painted by Titian;
A Boa Constrictor,
As big as the picture,
And all in this Year's Exhibition.

Indeed 'tis a fine Exhibition,
Pray note in this new Exhibition
A Farebrother Sheriff,
I should not much care if
He graced not this year's Exhibition.

There's mild Caradori,
H. Singleton's Glory,
A head of R. Gooch, a physician,
Charles Mathews revealing
His charms to the ceiling,
And all in this grand Exhibition.
A Snow-storm, a dresser with Fish on,
Three Smugglers prepared for sedition,
Five heads by Sir Thomas—
Should fate take him from us,
'Twould be a much worse Exhibition.

A Juliet by Briggs,
A Peasant and pigs,
A doctor descended from Priscian.
A Miss Charlotte Bestwich;
Not naming the rest which
Appear in this year's Exhibition.
Pray, reader, let no prohibition
Keep *you* from this year's Exhibition.
Do but go, and I trust
That you'll find this a just
Account of the new Exhibition.

MAGOG'S PROPHECY.

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus.—*Hor. lib. i. od. 15.*

As late, of civic glory vain,
The Lord Mayor drove down Mincing Lane,
The progress of the bannered train
To lengthen, not to shorten;
Gigantic Magog, vexed with heat,
Thus to be made the rabble's treat,
Checked the long march in Tower Street,
To tell his Lordship's fortune.

"Go, man thy barge for Whitehall Stair,
Salute th' Exchequer Barons there,
Then summon round thy civic chair
To dinner Whigs and Tories;
Bid dukes and earls thy hustings climb—
But mark my word, Matthias Prime,
Ere the tenth hour, the scythe of Time
Shall amputate thy glories.

Alas! what loads of fools I see,
What turbots from the Zuyder Zee,
What calipash, what calipee,
What salad and what mustard:
Heads of the Church and limbs of Law,
Venders of calico and straw,
Extend one sympathetic jaw
To swallow cake and custard.

Thine armour'd knights their steeds discard,
To quaff thy wine 'through helmet barred,'
While K.C.B's., with bosoms starred,
  Within their circle wedge thee.
Even now I see thee standing up,
Raise to thy lip 'the loving cup,'
Intent its ruby tide to sup,
  And bid thy hearers pledge thee.

But, ah! how fleeting thy renown!
Thus treading on the heel of Brown;
How vain thy spangled suit, thy gown
  Intended for three winters;
Ere Lansdowne's speech is at an end,
I see a board of lamps descend,
Whose orbs in bright confusion blend,
  And strew the floor with splinters.

Their smooth contents spread far and near,
And in one tide impetuous smear
Knight, waiter, liverymen, and peer:
  Nay, even his Royal Highness
The falling board no longer props,
Owns, with amaze, the unwelcome drops,
And, premature anointment, swaps
  For oozy wet his dryness.

Fear shrinks in many a varied tone,
Pale Beauty mourns her spotted zone,
And heads and bleeding knuckles own
  The glittering prostration.

Behold! thou wip'st thy crimson chin,
And all is discord, all is din:
While scalded writers swear thee in
With many an execration.

Yet, Lucas, smile in Fortune's spite:
Dark mornings often change to bright;
Ne'er shall this omen harm a wight
So active and so clever.
How buoyant, how elastic thou!
With a lamp halo round thy brow,
Prophetic Magog dubs thee now
A Lighter man—than ever."

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN VERSE.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN VERSE.

THE MAMMOTH.

Soon as the deluge ceas'd to pour
The flood of death from shore to shore,
  And verdure smil'd again,
Hatch'd amidst elemental strife,
I sought the upper realms of life,
  The tyrant of the plain.

On India's shores my dwelling lay—
Gigantic, as I roam'd for prey,
  All nature took to flight!
At my approach the lofty woods
Submissive bow'd, the trembling floods
  Drew backward with affright.

Creation felt a general shock:
The screaming eagle sought the rock,
  The elephant was slain;
Affrighted, men to caves retreat,
Tigers and leopards lick'd my feet,
  And own'd my lordly reign.

Thus many moons my course I ran,
The general foe of beast and man,
  Till on one fatal day

The lion led the bestial train,
And I, alas! was quickly slain,
As gorg'd with food I lay.

With lightning's speed the rumour spread—
"Rejoice! rejoice! the Mammoth's dead,"
Resounds from shore to shore.
Pomona, Ceres, thrive again,
And, laughing, join the choral strain,
"The Mammoth is no more."

In earth's deep caverns long immur'd,
My skeleton, from view secur'd,
In dull oblivion lay;
Till late, with industry and toil,
A youth subdued the stubborn soil,
And dragg'd me forth to day.

In London now my body's shown,
And while the crowd o'er every bone
Incline the curious head,
They view my form with wond'ring eye,
And pleas'd in fancied safety, cry—
"Thank Heav'n, the monster's dead."

O mortals, blind to future ill,
My race yet lives, it prospers still—
Nay, start not with surprise:
Behold, from Corsica's small isle,
Twin-born in cruelty and guile,
A second Mammoth rise!

He seeks, on fortune's billows borne,
A land by revolution torn,
  A prey to civil hate:
And seizing on a lucky time
Of Gallic frenzy, Gallic crime,
  Assumes the regal state.

Batavian freedom floats in air,
The patriot Swiss, in deep despair,
  Deserts his native land;
While haughty Spain her monarch sees
Submissive wait, on bended knees,
  The tyrant's dread command.

All Europe o'er the giant stalks,
Whole nations tremble as he walks,
  Extinct their martial fire;
The Northern Bear lies down to rest,
The Prussian Eagle seeks her nest,
  The Austrian bands retire.

Yet, ah! a storm begins to low'r,
Satiate with cruelty and pow'r,
  At ease the monster lies;
Lion of Britain, led by you,
If Europe's sons the fight renew,
  A second Mammoth dies.*

* This poem, admirably translated into French by M. Peltier, was widely circulated upon the Continent.—(Ed.)

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER THE STATUE OF APOLLO AT PARIS.

THRICE welcome to Paris! bright regent of day.
To the Tuileries boldly advance;
Oh, shed on this land an enlivening ray,
And smile on regenerate France.

One king and one God we acknowledge no more;
But, free from the shackles of pride,
Our liberal minds the Pantheon adore,
And worship three consuls beside.

We know that, when hurl'd from the regions of air,
You, nought by misfortune dismay'd,
The flocks of Admetus attended with care,
In the garb of a shepherd array'd.

You sang, and hilarity reign'd through the plains,
And sorrow and care were no more;
You talk'd of the blessings of peace to the swains,
And the rude din of battle was o'er.

Great Shepherd! from thee, by despair render'd bold,
A speedy protection we pray
From a Corsican wolf that has enter'd our fold,
And made the whole nation his prey.

A long time of peace he pretended to see,
Yet by war still our nation is curs'd;
The country from tyrants he promis'd to free,
Himself of all tyrants the worst.

Of the joys that from mutual confidence rise,
He talks with dissembled delight;
Yet haunted by terrors, to solitude flies,
Fast hid at St. Cloud from the sight.

O far-darting God! with thine arrows of fire,
Cut short the fell ravisher's reign,
And give to our country, her soul's chief desire,
A regal dominion again.

SAPPHIC ODE, WRITTEN AT BONAPARTE'S LEVEE.

Blest as th' initiate sure is he,
Who at thy levee stood, like me;
And heard and saw thee, all the while,
Madly threat Britannia's isle.

'Twas this my patriot soul oppress'd,
And rais'd new anger in my breast;
But while I gazed, resentment fled,
And laughter seiz'd me in its stead.

Your eyes shot forth a subtle flame,
Convulsive anger shook your frame;
While, borne on many a foreign tongue,
My ears with murm'ring wonder rung.

Scared by your looks and accents loud,
In haste to leave the tittering crowd,

My duty I forgot to pay;
So started, smil'd—and walk'd away!

THE PRINTER'S CALDRON.*

SCENE.—*A dark room; in the middle a great caldron burning. Thunder. Enter three Printer's Devils.*

FIRST DEVIL.

Thrice the watchman gave his knock,

SECOND DEVIL.

Twice,—and once has crow'd the cock;

THIRD DEVIL.

Our master cries, "'Tis five o'clock."

ALL.

Now your several schemes display
To make the paper of the day:—

SECOND DEVIL.

Spy, that standing on cold stone,
Names and titles one by one,

* This imitation of the witch scene in Macbeth is a satire upon the frivolities of the Morning Post Newspaper, as it was *then* conducted.—(ED.)

Catchest at the doors of fashion,
Haste to bring your motley trash in;
Packwood's puffs, and state of weather,
Hints of who and who's together,
(Paid, to contradict to-worrow,
Lie, inserted to our sorrow,)
Fluttering follies, light as vapour,
Rise you to the top o' th' paper.

ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Touch the cash—the nation bubble.

FIRST DEVIL.

Braham—Soldier tir'd—Mad Bess—
Case of singular distress,
Speech of egotistic pleader,
String of coaches made by Leader,
Fashionable invalids,
Morning dresses, widow's weeds,
Lobby quarrels, satisfaction,
Rout in Mayfair, crim-con. action,
Patent soles, that never falter,
Doctors Brodum and Sir Walter,
Pun, and vive la bagatelle,
Schemes to make our paper sell.

ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Touch the cash—the nation bubble.

SECOND DEVIL.

Bonaparté, Paris fashions,
Chapels, Cyprian assignations,
Captain Sash, the sea-side shark,—
Slander's arrows, shot i' th' dark.
Villa of Rochampton Jew,
Horrid murder done at Kew;
Queries, critical corrections,
Galvanistic resurrections,
Treatise on the moon's eclipse,
Paint for cheeks, and salve for lips;
Stupid pun, birth-strangled jest—
Portsmouth letter—wind north-west,
And thus our merit stands confest!

ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Touch the cash—the nation bubble.

THIRD DEVIL.

Cool it with an empty boast,
That every day we sell the most,
'Tis done—behold the Morning Post!

HARLEQUIN'S INVASION.

LADIES and gentlemen, to-day,
With scenes adapted to th' occasion,
A grand new pantomime we play,
Entitled Harlequin's Invasion.

No comic pantomime before
Could ever boast such tricks surprising;
The hero capers Europe o'er—
But hush! behold the curtain rising.

And first, that little isle survey,
Where sleeps a peasant boy so hearty;
That little isle is Corsica,
That peasant boy is Bonaparté.

Now lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
Demon of witchcraft hover o'er him;
And, rising through the stage trap-door,
An evil genius stands before him.

His arms in solemn state are cross'd,
His voice appals th' amaz'd beholders,
His head in circling clouds is lost,
And crimson pinions shade his shoulders.

"Mortal, awake!" the phantom cries,
"And burst the bonds of fear asunder,
My name is Anarchy—arise!
Thy future fortunes teem with wonder.

"To spread my reign the earth around,
Here take this sword, whose magic power
Shall sense, and right, and wrong confound,
And work new wonders ev'ry hour.

"Throw off that peasant garb, begin
T' assume the party-colour'd rover,

And, as a sprightly Harlequin,
Trip, lightly trip, all Europe over."

He spoke, and instant to the view
Begins the curious transformation;
His mask assumes a sable hue,
His dress a pantomimic fashion.

Now round the stage, in gaudy pride,
Capers the renovated varlet;
Shakes the lath weapon at his side,
And shines in blue, and white, and scarlet.

High on a rock, his cunning eye
Surveys half Europe at a glance,
Flat Holland, fertile Italy,
Old Spain, and gay regen'rate France.

He strikes with wooden sword the earth,
Which heaves with motion necromantic:
The nations own a second birth,
And trace his steps with gestures antic.

The Pope prepares for war, but soon
All-powerful Harlequin disarms him;
And changing into *Pantaloon*,
Each motion frets, each noise alarms him.

With trembling haste he seeks to join
His daughter *Gallia*, lovely rover!
But she, transform'd to *Columbine*,
Her father scorns, and seeks her lover.

The *Dutchman* next his magic feels,
Changed to the *Clown*, he hobbles after;
Blundering pursues the light of heels,
Convulsing friends and foes with laughter.

But all their various deeds of sin,
What mortal man has ever reckon'd?
The mischief plann'd by Harlequin,
Fair Columbine is sure to second.

They quickly kill poor Pantaloon,
And now our drama's plot grows riper;
Whene'er they frisk it to some tune,
The Clown is forced to *pay the piper*.

Each foreign land he dances through,
In some new garb beholds the hero,
Pagan and Christian, Turk and Jew,
Cromwell, Caligula, and Nero.

A butcher Harlequin appears,
The rapid scene to Egypt flying;
O'er captive Turks his sword uprears,
The stage is strew'd with dead and dying.

Next by the crafty genius taught,
Sportive he tries a doctor's trick;
Presents the bowl with poison fraught,
And kills his own unconscious sick.

Hey! pass! he's back to Europe gone,
All hostile followers disappointed;

Kicks five old women from the throne,
And dubs himself the Lord's anointed.

In close embrace with Columbine,
Pass, gaily pass, the flying hours;
While, prostrate at their blood-stain'd shrine,
Low bend the European powers.

Church'd by his sword, the morals fly,
The virtues into vices dwindling;
Courage is turn'd to cruelty,
And public faith to private swindling.

With atheist Bishops, jockey Peers,
His hurly-burly court is graced;
Courtesans, brewer-charioteers,
Mad Lords, and Duchesses dis-Graced.

And now th' invasion scene comes on;
The parch'd and pox-bit renegado
Hurls at Britannia's lofty throne
Full many a mad and proud bravado.

The trembling Clown dissuades in vain,
And finds too late there's no retreating;
Whatever Harlequin may gain,
The Clown is sure to get a beating.

They tempt the main, the canvass raise,
A storm destroys his valiant legions;
And lo! our closing scene displays
A grand view of th' infernal regions.

Thus have we, gentlefolks, to-day,
With pains proportion'd to th' occasion,
Our piece perform'd; then prithee say,
How like you Harlequin's Invasion?

ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MRS. MATHEWS AT HULL IN 1808,

IN THE ENTERTAINMENT CALLED "MAIL-COACH ADVENTURES."

GREAT Garrick, accustomed, in tragical fury,
To stand unabashed in the regions of Drury,
Yet, awed and alarmed, felt his valour to fall
When brought as a witness to Westminster Hall.
So I, though accustomed in Drury to play,
My confidence find before you die away.
Yet, like a good wife, when requested, I come,
Nor venture to speak till my husband is dumb.
The needle, by impulse magnetic drawn forth,
In every region still points to the north;
Though bound to this law with unvaried devotion,
It wavers and turns with a tremulous motion.
Even thus, though on wings of delight I pursue
My tour to the north, to meet friends such as you,
I waver, and tremble my task to fulfil,
And dread that the deed may not equal the will.
My duties are small, I can soon tell their meanings,—
I'm merely Queen Consort—my Lord's *locum tenens*.
A volunteer sentry, I follow the track,
And only mount guard till my husband comes back.
My province to-night (it will not keep you long)
Is an Olla Podrida of music and song—

Mere bagatelle sounds, to make time travel faster,
And lighten the load of my great lord and master.
Already I feel so much kindness is here,
My opening fears by degrees disappear;
And as the young barrister, new to the station,
Grows bold at the close of his maiden oration,
And dashes away with a loftier scope—
"My Lud, and your Ludship," in figure and trope—
With added assurance my task I pursue,
In hopes of a verdict from candour and you.

COMIC SONGS.

SONG—"*Mail Coach.*" (*Air*, "*The Country Club.*"*)

EGAD, as I'm a sinner,
I'll get a snack of dinner,
For Lord knows where we sup.
You! waiter! quick, be handy,
Bring a glass of cherry brandy,
To keep my spirits up.
Some gravy soup and mutton,
I'm as hungry as a glutton.
Lord! what a time you stay!
A bottle of good sherry—
I'm determin'd to be merry—
Let Momus rule the day.

* This song is given as a specimen of the light frame-work which that unrivalled artist, the late Charles Mathews, used to render so delightful by the whimsical olio introduced between each verse, under the technical name of Patter—a jumble of mimicry, jests, characters, and anecdote, chiefly supplied from his own inexhaustible stores.—(ED.)

(*Enter Mail Gard—horn sounds—Tarra-ra-ra!*)

"All's ready, gentlemen"—Well, then,
If that's the case,
Let go their heads, and straightway
Rattle underneath the gateway,
Off we go—away! away!

Four in hand, from Piccadilly,
Off we scamper, willy nilly,
In snug Welsh wigs so neat,
Along the Strand we clatter,
All sulkiness, no chatter.
Wo ho! in Lombard Street,
There a motley pack of railers,
Jews, citizens, and sailors,
From every side approach,
All making odd grimaces,
And quarrelling for places—
"O dear! I've missed the coach!"
"All ready in the York Mail?"—"Yes."
Tarra-ra-ra. Then
Let go their heads, and straightway
Rattle underneath the gateway,
Off we go—away! away!

What a cavalcade of coaches
From every side approaches,
Rare work for man and beast!
Awhile to bait, take shelter,
Then gallop helter-skelter,
Some west and others east.

Hold tight whene'er we stop, sir,
Or from the box you'll drop, sir,
Which you'll dislike, no doubt.
Here, Tom, let go the traces,
Then away we go in races,
Four inside and two out.
Tarra-ra-ra.—Sit fast there.—All right?—Yes. The—
Let go their heads, and straightway
Rattle underneath the gateway,
Off we go—away! away!

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Air—"The Hunting of the Hare."

Cloudy mist every valley and hill buries,
Spurred and booted on sofas we sprawl,
Back the galloways, put up the tilburies,
Sad wet weather at Drizzle-down Hall.
One cannot read Waverley twice over cleverly,
Talents should never lie idle a day,
Best of Madrigals, Private Theatricals,
All we want is to settle the play.

Hang a curtain across the back drawing-room,
Black that staring mahogany door,
Make the book-room a carpenter's sawing-room,
Never mind! cut a hole in the floor.

We all shall be fair actors—no need of rare actors,
Settle your characters, bustle away,
Wind and weather-bound, gladly together bound,
All we want is to settle the play.

Colonel Strutt is a famous Octavian,
You, Sir John, shall be Sadi the slave;
Hush! Sir John is a red-hot Moravian,
He'll dumbfound us by humming a stave.
Let Dr. Genitive open in Lenitive,
I'll not disdain it if you'll lead the way;
Bravo, Domine! down with Melpomene—
All we want is to settle the play.

I'm for Percy, and I'm for Northumberland;
I'm for reciting the Jovial Crew;
I've done Sheva, and old Mr. Cumberland
Called it the real original Jew.
Macbeth makes money come—no, we'll be funny—come—
No, Polly Honeycomb—Lady Jane Grey;
While your busy pates ponder, time dissipates—
All we want is to settle the play.

Hold, good people—where are your courtesies?
Mounting heaven on Icarus' wings;
All are Hamlets, and none are Laerteses—
Pray act something with nothing but kings.
Romeos all in tears, Beverley Volunteers,
Ready to fall in tears, choke up the way;
Generalissimos hunting bravissimos—
Devil a private to act in your play.

Sol re-illuminates, call the postilions,
Off we scamper through Drizzledown Park;
Nags and donkeys, barouches and pillions,
Reach the races before it is dark.
Comical, stoical, tragic, heroical,
All statu quo-ical scamper one way;—
Best of Madrigals, Private Theatricals,
Pity one never can settle the play!

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

Air—"Over the Water to Charley."

I've seen (lucky me!) what you all want to see—
Good people, give ear to my sonnet—
I've gazed in the ring on the Muscovy King,
And I've peeped at the Oldenburg bonnet:
At his sister's approach to get into her coach,
Her brother steps forward to hand her,
What ecstasies throb in the hearts of the mob,
With huzza for the great Alexander!

On bracelet and seal behold his profile
At the shop too of Laurie and Whittle,
Nat Lee, hold your prate, Alexander the Great
Is now Alexander the Little!
In Lord William's dell, near the Pulteney hotel,
What multitudes ev'ry day wander!
They scamper like imps to indulge in a glimpse
Of the mighty renowned Alexander.

Poor Madame de Stael is quite pushed to the wall,
Chassé'd by the Czar and the Duchess,
And since his retreat, even Louis *dix-huit*
Must walk on oblivion's crutches.
Clerks run from their quills, haberdashers their tills,
John Bull is a great goosey gander;
Even Kean is forgot, we are all on the trot
For a gaze upon great Alexander.

"Have you seen him 's" the talk, Piccadilly's the walk,
I suppose since it is so, it must be,
And nobody thinks of that musical sphynx
Catalani, or great Doctor Busby.
Anxiety burns every bosom by turns
To flirt with this royal Philander,
And happy the wight who can utter at night—
"This morning I saw Alexander."

He dresses with taste, he is small in the waist,
I beheld him with Blucher and Platoff,
The Hetman appears with his cap on his ears,
But the Emperor rides with his hat off:
He sits on his throne with a leg in each zone,
No monarch on earth can be grander;
Half an hour after dark, the rails of the Park
Are scaled to behold Alexander.

When the town was illumed, how his residence bloomed
With lamps to the balcony fitted,
I'm told his Cossacks made eleven attacks
To drink up the oil ere they lit it!

The Chronicle says that he laces in stays—
Perhaps this is nothing but slander;
Since his stay is not long, I will shorten my song
With huzza for the great Alexander!

THE GRETNA GREEN BLACKSMITH.

Air—"The Sprig of Shillelah."

THOUGH my face is all smutty, not fit to be seen,
I'm the tinkering parson of Gretna Green,
With my rang, tang, hammer and nail.
To look like the ladies is always my plan,
So I roll up my sleeves as high as I can,
In spite of my vice, and though I am lame,
I make the sparks fly, and myself raise a flame,
With my rang, tang, hammer and nail.

In chaises-and-four lovers fly to my cot,
With folly remembered, and prudence forgot,
With a rang, tang, hammer and nail.
Down hill, helter-skelter, they fearlessly move,
For who ever thinks of a hind wheel in love?
So, while the young lady her passion reveals,
I tack them together—then hammer the wheels,
With my rang, tang, hammer and nail.

"O dear," says Miss Lucy, a delicate fright in,
"I was all over rust till they took me to Brighton,
With rang, tang, hammer and nail.

Indeed, Mr. Parson, you'll find me no fool,
I'm a great deal too old to be sent back to school;
Captain Shark of the Fourth is the man I adore,
My Pa is a bear, and my Ma is a bore,
With their rang, tang, hammer and nail."

But, alas! ten to one, ere they got back to town,
My lady is up, and the carriage breaks down,
With a rang, tang, hammer and nail.
Of tears my young Madam dissolves in a flood,
Her head in the clouds, and her feet in the mud,
Till both, recollecting the cause of the evil,
Wish carriage, and marriage, and me at the devil,
With rang, tang, hammer and nail.

I can make a jack-chain, a patten, a knife,
I forge heavy fetters for husband and wife,
With my rang, tang, hammer and nail.
Here Venus and Vulcan their compact renew,
A partner for life or a tenpenny screw,
A wedlock, a padlock, I do not care which—
So the tinker of Gretna is sure to grow rich,
With his rang, tang, hammer and nail.

ALL THE WORLD'S IN PARIS.

Now's the time to change our clime,
Commerce shuts his day-book,
Trade forgets his doubtful debts,
And Pleasure opes his play-book!

Age throws off his winter cough,
  Gout forgets his flannel,
Small and great at Dover wait,
  To cross the British Channel.
London now is out of town,
  Who in England tarries,
Who can bear to linger there,
  When all the world's in Paris?

Bagatelle from Clerkenwell,
  Elegance from Aldgate,
Modish airs from Wapping Stairs,
  And wit from Norton Falgate;
Comme il faut from Butcher Row,
  All are in commotion,
All incline, like devilled swine,
  To nuzzle through the ocean.
    London now is out of town, &c.

Broken Jews, poetic blues,
  Courtezans and Quakers,
Players, Peers, and overseers,
  Jockeys, undertakers;
Paris, who beheld a crew
  Of foreign troops attack her,
In these may trace a second race
  Of Visigoths to sack her!
    London now is out of town, &c.

Who'd endure a cheap *traiteur*?
Come where better cheer is.
Ape the court, along to sport
A louis d'or at Very's:
He at six, who runs to mix
In Palais Royal follies,
In London town, for half-a-crown,
Must eat a chop at Dolly's.
London now is out of town, &c.

City dames the rage inflames,
They know how to time it,
Mrs. Sims is full of whims,
And hates our foggy climate;
Mrs. Grill is very ill,
Nothing can improve her,
Unless she sees the Tuileries,
And waddles through the Louvre.
London now is out of town, &c.

Fortune's duck to change his luck,
Spite of waddling failures,
Hither runs from London duns,
To tick with Calais tailors;
At Tivoli, 'tis who but he,
But while he apes his betters,
He finds the French have got a bench
To nab insolvent debtors!
London now is out of town, &c.

Prudence chides while Fashion guides,
We know which to mind most,
We freely bid, as Boney did,
The devil take the hindmost;
Thus we dance through giddy France,
And when we find the fun done,
The piper pay, and steal away
With empty purse to London.
London now is out of town,
Who in England tarries?
Who can bear to linger there,
When all the world's in Paris?

MATRIMONIAL DUET.

Air—"The Pretty Maid of Derby."

HE.

When we first were man and wife,
And you swore to love for life,
We were quoted as a model, we were quite a show,
Yes, we *tête-à-tête* were seen,
Like King William and his Queen;
What a jewel of a wife was Mrs. John Prevôt!

SHE.

Ay, once I clave to thee, man,
Like Baucis to Philemon,

Now, if I go to Brighton, you're at Bath I know;
Like the pair who tell the weather,
We are never out together,
One at home, the other gadding, Mr. John Prevôt.

HE.

If a lion's to be seen,
Old Blucher—Mr. Kean,
You order out the carriage, and away you go
With that gossip, Mrs. Jones;
How you rattle o'er the stones,
You've no mercy on the horses, Mrs. John Prevôt.

SHE.

With madeira, port, and sherry,
When you make what you call merry,
And sit in sober sadness, are you sober? No!
With that horrid Major Rock,
It is always twelve o'clock,
Ere you tumble up to coffee, Mr. John Prevôt.

BOTH.

Our vicar, Doctor Jervis,
When he read the marriage service,
United us for better and for worse—Heigh-ho!
Since the worse may turn to better,
And we cannot break our fetter,
Let us say no more about it, Mr. (Mrs.) John Prevôt.

THE DEVIL'S OWN SHOP.

Air—"Paddy Whack.

From great Londonderry to London so merry,
My own natty self in a wagon did ride,
In London so frisky folks ride in a whiskey,
In Connaught we carried the whisky inside.
I jumped from the wagon and saw a green dragon,
I spied a blue boar when I turned to the south,
At the Swan with two throttles I tippled two bottles,
And bothered the beef at the Bull and the Mouth.
Ah, Looney, my honey, look after your money,
'Tis all botheration from bottom to top,
Sing didderoo daisy, my jewel, be aisy,
This Lunnun agra' is the devil's own shop.

The great city wax-work is nothing but tax-work,
A plan to bamboozle me out of my pelf,
Says I, Mrs. Salmon, come, none of your gammon,
Your figures are no more alive than myself.
I axed an old Quaker the way to Long Acre;
With thee and with thou he so bother'd my brain,
After fifty long sallies through lanes and blind alleys,
I found myself walking in Rosemary-lane.

Ah, Looney, my honey, look after your money,
'Tis all botheration from bottom to top,
Sing didderoo daisy, my jewel be aisy,
This Lunnun agra' is the devil's own shop.

At night, O how silly along Piccadilly
I wandered, when up came a beautiful dame—
Hurroo, says the lady, how do you do, Paddy?
Says I, pretty well, ma'am, I hope you're the same.
But a great hulking fellow who held her umbrella,
He gave me a terrible thump on the nob,
She ran away squalling, I watch, watch! was calling,
The devil a watch was there left in my fob.
Ah, Looney, my honey, take care of your money,
'Tis all botheration from bottom to top,
Sing didderoo daisy, my jewel be aisy,
This Lunnun agra' is the devil's own shop.

BRIGHTON.

Air—"The Tight Little Island."

Sir Dogberry Dory,
(Pray list to my story,)
Sold fish all alive, fit to bite one,
His wife, huge and tubby,
Tormented her hubby

To dip in the ocean at Brighton;
"O what a fine town is Brighton,
We all want sea-bathing at Brighton;
I vow now, Sir Doggy,
Your head is quite foggy,
You must take a journey to Brighton."

The knight he looked glum,
And he mutter'd out "hum,"
To her, ay or no, it was quite one;
So she and Miss Dolly,
So funny, so jolly,
Set off with old Dury for Brighton.
"La, Pa, what a sweet place is Brighton
I must get a husband at Brighton;
My pretty poke bonnet
Will breed a love sonnet,
And I shall get married at Brighton."

Then to the Library.
On donkies so airy.
They trotted, their purses to lighten.
Each pull'd out a crown,
And wrote her name down.
Then gazed at the loungers at Brighton.
"What, Deputy Treacle at Brighton!
Miss Fubby, too! how you delight one!
Lord, who could have thought
Uncle Tom so have caught
So far from Whitechapel as Brighton!"

Old Dory, I ween,
Mounts a bathing-machine,
The waves the poor fishmonger frighten,
So ridicule scorning,
He pulled down the awning,
And roared for assistance at Brighton.
"Hollo! this machine's not a tight one,
Drive out of the water to Brighton,
You dog, I don't wish
To be food for the fish,
Tho' I'm a fishmonger at Brighton."

At night, one and all,
They repaired to the ball;
Miss wanted a partner, a light one;
She chose, among many,
A lad from Kilkenny,
One Mr. Macshannon at Brighton.
Next day they played billiards at Brighton,
The very first hazard the knight won,
But soon all the cannons
Were Mr. Macshannon's,
He choused poor old Dory at Brighton.

Macshannon, sad story,
Made love to Miss Dory,
The cord of affection to tighten,
With hearts like Mount Etna,
They galloped to Gretna,

Nor thought of poor daddy at Brighton.
The knight swore an oath, not a slight one,
He laid all the blame on poor Brighton,
" My duck, what's the matter?"
" Zounds, madam, don't chatter,
Our Dolly has hopped off from Brighton."

Ma'am sighed for the races,
But he took two places
For London—the coach was a night one;
Then, lord! what a prig,
He put on his Welsh wig,
And bowing thus took leave of Brighton.
" I've lost all my money at Brighton,
I'm caricatured too by Dighton,
Well, well, I won't swear,
But next year, I declare,
I'll be hang'd if you catch me at Brighton."

SONG.—TRIP TO PARIS.

When a man travels, he must not look queer
If he get a few rubs he does not get here;
And if he to Paris from Calais will stray,
I will tell him the things he will meet on his way.
Dover heights — men like mites — skiffery, cliffery,
Shakespeare—
Can't touch prog—sick as a dog—packetem racketem—
makes pier—

Calais clerks—custom-house sharks—searchery, lurchery, fee ! fee !
On the pavé — cabriolet — clattery — pattery, oui ! oui !
Abbeville—off goes a wheel — hammery—dammery, *tut !* tut !
Montreuil, look like a fool—latery, gatery—shut, *shut !*
Laughing, quaffing, snoozing, boozing, cantering, bantering, gad about, mad about.
When a man travels, &c.

Ding dong—post-boy's thong—smackery crackery—gar ! gar !
Soups, ragouts—messes and stews—hashery, trashery, psha ! psha !
Beggar's woes—*donnez quelque chose*—howlery, growlery, *sous ! sous !*
Crawl like a calf—post and a half—sluggery, tuggery, phoo ! phoo !
St. Denis, custom-house fee—lacery, tracery, non, non !
Silver tip-finger on lip—feeing 'em, freeing 'em, bon ! bon !
Laughing, quaffing, &c.
When a man travels, &c.

II.

When a man travels and gets, by good luck,
To Paris, he stares like a pig that is stuck,
And if he's in want of a *Guide de Paris*,
He'd better be quiet, and listen to me

Montagnes Russes, down like a sluice—whizzery, diz zery, see saw!

Catacombs, ghosts and gnomes—bonery, gronery, fee faw!

Mille Colonnes—queen on her throne—flattery chattery, *charmant!*

What's to pay? Beauvilliers—suttle 'em, guttle 'em—gourmand!

St. Cloud—fête de St. Leu, Bowerem—showerem—jet d'eau—

Bastille—water-work wheel—Elephant—elephant—wet O!

Laughing, quaffing, &c. &c.

When a man travels, &c.

Sol fa—tanta-ra-ra! Shriekery, squeakery—strum—strum!

Louis d'or—couldn't get more! Packery—backery—glum—glum!

Call for bill—worse than a pill, largery—chargery—O! O!

Diligence—lessens expense; Wagonem draggingem—slow—slow!

Quillacq—glad to get back, floodery—scuddery—sick—sick!

Now we steer, right for the pier, overem, Doverem,—quick, quick!

Laughing—quaffing—snoozing—boozing—cantering—bantering—gadabout—madabout.

When a man travels, he must not look queer
If he get a few rubs he doesn't get here;
And if he from Calais to Paris would stray,
I've told him the things he will meet on his way.

Sung by Mr. Mathews at the Anniversary Dinner of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund, 1829.

I RISE, Mr. Chairman, my hand on my glass,
To move that our annual money bill pass,
So firmly we draw unanimity's cords,
We sha'n't throw it out, tho' it sprang from the Lords.

Dame Poverty's called by some out-of-date quiz
" A nurse to the virtues "—I dare say she is;
But as to the virtues that crown our *dram. pers.*,
They're apt to prove sick when put out to nurse.

We've a motto—my Latin I fear's gone to grass—
In English it means that the stage is a glass,
To make it a mirror it still wants, good lack!
A little quicksilver to rub on its back.

Shall dingy Othello contemplate in woe
His milk-score, and cry (Cash I owe) Cassio!
No, never shall Britons a hero down trample,
That set married men such a glorious example.

Shall Luke, who now eats such a supper in " Riches,"
Devour from a caldron cheap soup with the witches?
Ophelia can't dine upon daisies and rue,
And " Poor Tom's a-cold," is no joke if it's true.

Recollect, tho' from merit I'd not be detracting,
That as yet we've discovered no railroad for acting;
Recollect that no steam can aid our manufacture,
And no gas can dilate a man into an actor.

I'll not any longer part toper and glass,
I move, Mr Chairman, our money bill pass,
And when *you* report progress, that chair to retain,
I'll hope you'll ask leave, sir, to sit there again.

COUNTRY COMMISSIONS.

Cousin Charles, please to send down to-morrow,
At eight, by the Scarborough mail,
Claudine, or the Victim of Sorrow,
Don Juan, two mops, and a pail.
As soon as you enter Hyde Park, it
Must suit you to call in Gough Square;
And when you're in Leadenhall Market,
Buy a rattle at Bart'lmy Fair.

Do give the enclosed to George Colburn,
The tinman—he's sure to be found—
He lives in Southampton Street, Holburn,
Or else near the Islington Pound.
Papa wants a hamper of claret
Like that which he smuggled from Tours,
Aunt Agatha wants a poll parrot—
Perhaps you could let her have yours.

We are dying for Lord Byron's sonnet,
Tell Jones I have sent him a pig,
Mamma wants a new sarcenet bonnet,
The size of the head of our gig.

Could you match the enclosed bit of ribbon,—
Do buy Tom an ounce of rape-seed;
When you send the third volume of Gibbon,
Do send Jack a velocipede.

Some shears that old Dobbin will well dock,
A mouse-trap, a gold-headed cane,
A bottle of Steers' opodeldoc,
Three ounces of allicumpane,
Gold wire from Duke's Head, Little Britain,
A purple tin kaleidescope,
A tea-tray, a tortoiseshell kitten,
Rob Roy, and a long bit of soap.

Six ounces of Bohea from Twining's,
A peg-top, a Parmesan cheese,
Some rose-coloured sarcenet for linings,
A stew-pan, and Stevenson's glees;
A song ending "Hey noni noni,"
A chair with a cover of chintz,
A mummy dug up by Belzoni,
A skein of white worsted from Flint's.

ANSWER.

Can I pocket St. Paul's like an apple,
Take Waterloo bridge in my teeth,
Mount astride the Green Dragon Whitechapel,
And fight all the butchers beneath?
Can I eat Bank directors by dozens,
Put the national debt in a dish?
If I cannot, my dear country cousins,
I cannot do half what you wish!

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

I sing of a queer set of fellows,
Who meet once a week just to prose:
Some gabble, and some blow the bellows,
While others, good lack!
Cry clickety clack,
With tongue and with wrist,
Knee, body, and fist,
And bellow, harangue, and debate;
Till the President, finding it past ten o'clock,
Cries, Silence, and gives with his hammer a knock.
Look'ye here,
Mr. Chair,
All confusion, I declare—
All confusion, all confusion.
All confusion, I declare;
Order, order, order, order,
Chair, chair, chair!

The question for *this* night's discussion—
Pray, gentlemen, be better bred—
Is this—if a Turk or a Russian
Were born, if you please,
At the Antipodes,
Where moon there is none,
And never a sun,
But darkness is light,
And morning is night,
He would walk on his heels or his head?

Will nobody get up? The evening grows late,
Hats off! A new Member begins the debate.
Look'ye here,
Mr. Chair, &c., &c.

He sat down—then up rose a second,
The second he called up another;
Four, five, six, and seven were reckoned,
Eight, nine, ten, eleven,
To eloquence given;
All chatter and prate,
Harangue and debate,
Till argument sticks;
And boxes and kicks
Bring noise, and confusion, and bother,
Till the President, finding it past ten o'clock,
Cries, Silence, and gives with his hammer a knock.
Look ye here,
Mr. Chair, &c. &c.

SONNETS IN IMITATION OF SHAKSPEARE.

Absence and Presence, born of elder Night,
O'er common mortals hold a common sway;
Absence alights when Presence takes her flight,
Presence presides when Absence is away.
O'er life's dull ocean, borne with steady sails,
Alike, as brother oft resembles brother;
By cold indifference pois'd in equal scales,
The one may well pass current for the other.

But (thee once known) what heart can ever know,
Oblivion, weed that rots on Lethé's wharf?
Presence dispensing joy, and Absence woe,
This soars a giant, and that droops a dwarf.
Oh! disproportioned size of joy and grief,
Absence, how endless long, and Presence brief!

Thou'lt still survive, when I to time shall bow,
When my leaves scatter'd lie, thy rose will bloom;
Thou'lt walk the earth, alert as thou art now,
When I am mould'ring in the silent tomb;
My face, my form, traced by the graver's tool,
Thou holdest: hold them then; and, with a sigh,
When shadowing night shall o'er the welkin rule,
Bethink thee, musing, of the days gone by.
Be not *too* happy, or my jealous sprite
Shall deem thy laughter light, thy spirits folly;
But, gazing on my portraiture, unite
Serene content with sober melancholy,
And cast, in thy belov'd sobriety,
Some thoughts on him whose *all* thoughts dwelt on th

TO MRS. LANE FOX.

(With a portfolio of engravings.)

THE book that in your lap reclines,
Where many a leaf like zephyr wavers,
Within its ample cope combines
The skill of Britain's best engravers.

Fishers are there, with humid nets,
  Dutch boors, intent upon their duties,
And Egypt's mendicant brunettes,
  And mild Circassia's snowy beauties.

Mountains whereon the clouds recline,
  Whence many a Tuscan bravo sallies,
Castles that crown the rapid Rhine,
  Cots that repose in Arno's valleys,
Divers, o'er Indian surge reclined,
  (Where Phœbus glares with added brightness,)
Delving for pearls, ordained to find
  On arms like yours a rival whiteness.

Great painters here their colours strike,
  Rubens no longer feeds on roses,
In sober brown reclines Vandyke,
  Untinted Titian here reposes.
Artists whose palettes to the sight
  Present a gay prismatic olio,
Array'd in modest black and white,
  Repose within this huge portfolio.

Yet not even Bartolozzi's school
  Can give all copies equal spirit;
Vainly the graver plies his tool,
  To give to all impartial merit.
Each, with what skill soever plann'd,
  Grows than its predecessor fainter,
Falls faded from his wearied hand,
  And disappoints the peevish painter.

Would he a gainful trade pursue,
His now superfluous labour saving,
Let the glad artist learn of you,
Lady, the art of true engraving.
You, who at every glance awake
A portrait teeming with expression,
And cleverly contrive to make,
Where'er you go—a *Proof Impression!*

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. VERSCHOYLE.

To shun the syren's joint attacks,
Ulysses, ocean ranger,
Sealed his companion's ears with wax,
And thus escaped the danger.
Bound to the mast, himself, in vain,
He strove to hear their chorus:
The deafened sailors ploughed the main,
And rounded Cape Pelorus.

Had you sung there, to win the prize
By all the Muses cherish'd,
(Had he not bound his sailors' eyes,)
The subtle Greek had perish'd.
That face—that voice—all tastes must suit,
O'er all enchantment flinging:
You fascinate our eyes when mute,
And charm our ears when singing.

ALPHABETICAL RIVERS.

Addressed to Mrs. ——

WHAT various tributary tides
  Flow downward to the C!
How many a bark in Erin glides
  Along the silent D!

The Y in Cambria, as it flows,
  What furious eddies vex!
In Devon, emblem of repose,
  How tranquil winds the X!

The Tiber, hymn'd, when Rome was free,
  By many a bard of old,
Hides many a marble F E G
  Beneath its sands of gold.

The Thames, upon a rainy day,
  Seem'd muddy to the view,
As late I stood upon the K,
  And fish'd in it at Q.

Nor tides alone—but you who go
  To James's and to Howell's,
Possess the qualities that flow
  From consonants and vowels.

Though beauty (got I know not whence)
  In you applauding men see,
'Tis to good humour and good sense
  U O your X L N C!

DEMOSTHENES.

A NEW SONG,

Sung at the last Anniversary Dinner of the Society of Athenians, at the Globe Tavern, Fleet Street.

Mr. Chairman, allow me to speak,
And, gentlemen, do not prove jeerers,
Though my story to me is all Greek,
And perhaps may prove so to my hearers.
Attention! I sha'n't keep you long—
Athenians should never be lost in ease—
O list to my wonderful song
Of your mighty grandfather Demosthenes.

At school he was called a 'cute lad,
A dead hand at syntax and grammar,
Yet his spouting was shockingly bad,
He did nothing but stutter and stammer.
The weakest must go to the wall,
So, quizz'd by the lads and the lasses,
He walked off to blubber and bawl
To the *Poluftoisboio Thalasses.**

Then rose from the sea in a shell
Old Neptune's salt rib Amphitrite,
She row'd him for making a yell,
And cried, in disdain, "Hoity toity!

* "Sounding main."—*Pope's Homer.*

Dame Thetis might come to her son,
But I'm on another guess station."
Thus tutor'd, our hero begun
To blubber his maiden oration.

"Zounds! goddess, don't bother and preach,
All trades they must have a beginning;
Whenever I set up a speech,
All Athens it sets up a-grinning."
"Psha! blockhead, I'll teach you to squeak!
I'll tune up your basses and trebles.—"
So saying, she greeted our Greek
With a mouthful of sea-weed and pebbles.

Returning, he mounted the stage,
His eloquence took in the nation,
All Athens applauded the sage,
And *bravo*, *encore*, came in fashion.
Wherever he spouted, I wot,
These pebbles came in for the glory;
They shook in his jaws like the shot
In the patent shot manufactory.

Ye sons of the senate, who still
For freedom are spouting and raving,
I'd advise you to bring in a bill
Your own throats with granite for paving.
O that is the way, I declare,
To be with Demosthenes even,
Your pebbles to spit at the chair,
And that I call stoning *St. Stephen*.

We modern Athenians are able
To open to glory a new door,
For while we have wine on the table,
We won't say *Ariston men hudor.**
We needn't for pebble-stones probe,
Like Dad in old ocean's dark cavern;
Our eloquence sounds through the *Globe*—
To be sure I don't mean the Globe Tavern.

ODE TO SENTIMENT.

DAUGHTER of dulness! canting dame!
Thou night-mare on the breast of joy,
Whose drowsy morals, still the same,
The stupid soothe, the gay annoy;
Soft cradled in thy sluggish arms,
E'en footpads prate of guilt's alarms,
And pig-tail'd sailors, sadly queer,
Affect the melting mood, and drop the pitying tear.

When first to tickle Britain's nose
Hugh Kelly raised his leaden quill,
Thy poppies lent the wish'd repose,
And bade the gaping town be still.
Poor *Comedy!* thine opiate lore
With patience many a day she bore,
Till Goldsmith all thy hopes dismay'd,
And drove thee from the stage by Tony Lumpkin's aid.

* "Water claims the highest praise."—*West's Pindar.*

Scared by thy lanthorn visage, flee
Thalia's offspring light and merry.
Loud laughter, wit, and repartee,
And leave us moralising Cherry.
They fly, and carry in their line,
Grimaldi, Goose, and Columbine,
To Sadler's Wells by Dibdin taken,
With him they vow to dwell, nor find themselves forsaken.

Soliloquy, with clamorous tongue,
That brings the lord knows what to view,
And Affectation, pert and young,
Swearing to love—the lord knows who.
Still round the midnight caldron caper,
Warm Charity with Newland's paper,
And baby Bounty not unwilling
To give to mother dear her new *King George's* shilling.

O gently o'er the modern stage,
Fair preacher, raise thy deafening din!
Not with the metaphoric rage
That guides the sword of Harlequin,
(As erst thou didst the town amuse,)
With tender bailiff, generous Jews,
Socratic soldiers, praying sailors,
Chaste harlots, letter'd clowns, and duel-fighting tailors.

Forbear thy handkerchief of brine,
Some gleams of merriment admit;

Be scare at moderation thine.
To water, not to drown, the pit.
Beat it, with streaming eye askew.
Thou still, with blubber five acts through.
Have pity on a son of rhyme,
Usurp the play—'tis your's—but spare the pantomime.

THE IRISH SMUGGLERS.

From Brighton two Paddies walk'd under the cliff,
For pebbles and shells to explore;
When lo! a small barrel was dropp'd from a skiff,
Which floated at length to the shore.

Says Dermot to Pat, "We the owner will bilk,
To-night we'll be merry and frisky,
I know it as well as my own mother's milk,
Dear joy! 'tis a barrel of whisky."

Says Pat, "I'll soon broach it, O fortunate lot!
(Now Pat, you must know, was a joker,)
I'll go to Tom Murphy, who lives in the cot,
And borrow his kitchen hot poker."

'Twas said, and 'twas done—so the barrel was bored,
(No Bacchanals ever felt prouder,)
When Paddy found out a small error on board,
The whisky, alas! was gunpowder!

With sudden explosion he flew o'er the ocean,
And high in air sported a leg;
Yet instinct prevails when philosophy fails,
So he kept a tight hold of the keg.

But Dermot bawl'd out, with a terrible shout,
"I'm not to be chous'd, Master Wiseman;
If you do not come down, I'll run into the town,
And, by Jasus, I'll tell the exciseman."

MARY, OR THE SERPENTINE SKATERS.

Dear Mary, you've gazed on the Serpentine skaters,
As agile as swallows, as fleet on the wing;
Far-darting Apollos, in cloth boots and gaiters,
Whose tills and whose tournaments make the ice ring.
Of all the blithe gala, come, paint me a picture—
From Vulcan's red glances your countenance screen;
And ere you deposit your furry constrictor,
Report what you've heard, and depict what you've seen.

Say, who were the leaders, the gaze of the million,
Who spanned the wide channel on iron-bound keel?
What light unapproachables swam a cotillon,
(In this Anno Domini dubbed a quadrille?)
What Jersey, looked after by mothers and daughters,
What Bligh, what Argyll, the *élite* of the set,
Like Pope's young Camilla, fled over the waters?
What Caulfield sprang round in a brisk pirouette?

You smile, gentle Mary, yet those were the leaders,
In days long departed, as Mercury fleet;
But Time, with his scythe, has pronounced them seceders,
And clipped the light pinions that feathered their feet.
I, "once an Arcadian," like them too could measure
The stream, and alert o'er the Serpentine dart;
But warned by the gout, I abjure the chill pleasure,
And gaze on the game where I once took a part.

A little red robin, high perched on the willow
That droops o'er the margin your foot lately press'd,
Has sung in my ear, that the ice-fettered bottom
Bore one whom you gazed on far more than the rest:
'Twas handsome John Selby—that screen, blushing Mary,
Is shifting its place while my theme I pursue;
Your hand seems resolved its position to vary,
And raise it a rampart between me and you.

Nay! pardon the hint: 'twas not meant to affright you—
Those dark downward orbs prithee rise up again;
Should Love not play truant, and Hymen unite you,
May peace and prosperity rivet the chain!
Those spirits of youth may misfortune ne'er sober—
May blooming felicity call you her own;
Till Time shall have mellow'd your May to October,
And Mary and John shall be Darby and Joan.

PHŒBE, OR MY GRANDMOTHER WEST.

Ah, Phœbe ! how slily, love's arrow to barb,
You've stolen down stairs in your grandmamma's garb !
Your ringlet-graced head, and your stomacher flat,
The cut of your cloak, and the bend of your hat,
Your flounce and your furbelow, all have confess'd
Your masquerade likeness to your Grandmamma West.

That necklace of coral I've seen all afloat
(Ere wreck'd by old Time) on your grandmamma's throat;
Her hands, alike gazed on by dandies and boors,
I've seen her fold often as now you fold yours;
While crowds have around her at Ranelagh press'd,
Allur'd by the beauty of Grandmamma West.

Hold, Phœbe ! thou archest of heart-stealing girls,
Thy hat, and thy cloak, and thy lace, and thy pearls,
May not be cast off, till thy painter shall trace
The raiment antique, and thy juvenile face,
With thy ringlets and flounces that once gave a zest
To the now waning charms of your Grandmamma West.

'Tis done ; now begone, and remember that Time,
By steps slow and sure, is corroding your prime.
An era shall come, spite of hopes and of fears,
When Phœbe shall be what she now appears,
A tidy old woman arrayed in her best,
A counterfeit true of her Grandmamma West.

TIME AND LOVE.

An artist painted Time and Love;
Time with two pinions spread above,
And Love without a feather;
Sir Harry patronized the plan,
And soon Sir Hal and Lady Ann
In wedlock came together.

Copies of each the dame bespoke:
The artist, ere he drew a stroke,
Reversed his old opinions,
And straightway to the fair one brings
Time in his turn devoid of wings,
And Cupid with two pinions.

"What blunder's this?" the lady cries.
"No blunder, Madam," he replies,
"I hope I'm not so stupid.
Each has his pinions in his day,
Time, before marriage, flies away,
And, after marriage, Cupid."

SURNAMES.

Men once were surnamed from their shape or estate,
(You all may from history worm it;)
There was Lewis the Bulky, and Henry the Great,
John Lackland, and Peter the Hermit.

But now, when the door-plates of Misters and Dames
Are read, each so constantly varies
From the owner's trade, figure, and calling, Surnames
Seem given by the rule of contraries.

Mr. Box, though provoked, never doubles his fist,
Mr. Burns in his grate has no fuel,
Mr. Playfair won't catch me at hazard or whist,
Mr. Coward was wing'd in a duel.
Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a Whig,
Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,
And huge Mr. Little broke down in a gig,
While driving fat Mrs. Golightly.

Mrs. Drinkwater's apt to indulge in a dram,
Mrs. Angel's an absolute fury,
And meek Mr. Lyon let fierce Mr. Lamb
Tweak his nose in the lobby of Drury.
At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout,
(A conduct well worthy of Nero,)
Over poor Mr. Lightfoot, confined with the gout,
Mr. Heaviside danced a bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose Mr. Love,
Found nothing but sorrow await her;
She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,
That fondest of mates, Mr. Hayter.
Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern-built hut,
Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest;
Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut,
Old Mr. Younghusband's the starchest.

Mr. Child, in a passion, knock'd down Mr. Rock,
Mr. Stone like an aspen-leaf shivers;
Miss Poole used to dance, but she stands like a stock,
Ever since she became Mrs. Rivers.
Mr. Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows how,
He moves as though cords had entwined him,
Mr. Metcalfe ran off, upon meeting a cow,
With pale Mr. Turnbull behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half after three,
Mr. Makepiece was bred an attorney.
Mr. Gardener can't tell a flower from a root,
Mr. Wilde with timidity draws back,
Mr. Ryder performs all his journeys on foot,
Mr. Foote all his journeys on horseback.

Mr. Penny, whose father was rolling in wealth,
Kick'd down all the fortune his dad won,
Large Mr. Le Fevre's the picture of health,
Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one.
Mr. Cruickshank stept into three thousand a year,
By showing his leg to an heiress;—
Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite clear
Surnames ever go by contraries.

"AWAKE, arise," bold Neptune cries,
"It scandalous and base is
To lag behind, when half mankind
Frequent my Watering Places."—
"'Tis passing odd, blue-bearded god,
That men should thus turn otters;
With every due respect for you,
I never liked your waters.

"If 'twere my lot to build a cot,
Or dome of Chinese pattern,
It should not verge upon thy surge,
Joint Devisee of Saturn.
The very trees that own thy breeze,
Seem by the favour undone;
With inland bend, like me, they send
A longing look tow'rd London.

"The man who stops in sea-side shops,
Like Donaldson's or Lucombe's,
In hopes to find food for the mind,
Soon finds he's not at Hookham's.
The libraries that edge thy seas,
Are fit for boys in short hose;
Their gew-gaw shelves bear tops for twelves,
And paper kites in quartos.

"Sandgate may do for those who woo
The leaden god of slumber.
O'er Bognor Rock the sea-gulls flock;
I'll not increase their number.

Who loves to hide should go to Ryde,
Full equi-dismal Cowes is:
And poor Eastbourne appears to mourn
Her runaway 'Sea Houses.'

"To Broadstairs they may post away,
Who think it famous cheer is
With gun and shot o'er fields to trot,
Monopolized by Ceres.
Southend's too nigh, and they who hie
To Scarborough too far get:
Worthing's all tides, and all Cheapside's
Mud carted into Margate.

"Tow'rd Rottingdean who walks the Steyne,
A bold and jutting work sees,
Which aims, by spars, and chains, and bars,
To fetter thee like Xerxes.
But, Son of Ops, the pile that stops
Thy waters in their gushing,
May quit its post on Brighton coast,
And walk away to Flushing.

"See yonder yacht, with paddling trot,
And rolling Lichfield Sam's gait,
Unload, at eight, its motley freight,
To skim thy surf at Ramsgate.
I once swam near her Lighthouse Pier,
Than moist Leander madder,
But, warn'd by Time, no more I climb
For Angels Jacob's ladder.

" At Hastings, if her frisky cliff
Would be more staid and sober,
The gods I'd think to pass, dear Frank,
With thee a blithe October.
But from her brink new rocks may sink,
The next time blows the wind bad:
And I below her chalky brow
Be sepulchred like Sindbad.

" Thus, billowy god, my muse has trod
Thy forelands, creeks, and mountains,
And, could I boot as light a foot,
I'd seek thy briny fountains.
But gout requires more inland shires,
The limb, that last night felt numb,
Instinctive clings to mineral springs—
Adieu, I'm off for Chelt'nham!"

POOR ROBIN'S PROPHECY.

When girls prefer old lovers,
When merchants scoff at gain,
When Thurtell's skull discovers
What pass'd in Thurtell's brain:
When farms contain no growlers,
No pig-tail Wapping-wall,
Then spread your lark-nets, fowlers,
For sure the sky will fall.

When Boston men love banter,
When loan-contractors sleep,
When Chancery pleadings canter,
And common-law ones creep:
When topers swear that claret's
The vilest drink of all;
Then, housemaids, quit your garrets,
For sure the sky will fall.

When Southey leagues with Wooller,
When dandies show no shape,
When fiddlers' heads are fuller
Than that whereon they scrape:
When doers turn to talkers,
And Quakers love a ball;
Then hurry home, street-walkers,
For sure the sky will fall.

When lads from Cork or Newry
Won't broach a whisky flask,
When comedy at Drury
Again shall lift her mask:
When peerless Kitty utters
Her airs in tuneless squall,
Then, cats, desert your gutters,
For sure the sky will fall.

When worth dreads no detractor,
Wit thrives at Amsterdam,
And manager and actor
Lie down like kid and lamb;

When bard with bard embraces,
And critics cease to maul,
Then, travellers, mend your paces,
For sure the sky will fall.

When men, who leave off business
With butter-cups to play,
Find in their heads no dizziness,
Nor long for "melting day:"
When cits their pert Mount-pleasants
Deprive of poplars tall;
Then, poachers, prowl for pheasants,
For sure the sky will fall.

A PAIR OF EAR-RINGS.

HAPPY the man in music nursed!
Toward Phœbus' Temple beckoned;
He lets some fair one sing the first,
And takes at sight the second.

Not mine that tuneful height to gain,
And yet, to stem disaster,
Methink I might, by care and pain,
Some few duettos master.

Kate, fair preceptress, taught me well,
By dint of toil, to bellow
A second to Mozart's "Crudel,"
And Mayer's "Vecchierello."

Push'd on by her assiduous aid,
In strains not much like Banti,
Through "Con un Aria" next I strayed,
Composed by Fioravanti.

Thus taught my tuneful part to bear,
To Kate, assiduous girl,
In courtesy I sent a pair
Of ear-rings, deck'd with pearl.

My Mercury to Kate's abode
On agile pinions flew,
And fleetly by the self-same road
Brought back this billet-doux:—

"A boon like this, dear Sir, appears
The best you can bestow:
'Tis fit you decorate my ears—
You've *bored* them long ago."

PROVERBS.

My good Aunt Bridget, spite of age,
Versed in Valerian, Dock, and Sage,
Well knew the virtues *of* herbs;
But Proverbs gain'd her chief applause,
"Child," she exclaim'd, "respect old saws,
"And pin your faith on Proverbs."

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I ogled Jane, who heard me say,
That "Rome was not built in a day,"
When lo! Sir Fleet O'Grady
Put this, my saw, to sea again,
And proved, by running off with Jane,
"Faint heart ne'er won fair Lady."

Aware "New Brooms sweep clean," I took
An untaught tyro for a cook,
(The tale I tell a fact is;)

She spoilt my soup: but, when I child,
She thus once more my work undid,
"Perfection comes from Practice."

Thus, out of every adage hit,
And finding that ancestral wit
As strangerini as the clime is:
From Proverbs, turning on my heel,
I now call Wisdom from my seal,
Whose motto's "Ne quid nimis."

THE BIRTH OF PODAGRA.

"Fair daughter, it puzzles me much,"
Quoth Jove to Idalia's Queen,
"Why you married a god on a crutch,
Who never looks fit to be seen.
With Mars, and with Bacchus, and with
Apollo to woo you in songs,
Oh! how could you marry a smith
Who furnishes pokers and tongs?"

"Dread sire," said the Queen of the Loves,
"While Vulcan is beating hot shoes
All day, I can harness my doves,
And call on what people I choose:
You made him a smith from his birth,
His forge on Mount Ætna he plies:
Let him mind his shop upon earth,
And me manage mine in the skies."

The Thunderer nodded assent.
Ere long, with his vine-circled rod,
On no honest embassy bent,
Came Bacchus, the ivy-crown'd god.
He drove the dame out in his car;
Anacreon call'd up the Nine,
And thrumm'd his eternal guitar
In praise of the myrtle and vine.

With Vulcan employ'd all the day,
The lovers felt doubly secure:
We know, when Grimalkin's away,
The mice are not over-demure.
Thus flitted unclouded the scene,
Till Dian nine circuits had run:
When, lo! the parturient Queen
Of Paphos gave birth to a son.

In flannels Jove swaddled the imp,
As broad as his mother's blue zone,
And prudently gave him a limp,
To pass for lame Mulciber's own.
The Bacchus and Venus-born child
Grew, otherwise, healthy and stout.
Hippocrates nursed him, and styled
The big-footed libertine—Gout!

THE YEAR TWENTY-SIX.

'Tis gone with its toys and its troubles,
Its essays on cotton and corn,
Its laughing-stock company bubbles,
Its Cherry-ripe—(music by Horn.)
'Tis gone, with its Catholic Question,
Its Shiels, its O'Connells, and Brics:
Time, finding it light of digestion,
Has swallow'd the Year Twenty-six.

I've penn'd a few private mementoes
Of schemes that I meant to effect,
Which, sure as I hobble on ten toes,
I vow'd I'd no longer neglect.
"My wits," I exclaim'd, "are receding,
'Tis time I their energies fix:
I'll write the town something worth reading,
To finish the Year Twenty-six."

My pamphlet, to tell Mr. Canning
The Czar has an eye on the Turk:
My treatise, to show Mr. Manning
The way to make currency work:
My essay, to prove to the nations
(As sure as wax-candles have wicks)
Greek Bonds are not Greek obligations—
Were planned in the Year Twenty-six.

I sketch'd out a novel, where laughter
Should scare evangelic Tremaine,
Shake Brambletye House off its rafter,
And level Tor Hill with the plain.
Those volumes, as grave as my grandam,
I swore with my book to transfix:
'Twas call'd the New Roderick Random,
And meant for the Year Twenty-six.

My play had—I'd have the town know it—
A part for Miss Elinor Tree;
At Drury I meant to bestow it
On Price, the gigantic lessee.
Resolved the fourth act to diminish,
('Tis there, I suspect, the plot sticks,)
I solemnly swore that I'd finish
The fifth, in the Year Twenty-six.

But somehow I thought the Haymarket
Was better for hearing by half,
To people who live near the Park it
Affords the best home for a laugh.
"There Liston," I mutter'd, "has taught 'em
Mirth's balm in their bitters to mix:
I'll write such a part in the autumn
For him—in the Year Twenty-six!"

I meant to complete my Italian—
('Tis done in a twelvemonth with ease,)
Nor longer, as mute as Pygmalion,
Hang over the ivory keys.

I mean: to learn music much faster
Than fellows at Eton learn tricks:
Vercelini might teach me to master
The notes in the Year Twenty-six.

'Tis past: with its corn and its cotton,
Its shareholders broken and bit:
And where is my pamphlet? forgotten.
And where is my treatise? unwrit.
My essay, my play, and my novel,
Like so many Tumble-down Dicks,
All, all in manity grovel—
Alas! to the Year Twenty-six!

My Haymarket farce is a bubble,
My *Piece Romaine* moves stiff,
I've spared Vercelini all trouble,
I don't even know the bass cliff.
My brain has (supine anti-breeder)
Neglected to hatch into chicks
One offspring—Pray now, gentle reader,
Throw yours to the Year Twenty-six?

George Whitmell, whom nobody mentions
Now Irving has got into fame,
Has pawed with abortive intentions
A paste too chaotic to name.
I fear, if his masonry's real,
That mine have Macadamized Styx:
So empty, cloud-capp'd, and ideal,
My plans for the Year Twenty-six!

Past Year! if, to quash all evasions,
  Thou'ldst have me with granite repair,
On good terra firma foundations,
  My castles now nodding in air:
Bid Time from my brow steal his traces
  (As Bardolph abstracted the Pix),
Run back on his road a few paces,
  And make me—like thee—Twenty-six.

THE AUCTIONEER'S ODE TO MERCURY.

Air—A German Bravura.

HERMES, god of cheats and chatter,
  Wave thy smooth caduceus here—
Now that, pulpit-propp'd, I flatter;
Hermes, god of cheats and chatter,
Smile, O smile on Mr. Smatter,
  Aid a humble Auctioneer!
Wave thy smooth caduceus here,
O'er a humble Auctioneer!
With its virtues tip my hammer,
  Model my Grammar,
  Nor let me stammer.

First, here's Sackbut's Song of Slaughter;
Verse and prose, the Laureat Otter,
Flats along, diluting song
In milk and water.

Next (who'll buy?) here's Love in Little,
Smooth as glass and eke as brittle;
Here are posies, lilies, roses,
Cupid's slumbers—out in numbers,
Pouting, fretting, fly-not-yet-ing,
Rosa's lip, and Rosa's sigh—
For one pound six—who'll buy, who'll buy?
Here's Doctor Aikin, Sims on Baking,
Booth in Cato quoting Plato,
Jacob Tonson, Doctor Johnson,
Russia binding, touch and try—
Nothing bid—who'll buy, who'll buy?
Here's Mr. Hayley, Docter Paley,
Arthur Murphy, Tommy Durfey,
Mrs Trimmer's little Primer,
Buckram binding, touch and try—
Nothing bid—who'll buy, who'll buy?
Here's Colley Cibber, Bruce the fibber,
Plays of Cherry, ditto Merry,
Tickel, Mickle.
When I bow and when I wriggle,
With a simper and a giggle,
Ears regaling, bidders nailing,
Ladies utter in a flutter—
"Mister Smatter, how you chatter,
Dear, how clever! well, I never
Heard so eloquent a man!"

Tropes purloining, graces coining,
Glibly I, without repentance,
Clip each sentence.

But, to give each lot its station,
  Ere from pulpit I dismount,
God of recapitulation,
  Hermes, aid me while I count—
Aikin, Baking, Cato, Plato,
Cibber, fibber—Cherry, Merry,
Hayley, Paley—Secker, Decker,
Tickel, Mickle—Tonson, Johnson,
  Literary Caliban.
Forty-seven! Oh, far too thrifty—
Thank'ee, Ma'am—two places—fifty!
Must it go? oh, surely no!
Only eye me, then deny me.
When I bow and when I wriggle,
With a simper and a giggle,
Ears regaling, bidders nailing,
Ladies utter in a flutter—
"Mister Smatter, how you chatter—
Dear, how clever! well, I never
Heard so eloquent a man!

Tongue of Mentor, lungs of Stentor,
  Hermes, thou hast made mine own.
Cox and Robins own, with sobbings,
I'm the winner; Dyke and Skinner
  Never caught so glib a tone.
Dull and misty, Squibb and Christie,
When I mount, look pale and wan—
Going, going, going—gone!

THE TABLET OF TRUTH.

Sit down, Mr. Chipstone, and take
These hints, while my feelings are fresh:
My uncle, Sir Lionel Lake,
Has journey'd the way of all flesh.
His hours would in marble imprint
His merits aloft o'er his pew—
Allow me the outline to hint—
To finish, of course, rests with you.

And first, with a visage of woe,
Carve two little cherubs of love,
Lamenting to lose one below
They never will look on above.
And next in smooth porphyry mould,
(You cannot well cut them too small)
Two filigree goblets, to hold
The tears that his widow lets fall.

Where charity seeks a supply
He leaves not his equal behind:
In vote, there is not a dry eye
In the School for the Indigent Blind.
They chuse (not sunk in repose,
But in active exertion to endure,)
At seventy line of round O's
Just the money he gave to the poor.

Disagree not in rhyme with the band
Who elevate sound over sense:

Where Vanity bellows "expand,"
Humility whispers "condense."
Then mark, with your mallet and blade,
To paint the defunct to the life,
Four stars for his conduct in trade,
And a blank for his love of his wife.

'Tis done—to complete a design,
In brevity rivalling Greece,
Imprint me a black dotted line
For the friends who lament his decease.
Thus letter'd with merited praise,
Ere long shall our travel-fraught youth
Turn back from the false Père-la-Chaise
To gaze on my Tablet of Truth.

JACK JONES, THE RECRUIT.—A HINT FROM OVID.

Jack Jones was a toper: they say that somehow
He'd a foot always ready to kick up a row;
And, when half-seas over, a quarrel he pick'd
To keep up the row he had previously kick'd.

He spent all, then borrow'd at twenty per cent;
His mistress fought shy when his money was spent,
So he went for a soldier; he could not do less,
And scorn'd his fair Fanny for hugging brown Bess.

"Halt—wheel into line!" and "Attention—Eyes
right!"
Put Bacchus, and Venus, and Momus to flight:
But who can depict half the sorrows he felt
When he dyed his mustachios and pipe-clayed his
belt?

When Sergeant Rattan, at Aurora's red peep,
Awaken'd his tyros by bawling, "Two deep!"
Jack Jones would retort, with a half-suppress'd sigh,
"Ay, too deep by half for such ninnies as I."

Quoth Jones, "'Twas delightful the bushes to beat,
With a gun in my hand, and a dog at my feet;
But the game at the Horse-Guards is different, good
lack!
Tis a gun in my hand, and a cat at my back."

To Bacchus, his saint, our dejected Recruit,
One morn, about drill-time, thus proffer'd his suit—
"O make me a sparrow, a wasp, or an ape—
All's one, so I get at the juice of the grape."

The god was propitious—he instantly found
His ten toes distend and take root in the ground;
His back was a stem, and his belly was bark,
And his hair in green leaves overshadow'd the park.

Grapes clustering hung o'er his grenadier cap,
His blood became juice, and his marrow was sap:
Till nothing was left of the muscles and bones
That form'd the identical toper, Jack Jones.

Transform'd to a vine, he is still seen on guard,
At his former emporium in Great Scotland Yard;
And still, though a vine, like his fellow-recruits,
He is train'd, after listing, has ten-drills, and shoots.

THE TWO COMMENTATORS.

Cæsar and Blackstone, mighty men,
One drew the sword, and one the pen.
One clear'd law's antiquated den,
  One took to war's vagaries.
Both well contriv'd themselves to entrench;
One Junius fought, and one the French;
That sought the Throne, this found the Bench,
  And both wrote Commentaries.

These militant and civil elves,
One Easter Monday, found themselves,
Well bound, on Doctor Lettsom's shelves;
  They form'd his favourite study.
There would he read of statutes, cars,
Of special pleading, Picts, and scars,
Justinian Pandects, and the wars
  Of Julius fierce and bloody.

"Read these," he cried with buoyant speech
To Doctor Cooke, a fellow-leech,
"There mount, and either volume reach:
  How each in style concise is!"

Cooke, by his Quaker friend thus press'd,
Made the selection he thought best,
And read what Blackstone writes on Test-
-Amentary devises

"Doctors, experienced or raw,
Should learn" (read Cooke) "enough of law
To enable them a will to draw
Whene'er a crisis summons;
When call'd to deal with pains and aches,
'Tis needful for their patients' sakes:
Oft, by their aid, that writing makes
Its way to Doctors' Commons."

"Is that in Blackstone?"—"Ay," quoth Cooke.
"Enough," said Lettsom; "close the book;
The public will derisive look,
If this gets wind, will soon eye us."
"True," cried the other, with a wink;
"If such this heresy, I think
The Commentating Man of Ink
Deserved to die by *Junius*."

"There bind him in his clasp of lead,
Re-lodge the slanderer overhead,
And reach down Cæsar in his stead,"
(Quoth he who wore the beaver:)
"His classic pen, undipp'd in gall,
Will ne'er on the profession fall;
Read, and thou'lt prove, like me, of all
He writes a stanch believer."

" They who" (read Cooke) " the fight pursue
On foot, but trivial mischief do;
Within their line of march but few
  Are found t' engage their forces;
But when on spoils of war they thrive,
And, arm'd in point, in chariots strive,
Death darkly follows where they drive,
  And carnage marks their courses "

" Hold there!" with something like an oath
The Quaker cried—" however loth
T' abjure my books, henceforth on both
  I launch my prohibitions;
Cæsar, in mischief match'd by none,
Writes not of Britons dead and gone;
'Tis a decided libel on
  The College of Physicians.

" Cæsar, avaunt!"—Quoth Cooke, " Amen!
The Roman strives with subtle pen
Our trade to countermine, and then
  From practice to uproot us:
If, foe to physic, thus he feel
Regardless of the public weal,
The Commentating Man of steel
  Deserved to die by *Brutus*."

UGLY OBJECTS.

WHEN Nature form'd Sir Samuel Lank,
She shaped him, in an idle prank,
  Below her usual level.

His eyes appear like kidney beans;
The ladies call him *plain*, which means
As ugly as the devil.

And yet Sir Samuel "has a taste:"
His lawn is by Acacias graced,
(I sing no idle fable,)
And a young row of sightly elms,
From parlour-window gaze o'erwhelms
His coach-house and his stable.

Meantime his whiskers, in a peak,
Slope down, invading either cheek;
Of late their quantum's double:
While twin mustachios o'er his lip
Impending, make the sufferer sip
His soup in fear and trouble.

Quoth Richard, "What a curly head!
Is he a *Lancer*?"—"No," quoth Ned:
"The man must suit the place:
Taste and improvement are his trade—
Now that the stable's hid in shade,
He's planting out his Face."

OWEN OF LANARK.

WELCOME, welcome, mighty stranger,
To our transatlantic shore:
Anchor'd safe from seas of danger,
All your fears and doubts are o'er.

Sable Jews and flaxen Quakers
Imitate no more the shark;
Wealth lies planted out in acres—
Welcome, Owen of Lanark!

Parallelograms of virtue,
Haunts from human frailty free,
Squares that vice can ne'er do hurt to,
Circles of New Harmony:
Schemes that blossom while we view 'em,
Swamp and Prairie changed to park:
Meum melting into tuum—
Wondrous Owen of Lanark!

All New York, in mind and body,
Feels thy influence, and adores;
Bitters, Sangaree, and Toddy
Fly her fifteen hundred stores.
Big Ohio now looks bigger,
Freedom fans the kindred spark:
Boss no longer scowls on Nigger—
Welcome, Owen of Lanark!

Lazarus lies down with Dives,
Rich and poor no more are seen;
Baltimore our common hive is;
Busy bees, and thou their Queen.
Uncle Ben lays down his rifle,
While his Nephew—prone to bark—
Thanks his stars for "that 'ere trifle,"
Mighty Owen of Lanark!

Failing schemers, retrograders,
  Lawyers fattening on strife,
Grim backwoodsmen, bankrupt traders,
  Squatters brandishing the knife:
Busy Banks their Cents. up summing
  Many a Master, many a Clerk,
Drop their dollars at thy coming,
  Mighty Owen of Lanark!

Foe to titled Sirs and Madams,
  Prone Law's blunders to redress,
Washington nor Quincy Adams
  Ever saw thy like, I guess.
Let John Bull's polluted pages
  Dub thee staring, dub thee stark:
Solon of succeeding Ages,
  Welcome, Owen of Lanark!

Vast, I calculate, thy plan is,
  Born to soar where others creep;
Lofty as the Alleghanies,
  As the Mississippi deep.
As the German Brothers mingle,
  Prone to sing "hark follow hark,"
All our States, through dell and dingle,
  Hail thee, Owen of Lanark!

"I've an item," Boss and Peasant
  Feel quite mighty where you stray;
Competence is omnipresent,
  Poverty "slick right away.

See our bipeds, " like all nature,"
Climbing up thy friendly ark,
Dub thee Sovereign Legislator,
Welcome, Owen of Lanark!

THE TRITON OF THE MINNOWS.

" WHY don't you strike out something new?"
Cried fair Euphemia, heavenly blue
Of eye, as well as stocking!
" If shilly-shally long you stand,
You'll feel Time's enervating hand
Your second cradle rocking."

" Ah, Madam! cease your bard to blame;
I view the pedestal of Fame,
But at its base I falter:
On every step, terrific, stand
A troop of Poets, pen in hand,
To scare me from her altar.

I first essay'd to write in prose,
Plot, humour, character disclose,
And ransack heaths and hovels:
But, when I sat me down to write,
I sigh'd to find that I had quite
O'erlook'd the Scottish Novels."

"Well," cried Euphemia, with a smile,
"Miss Austen's gone: assume her style:
Turn paymaster of Apollo—
But, mark how heedless she remark!
Miss Austen's gone—but Mansfield Park
And Emma seem to follow."

A bolder flight I'll then essay.
The manners of the East portray.
That field is rich and spacious:
Greece, Turkey, Egypt—what a scope!
There too I'm in'mate—why will not Hope
Un-write his Anastasius!

Rogers, in calm and even sense,
Byron, in ecstasy intense,
Make my dim flame burn denser:
Shall I in Fashion's corps enlist,
A light gay epigrammatist?
No!—there I'm marr'd by Spenser.

Thus "cribb'd and cabin'd—poor indeed!"
I canter'd on my winged steed
Towards scenes of toil and tillage:
But there, alas! my weary back
Hit on another beaten track,
Encountering Crabbe's Village.

Two pathways still to me belong,
Come, poignant Satire! amorous Song!
Beware, ye state empirics!—

Anticipated! hideous bore!
I quite forgot Hibernian Moore,
His Fudges, and his Lyrics.

Great Jove! compassionate my lot!
On Campbell, Byron, Moore, and Scott,
Point thy celestial cannon:
Sew Crabbe and Rogers in a sack,
Tie Hope and Spenser back to back,
And souse them in the Shannon.

So shall I, with majestic tread,
My doughty predecessors dead,
Up Pindus stretch my sinews:
And leave all lesser bards behind,
"The one-ey'd monarch of the blind,"
"The Triton of the Minnows."

AN UNINSURABLE RISK.

A BOOKSELLER open'd a shop on the coast,
(I'd rather not mention the spot,)
Where gentlemen lounged o'er the Herald and Post,
And ladies read Byron and Scott.

Much personal Memoir, too, shone on the shelves,
Which boasted a whimsical olio:
Decorum sang small, in octavos and twelves,
And scandal in quarto and folio.

The booksellers, prudently aiming to get
The impudent poet a nickname,
To open a policy vainly essay'd
At the Alibi, the Hope, and Alliance.

"My friend, your abortive attempt prithee stop,"
Quoth Jervis, intent on a joke,
"How can you expect to insure, while your shop
Is rolling out volumes of smoke?"

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

At Number One dwelt Captain Drew,
George Benson dwelt at Number Two.
(The street we'll not now mention:)
The latter stumped the King's Bench bar,
The former, being lamed in war,
Sang small upon a pension.

Tom Brown knew then both: that he
None deeper in the mystery
Of culinary knowledge:
From turtle soup to Stilton cheese,
Apt student, taking his degrees
In Mrs. Rundell's college.

Benson to dine invited Tom:
Proud of an invitation from
A host who "spread" so nicely,
Tom answer'd, ere the ink was dry,
"Extremely happy—come on Fri-
-Day next, at six precisely."

Blewit, with expectation fraught,
Drove up at six, each savoury thought
  Ideal turbot rich in:
But, ere he reach'd the winning-post,
He saw a haunch of ven'son roast
  Down in the next-door kitchen.

"Hey! zounds! what's this? a haunch at Drew's?
I must drop in; I can't refuse;
  To pass were downright treason:
To cut Ned Benson's not quite staunch;
But the provocative—a haunch!
  Zounds! it's the first this season.

"Ven'son, thou'rt mine! I'll talk no more."
Then, rapping thrice at Benson's door,
  "John, I'm in such a hurry;
Do tell your master that my aunt
Is paralytic, quite aslant,
  I must be off for Surrey."

Now Tom at next door makes a din:
"Is Captain Drew at home?"—"Walk in."
  "Drew, how d'ye do?"—"What! Blewit!"
"Yes, I—you've ask'd me, many a day,
To drop in, in a quiet way,
  So now I'm come to do it."

"I'm very glad you have," said Drew,
"I've nothing but an Irish stew"—
  Quoth Tom, (aside,) "No matter;
'Twon't do—my stomach's up to that,—
'Twill lie by, till the lucid fat
  Comes quiv'ring on the platter."

" You see your dinner, Tom," Drew cried.
" No, but I don't though," Tom replied;
" I smok'd below."—" What?"—" Ven'son—
A haunch."—" Oh! true, it is not mine;
My neighbour has some friends to dine."
" Your neighbour! who?"—" George Benson.

" His chimney smoked; the scene to change,
I let him have my kitchen range,
While his was newly polish'd;
The ven'son you observed below,
Went home just half an hour ago;
I guess it's now demolish'd.

" Tom, why that look of doubtful dread?
Come, help yourself to salt and bread,
Don't sit with hands and knees up;
But dine, for once, off Irish stew,
And read the 'Dog and Shadow' through,
When next you open Æsop."

ODE TO MAHOMET, THE BRIGHTON SHAMPOOER.

Nunc opus est succis: per quos, renovata senectus
In floream redeat, primosque recolligat annos.
OVID.

O THOU dark sage, whose vapour-bath
Makes muscular as his of Gath,
Limbs erst relax'd and limber;
Whose herbs, like those of Jason's mate,
The wither'd leg of seventy-eight
Convert to stout *knee* timber:

Sprung, doubtless, from Abdallah's son,
Thy miracles thy sire's outrun,
  Thy cures his deaths outnumber;
His coffin soars 'twixt heav'n and earth,
But thou, within that narrow birth,
  Immortal, ne'er shalt slumber.

Go, bid that turban'd Mussulman
Give up his Mosch, his Ramadan,
  And choke his well of Zemzem;*
Thy bath, whose magic steam can fling
On winter's cheek the rose of spring,
  To Lethe's gulf condemns 'em.

While thus, beneath thy flannel shades,
Fat dowagers and wrinkled maids
  Rebloom in adolescence,
I marvel not that friends tell friends,
And Brighton every day extends
  Its circuses and crescents.

From either cliff, the east, the west,
The startled sea-gull quits her nest,
  The spade her haunts unearthing;
For Speculation plants his hod
On every foot of freehold sod
  From Rottingdean to Worthing.

Wash'd by thy Æsculapian stream,
Dark sage, the fair, "propell'd by steam,"
  Renew the joys of kissing,
In cheeks, or lank or over-ripe,
Where Time has, in relentless type,
  Placarded up "Youth missing."

To woo thee on thy western cliff,
What pilgrims throng, in gig, in skiff,
Fly, donkey-cart, and pillion;
While Turkish dome and minaret,
In compliment to Mahomet,
O'ertop the king's Pavilion.

Thy fame let worthless wags invade,
Let punsters underrate thy trade,
For me, I'd perish sooner;
Him who, thy opening scene to damn,
Derived *shampoo* from *phoo!* and *sham!*
I dub a base lampooner.

Propell'd by steam to shake from squeak,
Mara, in Lent, shall twice a week
Again in song be glorious;
While Kelly, laughing Time to scorn,
Once more shall chant, "O thou wert born,"
And Incledon, "Rude Boreas."

Godwin avaunt! thy tale thrice told,
Of endless youth and countless gold,
Unbought "*repóstum manet.*"
St. Leon's secret here we view,
Without the toil of wading through
Three heavy tomes to gain it.

Yet O, while thus thy waves reveal
Past virtues in the dancer's heel,
And brace the singer's weazon;
Tell, sable wizard, tell the cause
Why *limp* poor I from yonder vase,
Whence others *jump* like Æson:

The cause is plain: though slips of yew
With vervain mingle, sage meets rue,
And myrrh with wolfsbane tosses;
Still shrieks, unquell'd, the water-wraith—
That mustard-seed ingredient, faith,
Is wanting to the process.

Dip then within thy bubbling wave,
Sage Mahomet, the votive stave
Thy poet now rehearses;
The steam, whose virtues won't befriend
The sceptic bard, perhaps may mend
The lameness of his verses!

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